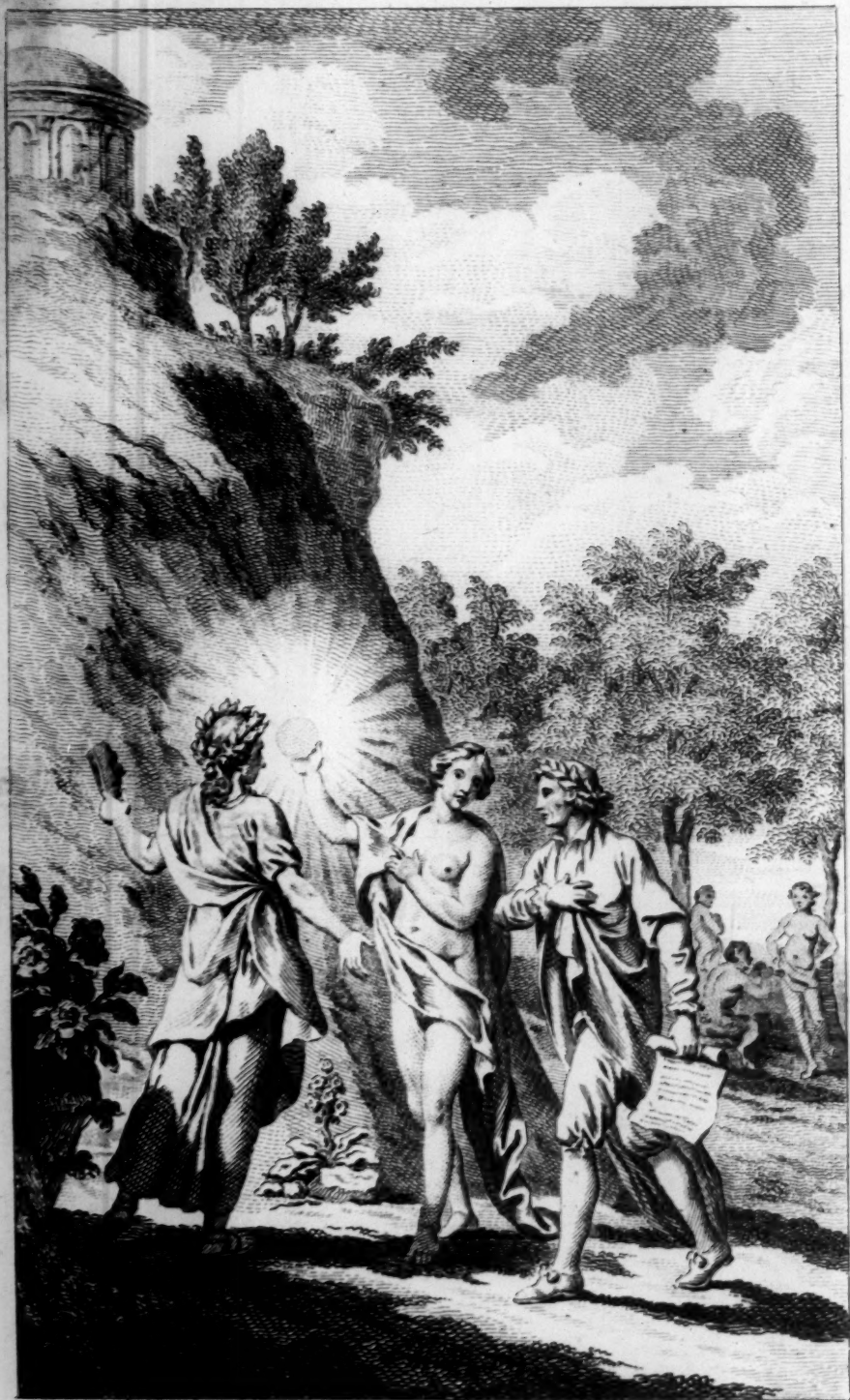


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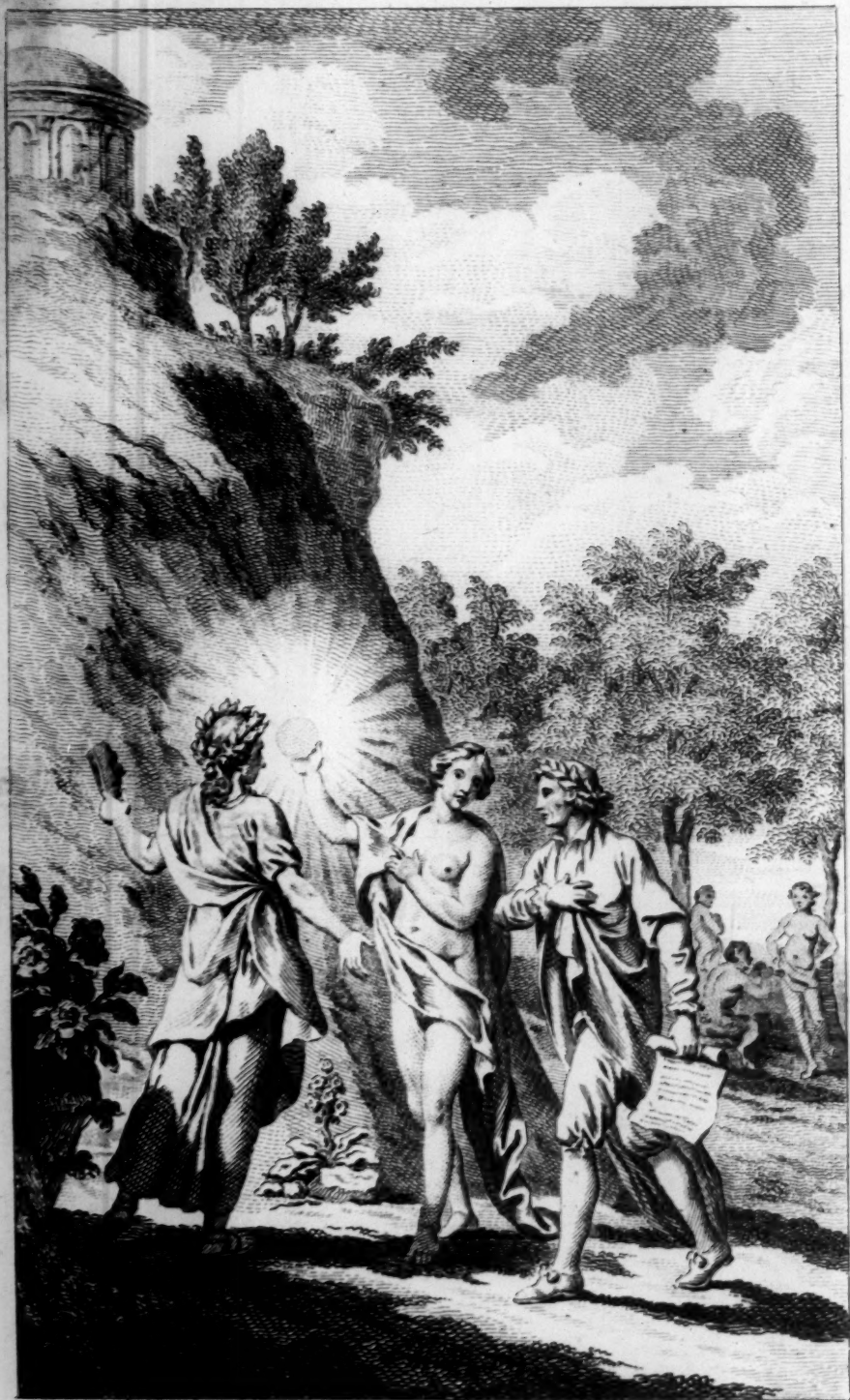


J. Wale del.

C. Grignon sc.

*That not in Fancy's Maze he wander'd long,
But stoop'd to Truth, and moraliz'd his Song.* Pope.

FRONTISPIECE.



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C. Grignon sc.

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But stoop'd to Truth, and moraliz'd his Song.* Pope.

T H E
W O R - K S
O F
Alexander Pope, Esq.
IN FOUR VOLUMES COMPLETE.
WITH HIS LAST
CORRECTIONS, ADDITIONS,
AND
I M P R O V E M E N T S.

Carefully collated and compared with former EDITIONS :

TOGETHER WITH
NOTES from the various CRITICS and COMMENTATORS.

V O L. I.

L O N D O N :

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MDCCLXXVIII.



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P R E F A C E

P R E F A C E.

I AM inclined to think, that both the writers of books and the readers of them are generally not a little unreasonable in their expectations. The first seem to fancy that the world must approve whatever they produce, and the latter to imagine that authors are obliged to please them at any rate. Methinks, as on the one hand, no single man is born with a right of controuling the opinions of all the rest; so on the other, the world has no title to demand, that the whole care and time of any particular person should be sacrificed to its entertainment. Therefore I cannot but believe that writers and readers are under equal obligations, for as much fame, or pleasure, as each affords the other.

Every one acknowledges, it would be a wild notion to expect perfection in any work of man: and yet one would think the contrary was taken for granted, by the judgment commonly passed upon poems. A critic supposes he has done his part, if he proves a writer to have failed in an expression, or erred in any particular point: and can it then be wondered at, if the poets in general seem resolved not to own themselves in any error? For as long as one side will make no allowances, the other will be brought to no acknowledgments.

I am afraid this extreme zeal on both sides is ill-placed; Poetry and Criticism being by no means the universal concern of the world, but only the affair of idle men who write in their closets, and of idle men who read there.

Yet sure upon the whole, a bad author deserves better usage than a bad critic: for a writer's endeavour,

for the most part, is to please his readers, and he fails merely through the misfortune of an ill judgment; but such a critic's is to put them out of humour; a design he could never go upon without both that and an ill temper.

I think a good deal may be said to extenuate the fault of bad poets. What we call a Genius, is hard to be distinguished by a man himself, from a strong inclination: and if his genius be ever so great, he cannot at first discover it any other way, than by giving way to that prevalent propensity which renders him the more liable to be mistaken. The only method he has, is to make the experiment by writing, and appealing to the judgment of others: now if he happens to write ill (which is certainly no sin in itself) he is immediately made an object of ridicule. I wish we had the humanity to reflect, that even the worst authors might, in their endeavour to please us, deserve something at our hands. We have no cause to quarrel with them but for their obstinacy in persisting to write; and this too may admit of alleviating circumstances. Their particular friends may be either ignorant, or insincere; and the rest of the world in general is too well-bred to shock them with a truth, which generally their booksellers are the first that inform them of. This happens not 'till they have spent too much of their time, to apply to any profession which might better fit their talents; and 'till such talents as they have are so far discredited as to be but of small service to them. For (what is the hardest case imaginable) the reputation of a man generally depends upon the first steps he makes in the world; and people will establish their opinion of us, from what we do at that season, when we have least judgment to direct us.

On the other hand, a good poet no sooner communicates his works with the same desire of information, but it is imagined he is a vain young creature given up to the ambition of fame; when perhaps the poor man is all the while trembling with the fear of being ridiculous.

If

If he is made to hope he may please the world, he falls under very unlucky circumstances: for, from the moment he prints, he must expect to hear no more truth, than if he were a prince, or a beauty. If he has not very good sense (and indeed there are twenty men of wit for one man of sense) his living thus in a course of flattery may put him in no small danger of becoming a coxcomb: if he has, he will consequently have so much diffidence as not to reap any great satisfaction from his praise; since, if it be given to his face, it can scarce be distinguished from flattery, and if in his absence, it is hard to be certain of it. Were he sure to be commended by the best and most knowing, he is as sure of being envied by the worst and most ignorant, which are the majority; for it is with a fine genius, as with a fine fashion, all those are displeased at it who are not able to follow it: and it is to be feared that esteem will seldom do any man so much good, as ill-will does him harm. Then there is a third class of people who make the largest part of mankind, those of ordinary or indifferent capacities; and these (to a man) will hate, or suspect him: a hundred honest gentlemen will dread him as a wit, and a hundred innocent women as a satirist. In a word, whatever be his fate in poetry, it is ten to one but he must give up all the reasonable aims of life for it. There are indeed some advantages accruing from a genius to poetry, and they are all I can think of: the agreeable power of self-amusement when a man is idle or alone; the privilege of being admitted into the best company; and the freedom of saying as many careless things as other people, without being so severely remarked upon.

I believe, if any one, early in his life, should contemplate the dangerous fate of authors, he would scarce be of their number on any consideration. The life of a wit is a warfare upon earth; and the present spirit of the learned world is such, that to attempt to serve it (any way) one must have the constancy of a martyr, and a resolution to suffer for its sake. I could wish people

would believe, what I am pretty certain they will not, that I have been much less concerned about fame than I durst declare 'till this occasion, when methinks I should find more credit than I could heretofore, since my writings have had their fate already, and it is too late to think of prepossessing the reader in their favour. I would plead it as some merit in me, that the world has never been prepared for these trifles by prefaces, biassed by recommendations, dazzled with the names of great patrons, wheedled with fine reasons and pretences, or troubled with excuses. I confess it was want of consideration that made me an author; I writ because it amused me; I corrected because it was as pleasant to me to correct as to write; and I published because I was told I might please such as it was a credit to please. To what degree I have done this I am really ignorant; I had too much fondness for my productions to judge of them at first, and too much judgment to be pleased with them at last. But I have reason to think they can have no reputation which will continue long, or which deserves to do so: for they have always fallen short not only of what I read of others, but even of my own ideas of poetry.

If any one should imagine I am not in earnest, I desire him to reflect, that the antients (to say the least of them) had as much genius as we: and that to take more pains, and employ more time, cannot fail to produce more complete pieces. They constantly applied themselves not only to that art, but to that single branch of an art, to which their talent was most powerfully bent; and it was the business of their lives to correct and finish their works for posterity. If we can pretend to have used the same industry, let us expect the same immortality: though if we took the same care, we should still lie under a further misfortune: they writ in languages that became universal and everlasting, while ours are extremely limited both in extent and in duration. A mighty foundation for our pride! when the utmost we

P R E F A C E.

v

can hope, is but to be read in one island, and to be thrown aside at the end of one age.

All that is left us is to recommend our productions by the imitation of the antients: and it will be found true, that, in every age, the highest character for sense and learning has been obtained by those who have been most indebted to them. For, to say truth, whatever is very good sense, must have been common sense in all times; and what we call learning, is but the knowledge of the sense of our predecessors. Therefore they who say our thoughts are not our own, because they resemble the antients, may as well say our faces are not our own, because they are like our fathers: and indeed it is very unreasonable, that people should expect us to be scholars, and yet be angry to find us so.

I fairly confess that I have served myself all I could by reading; that I made use of the judgment of authors dead and living; that I omitted no means in my power to be informed of my errors, both by my friends and enemies: but the true reason these pieces are not more correct, is owing to the consideration how short a time they and I have to live: one may be ashamed to consume half one's days in bringing sense and rhyme together; and what critic can be so unreasonable, as not to leave a man time enough for any more serious employment, or more agreeable amusement?

The only plea I shall use for the favour of the public, is, that I have as great a respect for it, as most authors have for themselves; and that I have sacrificed much of my own self-love for its sake, in preventing not only many mean things from seeing the light, but many which I thought tolerable. I would not be like those authors, who forgive themselves some particular lines for the sake of a whole poem, and, *vice versa*, a whole poem for the sake of some particular lines. I believe, no one qualification is so likely to make a good writer, as the power of rejecting his own thoughts; and it must be this (if any thing) that can give me a chance to be one.

For

For what I have published, I can only hope to be pardoned; but for what I have burned, I deserve to be praised. On this account the world is under some obligation to me, and owes me the justice in return, to look upon no verses as mine that are not inserted in this collection. And perhaps nothing could make it worth my while to own what are really so, but to avoid the imputation of so many dull and immoral things, as partly by malice, and partly by ignorance, have been ascribed to me. I must further acquit myself of the presumption of having lent my name to recommend any miscellanies, or works of other men; a thing I never thought becoming a person who has hardly credit enough to answer for his own.

In this office of collecting my pieces, I am altogether uncertain, whether to look upon myself as a man building a monument, or burying the dead.

If time shall make it the former, may these poems (as long as they last) remain as a testimony that their author never made his talents subservient to the mean and unworthy ends of party or self-interest; the gratification of public prejudices or private passions; the flattery of the undeserving, or the insult of the unfortunate. If I have written well, let it be considered that it is what no man can do without good sense, a quality that not only renders one capable of being a good writer, but a good man. And if I have made any acquisition in the opinion of any one under the notion of the former, let it be continued to me under no other title than that of the latter.

But if this publication be only a more solemn funeral of my remains, I desire it may be known that I die in charity, and in my senses; without any murmurs against the justice of this age, or any mad appeals to posterity. I declare I shall think the world in the right, and quietly submit to every truth which time shall discover to the prejudice of these writings; not so much as wishing so irrational a thing, as that every body should be deceived merely for my credit. However, I desire it may then

be considered, That there are very few things in this collection which were not written under the age of five and twenty : so that my youth may be made (as it never fails to be in executions) a case of compassion. That I was never so concerned about my works as to vindicate them in print, believing, if any thing was good, it would defend itself, and what was bad could never be defended. That I used no artifice to raise or continue a reputation, depreciated no dead author I was obliged to, bribed no living one with unjust praise, insulted no adversary with ill language ; or when I could not attack a rival's works, encouraged reports against his morals. To conclude, if this volume perish, let it serve as a warning to the critics, not to take too much pains for the future to destroy such things as will die of themselves ; and a *memento mori* to some of my vain cotemporaries the poets, to teach them that, when real merit is wanting, it avails nothing to have been encouraged by the great, commended by the eminent, and favoured by the public in general.

Nov. 10, 1716.

On Mr. POPE and his POEMS.

BY HIS GRACE

JOHN SHEFFIELD,

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

WITH age decay'd, with courts and bus'ness tir'd,
Caring for nothing but what ease requir'd;
Too dully serious for the muse's sport,
And from the critics safe arriv'd in port;
I little thought of launching forth agen,
Amidst advent'rous rovers of the pen;
And after so much undeserv'd success,
Thus hazarding at last to make it less.

Encomiums suit not this censorious time,
Itself a subject for satiric rhyme;
Ignorance honour'd, wit and worth defam'd,
Folly triumphant, and ev'n Homer blam'd!

But to this Genius, join'd with so much art,
Such various learning mix'd in ev'ry part,
Poets are bound a loud applause to pay;
Apollo bids it, and they must obey.

And yet so wonderful, sublime a thing,
As the great ILIAD, scarce could make me sing;
Except I justly could at once commend
A good companion, and as firm a friend.
One moral, or a mere well-natur'd deed
Can all desert in sciences exceed.

'Tis great delight to laugh at some men's ways,
But a much greater to give merit praise.

VOL. I.

b

To

To Mr. POPE on his PASTORALS.

IN those more dull, as more censorious days,
 Where few dare give, and fewer merit praise,
 A muse sincere, that never flatt'ry knew,
 Pays what to friendship and desert is due.
 Young, yet judicious; in your verse are found 5
 Art strength'ning nature, sense improv'd by sound.
 Unlike those wits, whose numbers glide along
 So smooth, no thought e'er interrupts the song:
 Laboriously enervate they appear,
 And write not to the head, but to the ear: 10
 Our minds unmov'd and unconcern'd they lull,
 And are at best most musically dull:
 So purling streams with even murmurs creep,
 And hush the heavy hearers into sleep.
 As smoothest speech is most deceitful sound, 15
 The smoothest numbers oft' are empty sound.
 But wit and judgment join at once in you,
 Sprightly as youth, as age consummate too:
 Your strains are regularly bold, and please
 With unforc'd care, and unaffected ease, 20 }
 With proper thoughts, and lively images:
 Such as by nature to the ancients shewn,
 Fancy improves, and judgment makes your own:
 For great men's fashions to be follow'd are,
 Altho' disgraceful 'tis their cloaths to wear. 25
 Some in a polish'd style write Pastoral,
 Arcadia speaks the language of the Mall.
 Like some fair shepherdess, the Sylvan Muse
 Should wear those flow'rs her native fields produce;
 And the true measure of the shepherd's wit 30
 Should, like his garb, be for the country fit:
 Yet must his pure and unaffected thought
 More nicely than the common swain's be wrought.
 So, with becoming art, the players dress
 In silks the shepherd, and the shepherdess; 35
 Yet

Yet still unchang'd the form and mode remain,
 Shap'd like the homely ruffet of the swain.
 Your rural Muse appears to justify
 The long-lost graces of simplicity :
 So rural beauties captivate our sense 40
 With virgin charms, and native excellence.
 Yet long her modesty those charms conceal'd,
 'Till by men's envy to the world reveal'd ;
 For wits industrious to their trouble seem,
 And needs will envy what they must esteem. 45
 Live and enjoy their spite ! nor mourn that fate,
 Which would, if Virgil liv'd, on Virgil wait ;
 Whose muse did once, like thine, in plains delight,
 Thine shall, like his, soon take a higher flight ;
 So larks, which first from lowly fields arise, 50
 Mount by degrees, and reach at last the skies.

W. WYCHERLEY.

To Mr. POPE, on his WINDSOR-FOREST.

HAIL ! sacred bard ! a muse unknown before
 Salutes thee from the bleak Atlantic shore.
 To our dark world thy shining page is shown,
 And Windsor's gay retreat becomes our own.
 The eastern pomp had just bespoke our care, 5
 And India pour'd her gawdy treasures here :
 A various spoil adorn'd our naked land,
 The pride of Persia glitter'd on our strand, }
 And China's earth was cast on common sand : }
 Toss'd up and down the glossy fragments lay, 10
 And dress'd the rocky shelves, and pav'd the painted bay.
 Thy treasures next arriv'd ; and now we boast
 A nobler cargo on our barren coast :
 From thy luxuriant Forest we receive
 More lasting glories than the East can give. 15

Where'er we dip in thy delightful page,
 What pompous scenes our busy thoughts engage?
 The pompous scenes in all their pride appear,
 Fresh in the page, as in the grove they were.
 Nor half so true the fair Lodona shows 29
 The sylvan state that on her border grows,
 While she the wond'ring shepherd entertains
 With a new Windsor in her wat'ry plains;
 Thy juster lays the lucid wave surpass,
 The living scene is in the Muse's glass. 35
 Nor sweeter notes the echoing forests chear,
 When Philomela sits and warbles there,
 Than when you sing the greens and op'ning glades,
 And give us harmony as well as shades:
 A Titian's hand might draw the grove, but you 39
 Can paint the grove, and add the music too.

With vast variety thy pages shine;
 A new creation starts in ev'ry line.
 How sudden trees rise to the reader's sight,
 And make a doubtful scene of shade and light, 35 }
 And give at once the day, at once the night!
 And here again what sweet confusion reigns,
 In dreary deserts mix'd with painted plains!
 And see! the deserts cast a pleasing gloom,
 And shrubby heaths rejoice in purple bloom: 40
 Whilst fruitful crops rise by their barren side,
 And bearded groves display their annual pride.

Happy the man who strings his tuneful lyre
 Where woods, and brooks, and breathing fields inspire!
 Thrice happy you! and worthy best to dwell 45
 Amidst the rural joys, you sing so well.
 I in a cold, and in a barren clime,
 Cold as my thought, and barren as my rhyme, }
 Here on the western beach attempt to chime.
 O joyless flood! O rough tempestuous main! 50
 Border'd with weeds, and solitudes obscene!

Snatch me, ye gods! from these Atlantic shores,
 And shelter me in Windsor's fragrant bow'rs;

Or

Or to my much-lov'd Isis' walk convey,
 And on her flow'ry banks for ever lay. 55
 Thence let me view the venerable scene,
 The awful dome, the groves eternal green;
 Where sacred Hough, long found his fam'd retreat,
 And brought the Muses to the sylvan seat,
 Reform'd the wits, unlock'd the classic store, 60
 And made that music which was noise before.
 There with illustrious bards I spent my days,
 Not free from censure, nor unknown to praise,
 Enjoy'd the blessings that his reign bestow'd,
 Nor envy'd Windsor in the soft abode. 65
 The golden minutes smoothly danc'd away,
 And tuneful bards beguil'd the tedious day:
 They sung, nor sung in vain, with numbers fir'd
 That Maro taught, or Addison inspir'd.
 Ev'n I essay'd to touch the trembling string: 70
 Who could hear them, and not attempt to sing?
 Rouz'd from these dreams by thy commanding strain,
 I rise and wander thro' the field or plain;
 Led by thy Muse, from sport to sport I run,
 Mark the stretch'd line, or hear the thund'ring gun. 75
 Ah! how I melt with pity, when I spy
 On the cold earth the flutt'ring pheasant lie?
 His gaudy robes in dazzling lines appear,
 And ev'ry feather shines and varies there.
 Nor can I pass the gen'rous courser by, 80
 But while the prancing steed allures my eye,
 He starts, he's gone! and now I see him fly
 O'er hills and dales, and now I lose the course,
 Nor can the rapid fight pursue the flying horse.
 Oh could thy Virgil from his orb look down, 85
 He'd view a courser that might match his own!
 Fir'd with the sport, and eager for the chace,
 Lodona's murmurs stop me in the race.
 Who can refuse Lodona's melting tale?
 The soft complaint shall over time prevail; 90
 The

The tale be told, when shades forsake her shore,
 The nymph be sung, when she can flow no more.
 Nor shall thy song, old Thames ! forbear to shine,
 At once the subject and the song divine.
 Peace, sung by thee, shall please ev'n Britons more 95
 Than all their shouts for victory before.
 Oh ! could Britannia imitate thy stream,
 The world should tremble at her awful name :
 From various springs divided waters glide,
 In diff'rent colours roll a diff'rent tide, 100
 Murmur along their crooked banks a while,
 At once they murmur, and enrich the isle ;
 A while distinct thro' many channels run,
 But meet at last, and sweetly flow in one ;
 There joy to lose their long-distinguish'd names, 105
 And make one glorious and immortal Thames.

FR. KNAP.

To Mr. P O P E.

In Imitation of a Greek Epigram on HOMER.

WHEN Phœbus, and the nine harmonious maids
 Of old assembled in the Thespian shades ;
 What theme, they cry'd, what high immortal air,
 Besit these harps to sound, and thee to hear ?
 Reply'd the god ; " Your loftiest notes employ, 5
 " To sing young Peleus, and the fall of Troy."
 The wond'rous song with rapture they rehearse :
 Then ask who wrought that miracle of verse ?
 He answer'd with a frown ; " I now reveal
 " A truth that Envy bids me not conceal : 10
 " Retiring frequent to this laureat vale,
 " I warbled to the lyre that fav'rite tale,
 " Which

" Which, unobserv'd, a wand'ring Greek and blind,
 " Heard me repeat, and treasur'd in his mind ;
 " And fir'd with thirst of more than mortal praise, 15
 " From me, the God of Wit, usurp'd the bays.
 " But let vain Greece indulge her growing fame,
 " Proud with celestial spoils to grace her name ;
 " Yet when my arts shall triumph in the West,
 " And the white isle with female pow'r is blest ; 20
 " Fame, I foresee, will make reprisals there,
 " And the translator's palm to me transfer.
 " With less regret my claim I now decline,
 " The world will think his *English Iliad* mine."

E. FENTON.

To Mr. P O P E.

TO praise, and still with just respect to praise
 A bard triumphant in immortal bays,
 The learn'd to show, the sensible commend,
 Yet still preserve the province of the friend ;
 What life, what vigour, must the lines require ? 5
 What music tune them, what affection fire ?
 O might thy genius in my bosom shine ;
 Thou should'st not fail of numbers worthy thine ;
 The brightest ancients might at once agree
 To sing within my lays, and sing of thee. 10
 Horace himself would own thou dost excell
 In candid arts to play the critic well,
 Ovid himself might wish to sing the dame
 Whom Windsor-Forest sees a gliding stream :
 On silver feet with annual osier crown'd, 15
 She runs for ever thro' poetic ground.

How

How flame the glories of Belinda's hair,
 Made by the Muse the envy of the fair?
 Less shone the tresses Ægypt's princes wore,
 Which sweet Callimachus so sung before. 20

Here courtly trifles set the world at odds;
 Bells war with beaux, and whims descend for gods.
 The new machines, in names of ridicule,
 Mock the grave phrenzy of the chemic fool.
 But know, ye fair, a point conceal'd with art, 25
 The Sylphs and Gnomes are but a woman's heart.
 The graces stand in fight; a satire-train
 Peeps o'er their head, and laughs behind the scene.

In Fame's fair temple, o'er the boldest wits
 Inshrin'd on high the sacred Virgil sits; 30
 And sits in measures such as Virgil's muse
 To place thee near him might be fond to chuse.
 How might he tune th' alternate reed with thee,
 Perhaps a Strephon thou, a Daphnis he;
 While some old Damon, o'er the vulgar wife, 35
 Thinks he deserves, and thou deserv'st the prize?
 Rapt with the thought, my fancy seeks the plains,
 And turns me shepherd while I hear the strains.
 Indulgent nurse of ev'ry tender gale,
 Parent of flow'rets, old Arcadia, hail!
 Here in the cool my limbs at ease I spread,
 Here let thy poplars whisper o'er my head:
 Still slide thy waters, soft among the trees,
 Thy aspens quiver in a breathing breeze!
 Smile, all ye vallies, in eternal spring, 45
 Be hush'd, ye winds, while Pope and Virgil sing.

In English lays, and all sublimely great,
 Thy Homer warms with all his ancient heat;
 He shines in council, thunders in the fight,
 And flames with ev'ry sense of great delight. 50
 Long has that poet reign'd, and long unknown,
 Like monarchs sparkling on a distant throne;

In all the majesty of Greek retir'd,
 Himself unknown, his mighty name admir'd;
 His language failing, wrapt him round with night; 55
 Thine, rais'd by thee, recalls the work to light.
 So wealthy mines, that ages long before
 Fed the large realms around with golden ore,
 When choak'd by sinking banks, no more appear,
 And shepherds only say, *The mines were here*: 60
 Should some rich youth (if nature warm his heart,
 And all his projects stand inform'd with art)
 Here clear the caves, there ope the leading vein;
 The mines detected flame with gold again.

How vast, how copious, are thy new designs! 65
 How ev'ry music varies in thy lines!
 Still, as I read, I feel my bosom beat,
 And rise in raptures by another's heat.
 Thus in the wood, when summer dress'd the days,
 While Windsor lent us tuneful hours of ease, 70
 Our ears the lark, the thrush, the turtle blest,
 And Philomela sweetest o'er the rest:
 The shades resound with song—O softly tread,
 While a whole season warbles round my head.

This to my friend—and when a friend inspires, 75
 My silent harp its master's hand requires,
 Shakes off the dust, and makes these rocks resound;
 For fortune plac'd me in unfertile ground:
 Far from the joys that with my soul agree,
 From wit, from learning—very far from thee. 80
 Here moss-grown trees expand the smallest leaf;
 Here half an acre's corn is half a sheaf;
 Here hills with naked heads the tempest meet,
 Rocks at their sides, and torrents at their feet;
 Or lazy lakes, unconscious of a flood, 85
 Whose dull brown Naiads ever sleep in mud.
 Yet here content can dwell, and learned ease,
 A friend delight me, and an author please;

Ev'n here I sing, when POPE supplies the theme,
Shew my own love, tho' not increase his fame. 90

T. PARNELL.

To Mr. P O P E.

LET vulgar souls triumphal arches raise,
Or speaking marbles, to record their praise;
And picture (to the voice of fame unknown)
The mimic feature on the breathing stone;
Mere mortals; subject to death's total sway, 5
Reptiles of earth, and beings of a day!

'Tis thine, on ev'ry heart to grave thy praise,
A monument which worth alone can raise:
Sure to survive, when time shall whelm in dust
The arch, the marble, and the mimic bust: 10
Nor 'till the volumes of th' expanded sky
Blaze in one flame, shalt thou and Homer die:
Then sink together in the world's last fires,
What heav'n created, and what heav'n inspires.

If ought on earth, when once this breath is fled, 15
With human transport touch the mighty dead,
Shakespear rejoice! his hand thy page refines;
Now ev'ry scene with native brightness shines;
Just to thy fame, he gives thy genuine thought;
So Tully publish'd what Lucretius wrote; 20
Prun'd by his care, thy laurels loftier grow,
And bloom afresh on thy immortal brow.

Thus when thy draughts, O Raphael! time invades,
And the bold figure from the canvass fades,
A rival hand recalls from ev'ry part 25
Some latent grace, and equals art with art;

Transported

Transported we survey the dubious strife,
While each fair image starts again to life.

How long, untun'd, had Homer's sacred lyre
Jarr'd grating discord, all extinct his fire ? 30
This you beheld : and, taught by heav'n to sing,
Call'd the loud music from the sounding string.
Now wak'd from slumbers of three thousand years,
Once more Achilles in dread pomp appears,
Tours o'er the field of death ; as fierce he turns, 35
Keen flash his arms, and all the hero burns ;
With martial stalk, and more than mortal might,
He strides along, and meets the gods in fight :
Then the pale Titans, chain'd on burning floors,
Start at the din that rends th' infernal shores, 40
Tremble the tow'rs of heav'n, earth rocks her coasts,
And gloomy Pluto shakes with all his ghosts.
To ev'ry theme responds thy various lay ;
Here rolls a torrent, there meanders play ;
Sonorous as the storm thy numbers rise, 45
Toss the wild waves, and thunder in the skies ;
Or softer than a yielding virgin's sigh,
The gentle breezes breath away and die.
Thus, like the radiant god who sheds the day,
You paint the vale, or gild the azure way ; 50
And while with ev'ry theme the verse complies,
Sink without groveling, without rashness rise.

Proceed, great bard ! awake th' harmonious string,
Be ours all Homer ! still Ulysses sing.
How long that hero, by unskilful hands, 55
Strip'd of his robes, a beggar trod our lands ?
Such as he wander'd o'er his native coast,
Shrunk by the wand, and all the warrior lost :
O'er his smooth skin a bark of wrinkles spread ;
Old age disgrac'd the honours of his head ; 60
Nor longer in his heavy eye-ball shin'd
The glance divine, forth-beaming from the mind.
But you, like Pallas, ev'ry limb infold
With royal robes, and bid him shine in gold ;

Touch'd by your hand, his manly frame improves 65
With grace divine, and like a god he moves.

Ev'n I, the meanest of the Muse's train,
Inflam'd by thee, attempt a nobler strain;
Advent'rous waken the Mæonian lyre,
Tun'd by your hand, and sing as you inspire: 70
So arm'd by great Achilles for the fight,
Patroclus conquer'd in Achilles right:
Like theirs, our friendship! and I boast my name
To thine united—for thy friendship's fame.

This labour past, of heav'nly subjects sing, 75
While hov'ring angels listen on the wing.
To hear from earth such heart-felt raptures rise,
As, when they sing, suspended hold the skies:
Or nobly rising in fair Virtue's cause,
From thy own life transcribe th' unerring laws: 80
Teach a bad world beneath her sway to bend:
To verse like thine fierce savages attend,
And men more fierce: when Orpheus tunes the lay,
Ev'n fiends relenting hear their rage away.

W. BROOME.

To Mr. POPE,

On the publishing his WORKS.

HE comes, he comes! bid ev'ry bard prepare
The song of triumph, and attend his car.
Great Sheffield's Muse the long procession heads,
And throws a lustre o'er the pomp she leads,
First gives the palm she fir'd him to obtain, 5
Crowns his gay brow, and shews him how to reign.

Thus

Thus young Alcides, by old Chiron taught,
 Was form'd for all the miracles he wrought :
 Thus Chiron did the youth he taught applaud,
 Pleas'd to behold the earnest of a god. 10

But hark, what shouts, what gath'ring crouds rejoice!
 Unstain'd their praise by any venal voice,
 Such as the ambitious vainly think their due,
 When prostitutes, or needy flatt'ers sue.
 And see the chief ! before him laurels borne ; 15
 Trophies from undeserving temples torn ;
 Here rage enchain'd reluctant raves, and there
 Pale envy dumb, and sick'ning with despair,
 Prone to the earth she bends her loathing eye,
 Weak to support the blaze of majesty. 20

But what are they that turn the sacred page ?
 Three lovely virgins, and of equal age ;
 Intent they read, and all enamour'd seem,
 As he that met his likeness in the stream :
 The GRACES these ; and see how they contend, 25
 Who most shall praise, who best shall recommend.

The chariot now the painful steep ascends,
 The Pæans cease ; thy glorious labour ends.
 Here fix'd, the bright eternal temple stands,
 Its prospect an unbounded view commands : 30
 Say, wond'rous youth, what column wilt thou chuse,
 What laurel'd arch for thy triumphant Muse ?
 Tho' each great ancient court thee to his shrine,
 Tho' ev'ry laurel thro' the dome be thine,
 (From the proud Epic, down to those that shade 35
 The gentler brow of the soft Lesbian maid)
 Go to the good and just, an awful train,
 Thy soul's delight, and glory of the fane :
 While thro' the earth thy dear remembrance flies,
 " Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies." 40

SIMON HARCOURT.

To

To Mr. P O P E.

From *Rome*, 1730.

IMMORTAL bard! for whom each Muse has wove
 The fairest garlands of th' Aonian grove;
 Preserv'd, our drooping genius to restore,
 When Addison and Congreve are no more;
 After so many stars extinct in night,
 The dark'ned ages last remaining light!
 To thee from Latian realms this verse is writ,
 Inspir'd by memory of ancient wit;
 For now no more these climes their influence boast,
 Fall'n is their glory, and their virtue lost; 10
 From tyrants, and from priests, the Muses fly,
 Daughters of Reason and of Liberty.
 Nor Baiæ now, nor Umbria's plain they love,
 Nor on the banks of Nar, or Mincia rove;
 To Thames's flow'ry borders they retire, 15
 And kindle in thy breast the Roman fire.
 So in the shades, when chear'd with summer rays
 Melodious linnets warbled sprightly lays,
 Soon as the faded, falling leaves complain
 Of gloomy winter's un auspicious reign, 20
 No tuneful voice is heard of joy or love,
 But mournful silence saddens all the grove.
 Unhappy Italy! whose alter'd state
 Has felt the worst severity of fate:
 Not that barbarian hands her fasces broke, 25
 And bow'd her haughty neck beneath their yoke;
 Nor that her palaces to earth are thrown,
 Her cities desert, and her fields unsown;
 But that her ancient spirit is decay'd,
 That sacred wisdom from her bounds is fled, 30
 That there the source of science flows no more,
 Whence its rich streams supply'd the world before.

Illustrious

Illustrious names ! that once in Latium shin'd,
 Born to instruct, and to command mankind ;
 Chiefs, by whose virtue mighty Rome was rais'd, 35
 And poets, who those chiefs sublimely prais'd !
 Oft I the traces you have left explore,
 Your ashes visit, and your urns adore ;
 Oft kifs, with lips devout, some mould'ring stone,
 With ivy's venerable shade o'ergrown ; 40
 Those hallow'd ruins better pleas'd to see
 Than all the pomp of modern luxury.

As late on Virgil's tomb fresh flow'rs I strow'd,
 While with th' inspiring Muse my bosom glow'd,
 Crown'd with eternal bays my ravish'd eyes 45
 Beheld the poet's awful form arise :
 Stranger, he said, whose pious hand has paid
 These grateful rites to my attentive shade,
 When thou shalt breathe thy happy native air,
 To Pope this message from his master bear : - 50

Great bard, whose numbers I myself inspire,
 To whom I gave my own harmonious lyre,
 If high exalted on the throne of wit,
 Near me and Homer thou aspire to sit,
 No more let meaner satire dim the rays 55
 That flow majestic from thy nobler bays ;
 In all the flow'ry paths of Pindus stray,
 But shun that thorny, that unpleasing way ;
 Nor, when each soft engaging Muse is thine,
 Address the least attractive of the Nine. 60

Of thee more worthy were the task, to raise
 A lasting column to thy country's praise,
 To sing the land, which yet alone can boast
 That liberty corrupted Rome has lost ;
 Where science in the arms of peace is laid, 65
 And plants her palm beneath the olive's shade.
 Such was the theme for which my lyre I strung,
 Such was the people whose exploits I sung ;

Brave,

Brave, yet refin'd, for arms and arts renown'd,
With diff'rent bays by Mars and Phoebus crown'd, 70
Dauntless opposers of tyrannic sway,
But pleas'd, a mild AUGUSTUS to obey.

If these commands submissive thou receive,
Immortal and unblam'd thy name shall live;
Envy to black Cocytus shall retire, 75
And howl with furies in tormenting fire;
Approving time shall consecrate thy lays,
And join the patriot's to the poet's praise.

GEORGE LYTTELTON.

PASTORALS,

PASTORALS,

WITH A

DISCOURSE ON PASTORAL.

By ALEXANDER POPE, Esq;

Rura mihi & rigui placeant in vallibus amnes,
Flumina amem, fylvasque, inglorius!

VIRG.

VOL. I.

B

PASTORAL

WITH

DISCOURSE ON PASTORAL

BY ALEXANDER POPE, Esq.

Revised and corrected by the author in 1719.
Printed in London, 1719.

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Vol. I.

A

DISCOURSE

ON

PASTORAL POETRY.

THERE are not, I believe, a greater number of any sort of verses than of those which are called Pastorals; nor a smaller, than of those which are truly so. It therefore seems necessary to give some account of this kind of Poem, and it is my design to comprize in this short paper the substance of those numerous dissertations the critics have made on the subject, without omitting any of their rules in my own favour. You will also find some points reconciled, about which they seem to differ, and a few remarks which I think have escaped their observation.

The original of Poetry is ascribed to that age which succeeded the creation of the world: and as the keeping of flocks seems to have been the first employment of mankind, the most antient sort of poetry was probably pastoral. 'Tis natural to imagine, that the leisure of those ancient shepherds requiring some diversion, none was so proper to that solitary life as singing; and that in their songs they took occasion to celebrate their own felicity. From hence a Poem was invented, and afterwards improved to a perfect image of that happy time; which,

by giving us an esteem for the virtues of a former age, might recommend them to the present. And since the life of shepherds was attended with more tranquillity than any other rural employment, the Poets chose to introduce their persons, from whom it received the name of Pastoral.

A Pastoral is an imitation of the action of a shepherd; the form of this imitation is dramatic, or narrative, or mixed of both; the fable simple, the manners not too polite nor too rustic: the thoughts are plain, yet admit a little quickness and passion, but that short and flowing: the expression humble, yet as pure as the language will afford; neat, but not florid; easy, and yet lively. In short, the fable, manners, thoughts, and expressions, are full of the greatest simplicity in nature.

The complete character of this poem consists in simplicity, brevity, and delicacy; the two first of which render an eclogue natural, and the last delightful.

If we would copy Nature, it may be useful to take this consideration along with us, that Pastoral is an image of what they call the Golden Age. So that we are not to describe our shepherds as shepherds at this day really are, but as they may be conceived then to have been, when the best of men followed the employment. To carry this resemblance yet farther, that air of piety to the gods should shine through the Poem, which so visibly appears in all the works of antiquity: and it ought to preserve some relish of the old way of writing; the connections should be loose, the narrations and descriptions short, and the periods concise. Yet it is not sufficient that the sentences only be brief, the whole Eclogue should be so too. For we cannot suppose Poetry to have been the business of the ancient shepherds, but their recreation at vacant hours.

But

But with a respect to the present age, nothing more conduces to make these composures natural, than when some knowledge in rural affairs is discovered. This may be made to appear rather done by chance than on design, and sometimes is best shewn by inference; lest by too much study to seem natural, we destroy the delight. For what is inviting in this sort of poetry proceeds not so much from the idea of a country life itself, as from that of its tranquillity. We must therefore use some illusion to render a Pastoral delightful; and this consists in exposing the best side only of a shepherd's life, and in concealing its miseries. Nor is it enough to introduce shepherds discoursing together, but a regard must be had to the subject: that it contain some particular beauty in itself, and that it be different in every eclogue. Besides, in each of them a designed scene or prospect is to be presented to our view, which should likewise have its variety. This variety is obtained in a great degree by frequent comparisons, drawn from the most agreeable objects of the country; by interrogations to things inanimate; by beautiful digressions, but those short; sometimes by insisting a little on circumstances: and lastly, by elegant turns on the words, which render the numbers extremely sweet and pleasing. As for the numbers themselves, though they are properly of the heroic measure, they should be the smoothest, the most easy and flowing imaginable.

It is by rules like these that we ought to judge of Pastoral. And since the instructions given for any art are to be delivered as that art is in perfection, they must of necessity be derived from those in whom it is acknowledged so to be. It is therefore from the practice of Theocritus and Virgil, (the only undisputed authors of Pastoral) that the critics have drawn the foregoing notions concerning it.

Theocritus excels all others in nature and simplicity. The subjects of his Idyllia are purely pastoral; but he

is not so exact in his persons, having introduced reapers and fishermen as well as shepherds. He is apt to be too long in his descriptions, of which that of the Cup in the first pastoral is a remarkable instance. In the manners he seems a little defective, for his swains are sometimes abusive and immodest, and perhaps too much inclining to rusticity; for instance, in his fourth and fifth Idyllia. But it is enough that all others learned their excellencies from him, and that his dialect alone has a secret charm in it, which no other could ever attain.

Virgil, who copies Theocritus, refines upon his original; and in all points where judgment has the principal part, is much superior to his master. Though some of his subjects are not pastoral in themselves, but only seem to be such, they have a wonderful variety in them, which the Greek was a stranger to. He exceeds him in regularity and brevity, and falls short of him in nothing but simplicity and propriety of style; the first of which perhaps was the fault of his age, and the last of his language.

Among the moderns, their success has been greatest who have most endeavoured to make these ancients their pattern. The most considerable genius appears in the famous Tasso, and our Spenser. Tasso in his *Aminta* has as far excelled all the pastoral writers, as in his *Jerusalemme* he has outdone the epic poets of his country. But as this piece seems to have been the original of a new sort of poem, the Pastoral Comedy, in Italy, it cannot so well be considered as a copy of the ancients. Spenser's *Calendar*, in Mr. Dryden's opinion, is the most complete work of this kind which any nation has produced ever since the time of Virgil. Not but he may be thought imperfect in some few points. His *Eclogues* are somewhat too long, if we compare them with the ancients. He is sometimes too allegorical, and treats of matters of religion in a pastoral style, as the Mantuan

had done before him. He has employed the Lyric measure, which is contrary to the practice of the old poets. His stanza is not still the same, nor always well chosen. This last may be the reason his expression is sometimes not concise enough: for the tetraſtic has obliged him to extend his ſenſe to the length of four lines, which would have been more cloſely confined in the couplet.

In the manners, thoughts, and characters, he comes near Theocritus himſelf; though notwithstanding all the care he has taken, he is certainly inferior in his dialect: for the Doric had its beauty and propriety in the time of Theocritus; it was uſed in part of Greece, and frequent in the mouths of many of the greateſt perſons: whereas the old Engliſh and country phraſes of Spenſer were either entirely obſolete, or ſpoken only by people of the loweſt condition. As there is a difference betwixt ſimplicity and ruſticity, ſo the expreſſion of ſimple thoughts ſhould be plain, but not clowniſh. The addition he has made of a Calendar to his Eclogues is very beautiful; ſince by this, beſides that general moral of innocence and ſimplicity, which is common to other authors of Paſtoral, he has one peculiar to himſelf; he compares human life to the ſeveral ſeaſons, and at once expoſes to his readers a view of the great and little worlds, in their various changes and aſpects. Yet the ſcrupulous diviſion of his Paſtorals into months, has obliged him either to repeat the ſame deſcription, in other words, for three months together; or when it was exhausted before, entirely to omit it: whence it comes to paſs, that ſome of his Eclogues (as the ſixth, eighth, and tenth, for example) have nothing but their title to diſtinguiſh them. The reaſon is evident, becauſe the year has not that variety in it to furniſh every month with a particular deſcription, as it may every ſeaſon.

Of the following Eclogues I ſhall only ſay, that theſe four comprehend all the ſubjects which the critics upon
Theocritus

Theocritus and Virgil will allow to be fit for Pastoral : that they have as much variety of description, in respect of the several seasons, as Spenser's : that in order to add to this variety, the several times of the day are observed, the rural employments in each season or time of day, and the rural scenes or places proper to such employments ; not without some regard to the several ages of man, and the different passions proper to each age.

But after all, if they have any merit, it is to be attributed to some good old authors, whose works as I had leisure to study, so I hope I have not wanted care to imitate.

SPRING.

Of the following Elegiacs I shall only say, that those four comprehend all the subjects which the critics upon

S P R I N G.

THE

FIRST PASTORAL*.

To Sir WILLIAM TRUMBAL.

FIRST, in these fields I try the sylvan strains,
Nor blush to sport on Windsor's blissful plains :
Fair Thames flow gently from thy sacred spring,
While on thy banks Sicilian Muses sing ;
Let vernal airs thro' trembling oaks play,
And Albion's cliffs resound the rural lay. 5

You, that too wise for pride, too good for pow'r,
Enjoy the glory to be great no more,
And carrying with you all the world can boast,
To all the world illustriously are lost ! 10
O let my Muse her slender reed inspire,
Till in your native † shades you tune the lyre :
So when the Nightingale to rest removes,
The Thrush may chant to the forsaken groves,
But charm'd to silence, listens while she sings, 15
And all th' aerial audience clap their wings.

* These Pastorals were written in the year 1704, when our Author was sixteen years of age, but not printed till 1709.

† Sir William Trumbal was born in Windsor Forest, to which he retreated after he had resigned the post of Secretary of State to King William III.

Soon as the flocks shook off the nightly dews *,
 Two Swains, whom Love kept wakeful, and the Muse,
 Pour'd o'er the whitening vale their fleecy care,
 Fresh as the morn, and as the season fair : 20
 The dawn now blushing on the mountain's side,
 Thus Daphnis spoke, and Strephon thus reply'd.

DAPHNIS.

Hear how the birds, on ev'ry bloomy spray,
 With joyous music wake the dawning day !
 Why sit we mute, when early linnets sing, 25
 When warbling Philomel salutes the spring ?
 Why sit we sad, when Phosphor shines so clear,
 And lavish Nature paints the purple year ?

STREPHON.

Sing then, and Damon shall attend the strain,
 While yon' slow oxen turn the furrow'd plain. 30
 Here on green banks the blushing vi'lets glow ;
 Here western winds on breathing roses blow.
 I'll stake yon' lamb, that near the fountain plays,
 And from the brink his dancing shade surveys.

DAPHNIS.

And I this bowl, where wanton ivy twines, 35
 And swelling clusters bend the curling vines :
 Four figures rising from the work appear,
 The various seasons of the rolling year ;
 And what is that, which binds the radiant sky,
 Where twelve bright signs in beauteous order lie ? 40

DAMON.

Then sing by turns, by turns the Muses sing,
 Now hawthorns blossom, now the daisies spring,
 Now leaves the trees, and flow'rs adorn the ground ;
 Begin, the vales shall ev'ry note rebound.

* The scene of this Pastoral a Valley, the time the Morning.

STREPHON.

PASTORALS.

11

STREPHON.

Inspire me, Phoebus, in my Delia's praise, 45
With Waller's strains, or Granville's * moving lays!
A milk-white bull shall at your altars stand,
That threats a fight, and spurns the rising sand.

DAPHNIS.

O Love! for Sylvia let me gain the prize,
And make my tongue victorious as her eyes; 50
No lambs or sheep for victims I'll impart,
Thy victim, Love, shall be the shepherd's heart.

STREPHON.

Me gentle Delia beckons from the plain,
Then hid in shades, eludes her eager swain;
But feigns a laugh, to see me search around, 55
And by that laugh the willing fair is found.

DAPHNIS.

The sprightly Sylvia trips along the green,
She runs, but hopes she does not run unseen;
While a kind glance at her pursuer flies,
How much at variance are her feet and eyes! 60

STREPHON.

O'er golden sands let rich Pactolus flow,
And trees weep amber on the banks of Po;
Blest Thames's shores the brightest beauties yield,
Feed here my lambs, I'll seek no distant field.

DAPHNIS.

Celestial Venus haunts Idalia's groves; 65
Diana Cynthus, Ceres Hybla loves,
If Windsor shades delight the matchless maid,
Cynthus and Hybla yield to Windsor shade.

* George Granville, afterwards Lord Lansdowne.

STREPHON.

All nature mourns, the skies relent in show'rs,
 Hush'd are the birds, and clos'd the drooping flow'rs; 70
 If Delia smile, the flowers begin to spring,
 The skies to brighten, and the birds to sing.

DAPHNIS.

All nature laughs, the groves are fresh and fair,
 The sun's mild lustre warms the vital air;
 If Sylvia smiles, new glories gild the shore, 75
 And vanquish'd nature seems to charm no more.

STREPHON.

In spring the fields, in autumn hills I love,
 At morn the plains, at noon the shady grove,
 But Delia always; absent from her sight,
 Nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon delight. 80

DAPHNIS.

Sylvia's like autumn ripe, yet mild as May,
 More bright than noon, yet fresh as early day;
 Ev'n spring displeases, when she shines not here;
 But blest with her, 'tis spring throughout the year.

STREPHON.

Say, shepherd, say, in what glad soil appears 85
 A wond'rous Tree * that sacred Monarchs bears?
 Tell me but this, and I'll disclaim the prize,
 And give the conquest to thy Sylvia's eyes.

* An allusion to the Royal Oak, in which Charles II. had been hid from the pursuit after the battle of Worcester. This line has been almost universally cavilled at by the critics, especially by the author of an Essay on the Genius, &c. It is, however, perhaps with more ingenuity than propriety defended by Mr. Ruffhead.

DAPHNIS.

DAPHNIS.

Nay tell me first, in what more happy fields
 The Thistle springs, to which the Lilly yields †? 90
 And then a nobler prize I will resign;
 For Sylvia, charming Sylvia, shall be thine.

DAMON.

Cease to contend, for (Daphnis) I decree
 The bowl to Strephon, and the lamb to thee:
 Blest Swains, whose nymphs in ev'ry grace excel, 95
 Blest Nymphs, whose swains those graces sing so well!
 Now rise and haste to yonder woodbine bow'rs,
 A soft retreat from sudden vernal show'rs;
 The turf with rural dainties shall be crown'd,
 While opening blooms diffuse their sweets around. 100
 For see! the gath'ring flocks to shelter tend,
 And from the Pleiads fruitful show'rs descend.

† This alludes to the device of the Scots Monarchs, the Thistle, worn by Queen Anne, and to the arms of France, the Fleur de Lys.

SUMMER.

S U M M E R.
T H E
S E C O N D P A S T O R A L*.

To Dr. GARTH†.

A Shepherd's Boy (he seeks no better name)
Led forth his flocks along the silver Thame,
Where dancing sun-beams on the waters play'd,
And verdant alders form'd a quiv'ring shade,
There while he mourn'd, the streams forgot to flow, 5
The flocks around a dumb compassion show,
The Naiads wept in ev'ry wat'ry bow'r,
And Jove consented in a silent show'r.

Accept, O Garth, the Muse's early lays,
That adds this wreath of Ivy to thy Bays; 10
Hear what from Love unpractis'd hearts endure,
From Love, the sole disease thou canst not cure.
Ye shady beeches, and ye cooling streams,
Defence from Phœbus, not from Cupid's beams,
To you I mourn, nor to the deaf I sing, 15
The woods shall answer, and their echo ring.
The hills and rocks attend my doleful lay,
Why art thou prouder and more hard than they?
The bleating sheep with my complaints agree,
They parch'd with heat, and I inflam'd by thee. 20

* The Scene of this Pastoral by the River's side, suitable to the heat of the season; the Time, Noon.

† Dr. Samuel Garth, author of the Dispensary, was one of the first friends of the author, whose acquaintance with him began at fourteen or fifteen. Their friendship continued from the year 1703, to 1718, which was that of the doctor's death.

The

The sultry Sirius burns the thirsty plains,
While in thy heart eternal winter reigns.

Where stray ye Muses, in what lawn or grove,
While your Alexis pines in hopeless love?

In those fair fields where sacred Isis glides, 25

Or else where Cam his winding vales divides?

As in the crystal spring I view my face,

Fresh rising blushes paint the wat'ry glass;

But since those graces please thy eyes no more,

I shun the fountains which I sought before. 30

Once I was skill'd in ev'ry herb that grew,

And ev'ry plant that drinks the morning dew;

Ah wretched shepherd, what avails thy art,

To cure thy lambs, but not to heal thy heart!

Let other swains attend the rural care, 35

Feed fairer flocks, or richer fleeces share:

But nigh yon' mountain let me tune my lays,

Embrace my Love, and bind my brows with bays.

That flute is mine which Colin's* tuneful breath

Inspir'd when living, and bequeath'd in death; 40

He said, Alexis, take this pipe, the same

That taught the groves my Rosalinda's name:

But now the reeds shall hang on yonder tree,

For ever silent, since despis'd by thee.

Oh! were I made by some transforming pow'r 45

The captive bird that sings within thy bow'r!

Then might my voice thy listning ears employ,

And I those kisses he receives, enjoy.

And yet my numbers please the rural throng,

Rough Satyrs dance, and Pan applauds the song: 50

The Nymphs forsaking ev'ry cave and spring,

Their early fruit, and milk-white turtles bring;

Each am'rous nymph prefers her gifts in vain,

On you their gifts are all bestow'd again.

For you the swains the fairest flow'rs design, 55

And in one garland all their beauties join;

* The name taken by Spenser in his Eclogues, where his mistress is celebrated under that of Rosalinda.

Accept the wreath which you deserve alone,
In whom all beauties are compriz'd in one.

See what delights in sylvan scenes appear !
Descending Gods have found Elyzium here. 60

In woods bright Venus with Adonis stray'd,
And chaste Diana haunts the forest-shade.

Come, lovely nymph, and bless the silent hours,
When swains from sheering seek their nightly bow'rs ;

When weary reapers quit the sultry field, 65
And crown'd with corn, their thanks to Ceres yield.

This harmless grove no lurking viper hides,
But in my breast the serpent Love abides.

Here bees from blossoms sip the rosy dew,
But your Alexis knows no sweet but you. 70

Oh deign to visit our forsaken seats,
The mossy fountains, and the green retreats !

Where-e'er you walk, cool gales shall fan the glade,
Trees, where you sit, shall croud into a shade ;

Where-e'er you tread, the blushing flow'rs shall rise, 75
And all things flourish where you turn your eyes.

Oh ! how I long with you to pass my days,
Invoke the Muses, and resound your praise !

Your praise the birds shall chant in ev'ry grove,
And winds shall waft it to the pow'r above. 80

But would you sing, and rival Orpheus' strain,
The wond'ring forests soon should dance again,

The moving mountains hear the pow'rful call,
And headlong streams hang list'ning in their fall !

But see, the shepherds shun the noon-day heat, 85
The lowing herds to murm'ring brooks retreat,

To closer shades the panting flocks remove ;
Ye Gods ! and is there no relief for Love ?

But soon the sun with milder rays descends
To the cool ocean, where his journey ends : 90

On me Love's fiercer flames for ever prey,
By night he scorches, as he burns by day.

A U T U M N.
T H E
T H I R D P A S T O R A L*.

To Mr. WYCHERLY.

Beneath the shade a spreading Beech displays,
Hylas and Ægon sung their rural lays,
This mourn'd a faithless, that an absent Love,
And Delia's name and Doris fill'd the Grove.
Ye Mantuan nymphs, your sacred succour bring; 5
Hylas and Ægon's rural lays I sing.
Thou, whom the Nine with Plautus' wit inspire,
The art of Terence, and Menander's fire;
Whose sense instructs us, and whose humour charms,
Whose judgment sways us, and whose spirit warms! 10
Oh, skill'd in Nature! see the hearts of Swains,
Their artless passions, and their tender pains.
Now setting Phœbus shone serenely bright,
And fleecy clouds were streak'd with purple light;
When tuneful Hylas, with melodious moan 15
Taught rocks to weep, and made the mountains groan.
Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
To Delia's ear the tender notes convey.

* This Pastoral consists of two parts, like the eighth of Virgil. The scene, a Hill, the time, at Sun-set.

As some sad Turtle his lost love deplores,
 And with deep murmurs fills the sounding shores ; 20
 Thus, far from Delia, to the winds I mourn,
 Alike unheard, unpity'd, and forlorn.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along !
 For her, the feather'd quires neglect their song ;
 For her, the lymes their pleasing shades deny ; 25
 For her, the lillies hang their heads and die.
 Ye flow'rs that droop, forsaken by the spring,
 Ye birds, that left by summer, cease to sing,
 Ye trees that fade when autumn-heats remove,
 Say, is not absence death to those who love ? 30

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away !
 Curs'd be the fields that cause my Delia's stay ;
 Fade ev'ry blossom, wither ev'ry tree,
 Die ev'ry flow'r, and perish all, but she.
 What have I said ? where'er my Delia flies, 35
 Let spring attend, and sudden flow'rs arise ;
 Let op'ning roses knotted oaks adorn,
 And liquid amber drop from ev'ry thorn.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along !
 The birds shall cease to tune their ev'ning song, 40
 The winds to breathe, the waving woods to move,
 And streams to murmur, e'er I cease to love.
 Not bubbling fountains to the thirsty swain,
 Not balmy sleep to lab'ers faint with pain,
 Not show'rs to larks, or sunshine to the bee, 45
 Are half so charming, as thy sight to me.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away !
 Come, Delia, come ; ah, why this long delay ?
 Thro' rocks and caves the name of Delia sounds,
 Delia, each cave and echoing rock rebounds. 50
 Ye pow'rs, what pleasing frenzy sooths my mind !
 Do lovers dream, or is my Delia kind ?
 She comes, my Delia comes !—Now cease my lay,
 And cease, ye gales, to bear my sighs away !

Next Ægon sung, while Windfor groves admir'd, 55
 Rehearse, ye Muses, what yourselves inspir'd.

Resound,

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain!
 Of perjur'd Doris, dying I complain:
 Here where the mountains less'ning as they rise
 Lose the low vales, and steal into the skies: 60
 While lab'ring oxen, spent with toil and heat,
 In their loose traces from the field retreat:
 While curling smoaks from village-tops are seen,
 And the fleet shades glide o'er the dusky green.

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay! 65
 Beneath yon' poplar oft we pass'd the day:
 Oft' on the rind I carv'd her am'rous vows,
 While she with garlands hung the bending boughs:
 The garlands fade, the vows are worn away;
 So dies her love, and so my hopes decay. 70

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain!
 Now bright Arcturus glads the teeming grain,
 Now golden fruits on loaded branches shine,
 And grateful clusters swell with floods of wine;
 Now blushing berries paint the yellow grove; 75
 Just gods! shall all things yield returns but love?

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
 The shepherds cry, "Thy flocks are left a prey—
 Ah! what avails it me, the flocks to keep,
 Who lost my heart while I preserv'd my sheep. 80
 Pan came, and ask'd, what magic caus'd my smart,
 Or what ill eyes malignant glances dart?
 What eyes but hers, alas, have pow'r to move!
 And is there magic but what dwells in love?

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strains! 85
 I'll fly from shepherds, flocks, and flow'ry plains.—
 From shepherds, flocks, and plains, I may remove,
 Forsake mankind, and all the world—but love!
 I know thee, Love! wild as the raging main,
 More fell than tygers on the Lybian plain: 90
 Thou wert from Ætna's burning entrails torn,
 Got by fierce whirlwinds, and in thunder born!

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
 Farewell, ye woods! adieu the light of day!

One leap from yonder cliff shall end my pains, 95
No more, ye hills, no more resound my strains!

Thus sung the shepherds till th' approach of night,
The skies yet blushing with departing light,
When falling dews with spangles deck'd the glade,
And the low sun had lengthen'd ev'ry shade. 100

WINTER.

W I N T E R.

T H E

F O U R T H P A S T O R A L.

To the Memory of Mrs. TEMPEST*.

LYCIDAS.

THYRSIS, the music of that murm'ring spring,
Is not so mournful as the strains you sing.
Nor rivers winding thro' the vales below,
So sweetly warble, or so smoothly flow.
Now sleeping flocks on their soft fleeces lie, 5
The moon, serene in glory, mounts the sky,
While silent birds forget their tuneful lays,
Oh sing of Daphne's fate, and Daphne's praise!

THYRSIS.

Behold the groves that shine with silver frost,
Their beauty wither'd, and their verdure lost. 10
Here shall I try the sweet Alexis' strain,
That call'd the list'ning Dryads to the plain?
Thames heard the numbers as he flow'd along,
And bad his willows learn the moving song.

* This, which was our Author's favourite Pastoral, was written to the memory of Mrs. Tempest, a lady of an ancient family in Yorkshire, and particularly admired by our Author's friend, Mr. Walsh, who having celebrated her in a Pastoral Elegy, desired his friend to do the same, as appears from one of his letters, where he says, "Your last eclogue being on the same subject with that of mine, on Mrs. Tempest's death, &c." Her death happening on the night of the great storm in 1702, gave a propriety to this eclogue, which in its general turn alludes to it. The Scene of this Pastoral lies in a grove, the Time at Midnight.

LYCIDAS.

So may kind rains their vital moisture yield, 15
 And swell the future harvest of the field.
 Begin; this charge the dying Daphne gave,
 And said, "Ye shepherds, sing around my grave!"
 Sing, while beside the shaded tomb I mourn,
 And with fresh bays her rural shrine adorn. 20

THYRSIS.

Ye gentle Muses, leave your crystal spring,
 Let Nymphs and Sylvens cypress garlands bring;
 Ye weeping Loves, the stream with myrtles hide,
 And break your bows, as when Adonis dy'd;
 And with your golden darts, now useless grown, 25
 Inscribe a verse on this relenting stone:
 "Let nature change, let heav'n and earth deplore,
 "Fair Daphne's dead, and love is now no more!"
 'Tis done, and Nature's various charms decay;
 See gloomy clouds obscure the chearful day! 30
 Now hung with pearls the dropping trees appear,
 Their faded honours scatter'd on her bier.
 See, where on earth the flow'ry glories lie,
 With her they flourish'd, and with her they die.
 Ah! what avail the beauties Nature wore? 35
 Fair Daphne's dead, and beauty is no more!
 For her, the flocks refuse their verdant food,
 The thirsty heifers seek the gliding flood.
 The silver swans her hapless fate bemoan,
 In notes more sad than when they sing their own; 40
 In hollow caves sweet Echo silent lies,
 Silent, or only to her name replies,
 Her name with pleasure once she taught the shore,
 Now Daphne's dead, and pleasure is no more!
 No grateful dews descend from ev'ning skies, 45
 Nor morning odours from the flow'rs arise;
 No rich perfumes refresh the fruitful field,
 Nor fragrant herbs their native incense yield.
 The balmy Zephyrs, silent since her death,
 Lament the ceasing of a sweeter breath; 50

Th'in-

Th'industrious bees neglect their golden store;
Fair Daphne's dead, and sweetness is no more!

No more the mounting larks, while Daphne sings,
Shall lift'ning in mid-air suspend their wings;
No more the birds shall imitate her lays, 55
Or hush'd with wonder, hearken from the sprays:
No more the streams their murmurs shall forbear,
A sweeter music than their own to hear,
But tell the reeds, and tell the vocal shore,
Fair Daphne's dead, and music is no more! 60

Her fate is whisper'd by the gentle breeze,
And told in sighs to all the trembling trees;
The trembling trees, in ev'ry plain and wood,
Her fate remurmur to the silver flood;
The silver flood, so lately calm, appears 65
Swell'd with new passion, and o'erflows with tears;
The winds and trees and floods her death deplore,
Daphne, our grief! our glory now no more!

But see! where Daphne wond'ring mounts on high,
Above the clouds, above the starry sky! 70
Eternal beauties grace the shining scene,
Fields ever fresh, and groves for ever green!
There while you rest in Amaranthine bow'rs,
Or from those meads select unfading flow'rs,
Behold us kindly who your name implore, 75
Daphne, our Goddess, and our grief no more!

LYCIDAS.

How all things listen, while thy Muse complains!
Such silence waits on Philomela's strains,
In some still ev'ning, when the whisp'ring breeze
Pants on the leaves, and dies upon the trees. 80
To thee, bright goddess, oft' a lamb shall bleed,
If teeming ewes encrease my fleecy breed.
While plants their shade, or flow'rs their odours give,
Thy name, thy honour, and thy praise shall live!

THYRSIS.

See pale Orion sheds unwholesome dews, 85
 Arise, the pines a noxious shade diffuse ;
 Sharp Boreas blows, and Nature feels decay,
 Time conquers all, and we must Time obey.
 Adieu ye vales, ye mountains, streams, and groves,
 Adieu ye shepherds' rural lays and loves ; 90
 Adieu my flocks, farewell ye sylvan crew,
 Daphne farewell, and all the world adieu * !

* These four last lines allude to the several subjects of the four Pastorals, and to the several scenes of them, particularized before in each.

MESSIAH.

M E S S I A H.

S A C R E D E C L O G U E.

IN IMITATION OF

VIRGIL'S POLLIO.

VOL. I.

E

ADVERTISEMENT.

IN reading several passages of the Prophet Isaiah, which foretell the coming of Christ and the felicities attending it, I could not but observe a remarkable parity between many of the thoughts, and those in the *Pollio* of Virgil. This will not seem surprising, when we reflect, that the *Eclogue* was taken from a Sibylline prophecy on the same subject. One may judge that Virgil did not copy it line by line, but selected such ideas as best agreed with the nature of pastoral poetry, and disposed them in that manner which served most to beautify his piece. I have endeavoured the same in this imitation of him, tho' without admitting any thing of my own; since it was written with this particular view, that the reader, by comparing the several thoughts, might see how far the images and descriptions of the Prophet are superior to those of the Poet. But as I fear I have prejudiced them by my management, I shall subjoin the passages of Isaiah, and those of Virgil, under the same disadvantage of a literal translation.

M E S S I A H.

A

S A C R E D E C L O G U E,

In Imitation of VIRGIL'S POLLIO.

YE Nymphs of Solyma! begin the song:
To heav'nly themes sublimer strains belong.

The mossy fountains, and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus and th'Aonian maids,
Delight no more——O thou my voice inspire,
Who touch'd Ifaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!

5

Rapt into future times, the Bard begun,
A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!

From

VER. 8. *A Virgin shall conceive——All crimes shall cease, &c.*]

VIRG. E. 4. ver. 6. Jam redit & Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna,
Jam nova progenies cœlo demittitur alto——
Te duce, si qua manent sceleris vestigia nostri,
Irrita perpetua solvent formidine terras——
Pacatumque reget patriis virtutibus orbem.

Now the Virgin returns, now the kingdom of Saturn returns, now a new Progeny is sent down from high heaven. By means of thee, whatever reliques of our crimes remain, shall be wiped away, and free the world from perpetual fears. He shall govern the earth in peace, with the virtues of his Father.

ISAIAH, Ch. vii. ver. 14. *Behold a Virgin shall conceive, and bear a Son.—*
Ch. ix. ver. 6, 7. *Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given; the Prince of*

E. 2

Peace:

From * Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
 Whose sacred flow'r with fragrance fills the skies : 10
 Th' Æthereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
 And on its top descends the mystic Dove.
 Ye † heav'ns ! from high the dewy nectar pour,
 And in soft silence shed the kindly show'r !
 The ‡ sick and weak the healing plant shall aid, 15
 From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
 All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail ;
 Returning || Justice lift aloft her scale ;
 Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
 And white-rob'd Innocence from heav'n descend. 20
 Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn ;
 Oh ! spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born !
 See Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
 With all the incense of the breathing spring :
 See lofty ** Lebanon his head advance, 25
 See nodding forests on the mountains dance ;
 See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,
 And Carmel's flow'ry top perfumes the skies !

Peace: of the increase of his government, and of his peace, there shall be no end: upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to order and to stablish it, with judgment, and with justice, for ever and ever.

VER. 23. See Nature hastes, &c.]

VIRG. E. 4. ver. 18. At tibi prima, puer, nullo munuscula cultu,
 Errantes hederas passim cum baccare tellus,
 Mixtaque ridenti colocasia funder acantho—
 Ipsa tibi blandos fundent cunabula flores.

For thee, O Child, shall the earth, without being tilled, produce her early offerings; winding ivy mixed with Baccar, and Colocasia with smiling Acanthus. Thy cradle shall pour forth pleasing flowers about thee.

ISAIAH, chap. xxxv. ver. 1. The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose. Ch. lx. ver. 13. The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir-tree, the pine-tree, and the box together, to beautify the place of thy Sanctuary.

* Isaiah, ch. xi. ver. 1.

† Ch. xlv. ver. 8.

‡ Ch. xxv. ver. 4.

|| Ch. ix. ver. 7.

** Chap. xxxv. ver. 2.

Hark!

Hark! a glad voice the lonely defart chears;
 Prepare the * way! a God, a God appears: 30
 A God, a God! the vocal hills reply,
 The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
 Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies!
 Sink down ye mountains, and ye vallies rise,
 With heads declin'd, ye cedars, homage pay; 35
 Be smooth ye rocks, ye rapid floods give way!
 The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold;
 Hear † him, ye deaf, and all ye blind, behold!
 He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
 And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day: 40
 'Tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
 And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear:
 The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
 And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
 No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall hear, 45
 From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear,
 In ‡ adamant chains shall Death be bound,
 And Hell's grim Tyrant feel th' eternal wound.

VER. 29. *Hark! a glad voice, &c.*]

VIRG. E. 4. ver. 46. Aggrederè ô magnos, aderit jam tempus, honores,
 Cara deûm soboles, magnum Jovis incrementum—
 Ipsi lætitiæ voces ad sydera jactant
 Intonsi montes, ipsæ jam carmina rupes,
 Ipsa sonant arbuta, Deus, deus ille Menalca!

E. 3. ver. 62.

Oh come, and receive the mighty honours: the time draws nigh, O beloved offspring of the Gods, O great increase of Jove! The uncultivated mountains send shouts of joy to the stars, the very rocks sing in verse, the very shrubs cry out, A God! a God!

ISAIAH, ch. xl. ver. 3, 4. *The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord! make straight in the desert a high way for our God! Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and bill shall be made low, and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain. Chap. iv. ver. 23. Break forth into singing, ye mountains! O forest, and every tree therein! for the Lord hath redeemed Israel.*

* Ch. xl. ver. 3, 4.

† Ch. xlii. ver. 18. Ch. xxxv. ver. 5, 6.

‡ Ch. xxv. ver. 8.

As the good * shepherd tends his fleecy care,
 Seeks freshest pasture and the purest air, 50
 Explores the lost, the wand'ring sheep directs,
 By day o'ersees them, and by night protects,
 The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
 Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms;
 Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage, 55
 The promis'd † father of the future age.
 No more shall ‡ nation against nation rise,
 Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
 Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
 The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more; 60
 But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
 And the broad faulchion in a plow-share end.
 Then palaces shall rise; the joyful || son
 Shall finish what his short-liv'd sire begun!
 Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield, 65
 And the same hand that sow'd, shall reap the field.
 The swain in barren ** deserts with surprise
 Sees lillies spring, and sudden verdure rise;
 And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
 New falls of water murmur'ring in his ear. 70
 On rifted rocks, the dragons late abodes,
 The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.

VER. 67. *The swain in barren deserts, &c.*]

VIRG. E. 4. ver. 28. *Molli paulatim flavescit campus arista,
 Incultisque rubens pendebit sentibus uva,
 Et duræ quercus sudabunt roscida mella.*

*The field shall grow yellow with ripen'd ears, and the red grape shall hang upon
 the wild brambles, and the hard oaks shall distill honey like dew.*

ISAIAH, ch. xxxv. ver. 7. *The parched ground shall become a pool, and the
 thirsty land springs of water: in the habitations where dragons lay, shall be grass,
 and reeds, and rushes.* Ch. lv. ver. 13. *Instead of the thorn shall come up the
 fir-tree, and instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle-tree.*

* Ch. xl. ver. 11.

† Ch ix. ver. 6.

‡ Ch. ii. ver. 4.

|| Ch. lxxv. ver. 21, 22.

** Ch. xxxv. ver. 1, 7.

Waste

Waste sandy * valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,
 The spiry fir and shapely box adorn;
 To leafless shrubs the flow'ring palms succeed, 75
 And od'rous myrtle to the noisome weed.
 The † lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
 And boys in flow'ry bands the tyger lead;
 The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
 And harmless ‡ serpents lick the pilgrim's feet. 80
 The smiling infant in his hand shall take
 The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
 Pleas'd the green lustre of the scales survey,
 And with their forky tongue shall innocently play.
 Rise, crown'd with light, imperial || Salem rise! 85
 Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes!

VER. 77. *The lambs with wolves, &c.*]

VIRG. E. 4. ver. 21. Ipsæ lacte domum referent distenta capellæ

Ubera, nec magnos metuent armenta leones——

Occidet & serpens, & fallax herba veneni

Occidet.——

The goats shall bear to the fold their udders distended with milk: nor shall the herds be afraid of the greatest lions. The serpent shall die, and the herb that conceals poison shall die.

ISAIAH, ch. xi. ver. 16, &c. *The wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them —— And the lion shall eat straw like the ox. And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the den of the cockatrice.*

Ver. 85. *Rise, crown'd with light, &c.*]

The thoughts of Isaiah, which compose the latter part of the poem, are wonderfully elevated, and much above those general exclamations of Virgil, which make the loftiest parts of his Pollio.

Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo!

——— *toto surget gens aurea mundo!*

——— *incipient magni procedere menses!*

Aspice, venturo latentur ut omnia sæcio! &c.

The reader needs only turn to the passages of Isaiah, here cited.

* Ch. xli. ver. 19. and Ch. lv. ver. 13.

† Ch. xi. ver. 6, 7, 8.

‡ Ch. 65. ver. 25.

|| Ch. lx. ver. 1.

See,

See, a long * race thy spacious courts adorn ;
 See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
 In crouding ranks on ev'ry side arise,
 Demanding life, impatient for the skies ! 90
 See barb'rous † nations at thy gates attend,
 Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend ;
 See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
 And heap'd with products of ‡ Sabæan springs !
 For thee Idume's spicy forests blow, 95
 And seeds of gold in Ophyr's mountains glow.
 See heav'n its sparkling portals wide display,
 And break upon thee in a flood of day !
 No more the rising || Sun shall gild the morn,
 Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her silver horn, 100
 But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,
 One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
 O'erflow thy courts : the Light himself shall shine
 Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine !
 The § seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay, 105
 Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away ;
 But fix'd his word, his saving pow'r remains ;
 Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns !

* Ch. lx. ver. 4.

† Ch. lx. ver. 3.

‡ Ch. lx. ver. 6.

|| Ch. lx. ver. 19, 20.

§ Ch. li. ver. vi. and ch. liv. ver. 10.

WINDSOR FOREST.

To the Right Honourable

GEORGE Lord LANSDOWN.

Non injussa cano: te nostræ, Vare, myricæ,
Te Nemus omne canet; nec Phœbo gratior ulla est,
Quam sibi quæ Vari præscripsit pagina nomen.

VIRG.

WINDSOR FOREST

To the Right Honourable

George Lord Lansdowne

The following is a list of the
names of the persons who have
been appointed to the office of
Secretary to the Board of
Education, since the year 1801.

WINDSOR FOREST.

To the Right Honourable

GEORGE LORD LANSDOWN.

THY forests, Windsor! and thy green retreats,
At once the Monarch's and the Muse's seats,
Invite my lays. Be present, sylvan maids!
Unlock your springs, and open all your shades.
Granville commands; your aid O Muses bring! 5
What Muse for Granville can refuse to sing?

The groves of Eden, vanish'd now so long,
Live in description, and look green in song:
These, were my breast inspir'd with equal flame,
Like them in beauty, should be like in fame. 10
Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
Here earth and water, seem to strive again;
Not Chaos-like together crush'd and bruis'd,
But as the world, harmoniously confus'd:
Where order in variety we see, 15
And where, tho' all things differ, all agree.
Here waving groves a checquer'd scene display,
And part admit, and part exclude the day;
As some coy nymph her lover's warm address
Nor quite indulges, nor can quite repress. 20
There, interspers'd in lawns and opening glades,
Thin trees arise that shun each other's shades.

This Poem was written at two different times: the first part of it, which relates to the country, in the year 1704, at the same time with the Pastorals: the latter part was not added till the year 1710, in which it was published.

Here in full light the rufset plains extend ;
 There wrapt in clouds the bluish hills ascend.
 Ev'n the wild heath displays her purple dyes, 25
 And 'midst the defart fruitful fields arife,
 That crown'd with tufted trees and fpringing corn,
 Like verdant ifles the fable wafte adorn.
 Let India boast her plants, nor envy we
 The weeping amber, or the balmy tree, 30
 While by our oaks the precious loads are born,
 And realms commanded which thofe trees adorn.
 Not proud Olympus yields a nobler fight,
 Tho' Gods afsembled grace his tow'ring height,
 Than what more humble mountains offer here, 35
 Where, in their bleffings, all thofe Gods appear.
 See Pan with flocks, with fruits Pomona crown'd,
 Here blufhing Flora paints th' enamel'd ground,
 Here Ceres' gifts in waving profpect ftand,
 And nodding tempt the joyjul reaper's hand ; 40
 Rich Induftry fits fmiling on the plains,
 And peace and plenty tell a Stuart reigns.
 Not thus the land appear'd in ages paff,
 A dreary defart and a gloomy wafte,
 To favage beafts and * favage laws a prey, 45
 And kings more furious and fevere than they ;
 Who claim'd the fkies, difpeopled air and floods,
 The lonely lords of empty wilds and woods :
 Cities laid wafte, they ftorm'd the dens and caves,
 (For wifer brutes were backward to be flaves.) 50
 What could be free, when lawlefs beafts obey'd,
 And ev'n the elements a tyrant fway'd ?
 In vain kind feafons fwell'd the teeming grain,
 Soft fhew'rs diffill'd, and funs grew warm in vain ;
 The fwain with tears his fruftrate labour yields, 55
 And famifh'd dies amidft his ripen'd fields.
 What wonder then, a beaft or fubject flain
 Were equal crimes in a defpotic reign ?

* The Forest Laws.

Both doom'd alike, for sportive tyrants bled,
 But while the subject starv'd, the beast was fed. 60
 Proud Nimrod first the bloody chace began,
 A mighty hunter, and his prey was man :
 Our haughty Norman boasts that barb'rous name,
 And makes his trembling slaves the royal game.
 The * fields are ravish'd from th' industrious swains, 65
 From men their cities, and from Gods their fanes :
 The levell'd towns with weeds lie cover'd o'er ;
 The hollow winds thro' naked temples roar ;
 Round broken columns clasping ivy twin'd ;
 O'er heaps of ruin stalk'd the stately hind ; 70
 The fox obscene to gaping tombs retires,
 And savage howlings fill the sacred quires.
 Aw'd by his Nobles, by his Commons curst,
 Th' Oppressor rul'd tyrannic where he durst,
 Stretch'd o'er the Poor and Church his iron rod, 75
 And serv'd alike his Vassals and his God.
 Whom ev'n the Saxon spar'd, and bloody Dane,
 The wanton victims of his sport remain.
 But see, the man who spacious regions gave
 A waste for beasts, himself deny'd a grave ! 80
 Stretch'd on the lawn, his † second hope survey,
 At once the chaser, and at once the prey :
 Lo Rufus, tugging at the deadly dart,
 Bleeds in the forest, like a wounded hart.
 Succeeding Monarchs heard the subjects cries, 85
 Nor saw displeas'd the peaceful cottage rise.
 Then gath'ring flocks on unknown mountains fed,
 O'er sandy wilds were yellow harvests spread,
 The forests wonder'd at th' unusual grain,
 And secret transport touch'd the conscious swain. 90
 Fair Liberty, Britannia's Goddess, rears
 Her chearful head, and leads the golden years.
 Ye vig'rous swains ! while youth ferments your blood,
 And purer spirits swell the sprightly flood,

* Alluding to the New Forest, and the tyrannies exercised there by William the First.

† William Rufus, second son of William the Conqueror.

Now range the hills, the thickest woods beset, 95
 Wind the shrill horn, or spread the waving net.
 When milder autumn summer's heat succeeds,
 And in the new-shorn field the partridge feeds,
 Before his lord the ready spaniel bounds,
 Panting with hope, he tries the furrow'd grounds; 100
 But when the tainted gales the game betray,
 Couch'd close he lies, and meditates the prey:
 Secure they trust th' unfaithful field, beset,
 Till hov'ring o'er 'em sweeps the swelling net.
 Thus (if small things we may with great compare) 105
 When Albion sends her eager sons to war,
 Some thoughtless town, with ease and plenty blest,
 Near, and more near, the closing lines invest;
 Sudden they seize th' amaz'd, defenceless prize,
 And high in air Britannia's standard flies. 110
 See! from the brake the whirring pheasant springs,
 And mounts exulting on triumphant wings:
 Short is his joy; he feels the fiery wound,
 Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.
 Ah! what avail his glossy, varying dyes, 115
 His purple crest, and scarlet-circled eyes,
 The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,
 His painted wings, and breast that flames with gold?
 Nor yet, when moist Arcturus clouds the sky,
 The woods and fields their pleasing toils deny. 120
 To plains with well-breath'd beagles we repair,
 And trace the mazes of the circling hare:
 (Beasts, urg'd by us, their fellow-beasts pursue,
 And learn of man each other to undo.)
 With slaught'ring guns th' unweary'd fowler roves, 125
 When frosts have whiten'd all the naked groves;
 Where droves in flocks the leafless trees o'ershade,
 And lonely woodcocks haunt the wat'ry glade.
 He lifts the tube, and levels with his eye;
 Strait a short thunder breaks the frozen sky: 130
 Oft', as in airy rings they skim the heath,
 The clam'rous plovers feel the leaden death:
 Oft',

Off', as the mounting larks their notes prepare,
They fall, and leave their little lives in air.

In genial spring, beneath the quiv'ring shade, 135
Where cooling vapours breathe along the mead,
The patient fisher takes his silent stand,
Intent, his angle trembling in his hand;
With looks unmov'd, he hopes the scaly breed,
And eyes the dancing cork, and bending reed. 140
Our plenteous streams a various race supply,
The bright-ey'd perch with fins of Tyrian dye,
The silver eel, in shining volumes roll'd,
The yellow carp, in scales bedrop'd with gold,
Swift trouts, diversify'd with crimson stains, 145
And pykes, the tyrants of the watry plains.

Now Cancer glows with Phœbus' fiery car;
The youth rush eager to the sylvan war,
Swarm o'er the lawns, the forest walks surround,
Rouze the fleet hart, and chear the opening hound. 150
Th' impatient courser pants in ev'ry vein,
And pawing, seems to beat the distant plain;
Hills, vales, and floods appear already cross'd,
And ere he starts, a thousand steps are lost.
See! the bold youth strain up the threat'ning steep, 155
Rush thro' the thickets, down the valleys sweep,
Hang o'er their coursers heads with eager speed,
And earth rolls back beneath the flying steed.
Let old Arcadia boast her ample plain,
Th' immortal huntress, and her virgin train; 160
Nor envy, Windsor! since thy shades have seen
As bright a Goddess, and as chaste a Queen;
Whose care, like hers, protects the sylvan reign,
The Earth's fair light, and Empress of the main.

Here, as old bards have sung, Diana stray'd, 165
Bath'd in the springs, or sought the cooling shade;
Here arm'd with silver bows, in early dawn,
Her buskin'd Virgins trac'd the dewy lawn.

Above the rest a rural nymph was fam'd,
Thy offspring, Thames! the fair Lodona nam'd; 170

(Lodona's fate, in long oblivion cast,
 The Muse shall sing, and what she sings shall last.)
 Scarce could the Goddess from her nymph be known,
 But by the crescent and the golden zone.
 She scorn'd the praise of beauty, and the care, 175
 A belt her waist, a fillet binds her hair,
 A painted quiver on her shoulder sounds,
 And with her dart the flying deer she wounds.
 It chanc'd, as eager of the chace, the maid
 Beyond the forest's verdant limits stray'd, 180
 Pan saw and lov'd, and burning with desire
 Pursu'd her flight, her flight increas'd his fire.
 Not half so swift the trembling doves can fly,
 When the fierce eagle cleaves the liquid sky;
 Not half so swiftly the fierce eagle moves, 185
 When thro' the clouds he drives the trembling doves;
 As from the God she flew with furious pace,
 Or as the God, more furious, urg'd the chace.
 Now fainting, sinking, pale, the nymph appears;
 Now close behind, his sounding steps she hears; 190
 And now his shadow reach'd her as she run,
 His shadow lengthen'd by the setting sun;
 And now his shorter breath, with sultry air,
 Pants on her neck, and fans her parting hair.
 In vain on father Thames she call'd for aid 195
 Nor could Diana help her injur'd maid.
 Faint, breathless, thus she pray'd, nor pray'd in vain;
 " Ah Cynthia! ah—tho' banish'd from thy train,
 " Let me, O let me, to the shades repair,
 " My native shades—there weep, and murmur there. 200
 She said, and melting as in tears she lay,
 In a soft, silver stream dissolv'd away.
 The silver stream her virgin coldness keeps,
 For ever murmurs, and for ever weeps;
 Still bears the * name the hapless virgin bore, 205
 And bathes the forest where she rang'd before.

* The river Loddon.

In her chaste current oft' the Goddess laves,
 And with celestial tears augments the waves.
 Oft' in her glass the musing shepherd spies
 The headlong mountains and the downward skies, 210
 The watry landskip of the pendant woods,
 And absent trees that tremble in the floods;
 In the clear azure gleam the flocks are seen,
 And floating forests paint the waves with green.
 Thro' the fair scene rowl flow the ling'ring streams, 215
 Then foaming pour along, and rush into the Thames.

Thou too, great father of the British floods!
 With joyful pride survey'st our lofty woods;
 Where tow'ring oaks their spreading honours rear,
 And future navies on thy shores appear. 220
 Not Neptune's self from all his streams receives
 A wealthier tribute, than to thine he gives.
 No seas so rich, so gay no banks appear,
 No lake so gentle, and no spring so clear.
 Not fabled Po more swells the poet's lays, 225
 While thro' the skies his shining current strays,
 Than thine, which visits Windsor's fam'd abodes,
 To grace the mansion of our earthly Gods:
 Nor all his stars a brighter lustre show,
 Than the fair nymphs that grace thy side below: 230
 Here Jove himself, subdu'd by beauty still,
 Might change Olympus for a nobler hill.

Happy the man whom this bright Court approves,
 His Sov'reign favours, and his country loves:
 Happy next him, who to these shades retires, 235
 Whom Nature charms, and whom the Muse inspires;
 Whom humbler joys of home-felt quiet please,
 Successive study, exercise, and ease.
 He gathers health from herbs the forest yields,
 And of their fragrant phyfic spoils the fields: 240
 With chymic art exalts the min'ral pow'rs,
 And draws the aromatic souls of flow'rs:
 Now marks the course of rolling orbs on high;
 O'er figur'd worlds now travels with his eye:

Of ancient writ unlocks the learned store, 245
 Consults the dead, and lives past ages o'er :
 Or wand'ring thoughtful in the silent wood,
 Attends the duties of the wise and good,
 T'observe a mean, be to himself a friend,
 To follow nature, and regard his end ; 250
 Or looks on heav'n with more than mortal eyes,
 Bids his free soul expatiate in the skies,
 Amid her kindred stars familiar roam,
 Survey the region, and confess her home !
 Such was the life great Scipio once admir'd, 255
 Thus Atticus, and Trumbal thus retir'd.

Ye sacred Nine ! that all my soul possess,
 Whose raptures fire me, and whose visions bless,
 Bear me, oh bear me to sequester'd scenes,
 The bow'ry mazes, and surrounding greens ; 260
 To Thames's banks which fragrant breezes fill,
 Or where ye Muses sport on Cooper's hill.
 (On Cooper's hill eternal wreaths shall grow,
 While lasts the mountain, or while Thames shall flow)
 I seem thro' consecrated walks to rove, 265
 I hear soft music die along the grove ;
 Led by the sound, I roam from shade to shade,
 By god-like Poets venerable made :
 Here his first lays majestic Denham sung ;
 There the last numbers flow'd from * Cowley's tongue.
 O early lost ! what tears the river shed, 271
 When the sad pomp along his banks was led ?
 His drooping swans on ev'ry note expire,
 And on his willows hung each Muse's lyre.
 Since fate relentless stop'd their heav'nly voice, 275
 No more the forests ring, or groves rejoice ;
 Who now shall charm the shades, where Cowley strung
 His living harp, and lofty Denham sung ?
 But hark ! the groves rejoice, the forest rings !
 Are these reviv'd ? or is it Granville sings ? 280

* Mr. Cowley died at Chertsey, on the borders of the Forest, and was from thence conveyed to Westminster.

'Tis yours, my Lord, to bless our soft retreats,
 And call the Muses to their ancient seats;
 To paint anew the flow'ry sylvan scenes,
 To crown the forests with immortal greens,
 Make Windsor hills in lofty numbers rise, 285
 And lift her turrets nearer to the skies;
 To sing those honours you deserve to wear,
 And add new lustre to her silver star*.
 Here noble † Surrey felt the sacred rage,
 Surrey, the Granville of a former age: 290
 Matchless his pen, victorious was his lance,
 Bold in the lists, and graceful in the dance:
 In the same shades the Cupids tun'd his lyre,
 To the same notes, of love, and soft desire:
 Fair Geraldine, bright object of his vow, 295
 Then fill'd the groves, as heav'nly Myra now.

Oh would'st thou sing what Heroes Windsor bore,
 What Kings first breath'd upon her winding shore,
 Or raise old warriors, whose ador'd remains
 In weeping vaults her hallow'd earth contains! 300
 With ‡ Edward's acts adorn the shining page,
 Stretch his long triumphs down thro' ev'ry age,
 Draw Monarchs chain'd, and Cressi's glorious field,
 The lillies blazing on the regal shield:
 Then, from her roofs when Verrio's colours fall, 305
 And leave inanimate the naked wall,
 Still in thy song should vanquish'd France appear,
 And bleed for ever under Britain's spear.

Let softer strains ill-fated || Henry mourn,
 And palms eternal flourish round his urn. 310
 Here o'er the martyr-king the marble weeps,
 And fast beside him, once-fear'd § Edward sleeps:
 Whom not th' extended Albion could contain,
 From old Belerium to the northern main,
 The grave unites; where ev'n the Great find rest, 315
 And blended lie th' oppressor and th' oppressed!

* All the lines that follow, till within eight of the conclusion, were not added to the poem till the year 1710..

† Henry Howard, earl of Surry, one of the first refiners of the English poetry; who flourished in the time of Henry VIII.

‡ Edward III. born here.

|| Henry VI.

§ Edward IV.

Make sacred Charles's tomb for ever known,
 (Obscure the place, and un-inscrib'd the stone)
 Oh fact accurst ! what tears has Albion shed,
 Heav'ns, what new wounds ! and how her old have bled !
 She saw her sons with purple deaths expire, 321
 Her sacred domes involv'd in rolling fire,
 A dreadful series of intestine wars,
 Inglorious triumphs, and dishonest scars.

At length great Anna said—" Let discord cease !" 325
 She said, the world obey'd, and all was peace !

In that blest moment, from his oozy bed
 Old father Thames advanc'd his rev'rend head ;
 His tresses drop'd with dew, and o'er the stream
 His shining horns diffus'd a golden gleam : 330
 Grav'd on his urn, appear'd the Moon that guides
 His swelling waters, and alternate tides ;
 The figur'd streams in waves of silver roll'd,
 And on their banks Augusta rose in gold.
 Around his throne the sea-born brothers stood, 335
 Who swell with tributary urns his flood :
 First the fam'd authors of his ancient name,
 The winding Isis and the fruitful Tame :
 The Kennet swift, for silver eels renown'd ;
 The Loddon slow, with verdant alders crown'd ; 340
 Cole, whose clear streams his flow'ry islands lave ;
 And chalky Wey, that rolls a milky wave :
 The blue, transparent Vandalis appears ;
 The gulphy Lee his sedgy tresses rears ;
 And fullen Mole, that hides his diving flood ; 345
 And silent Darent, stain'd with Danish blood.

High in the midst, upon his urn reclin'd,
 (His sea-green mantle waving with the wind)
 The God appear'd : he turn'd his azure eyes
 Where Windsor domes and pompous turrets rise ; 350
 Then bow'd and spoke ; the winds forget to roar,
 And the hush'd waves glide softly to the shore.

Hail, sacred Peace ! hail long-expected days,
 That Thames's glory to the stars shall raise !

WINDSOR FOREST.

45

Tho' Tyber's streams immortal Rome behold, 355
 Tho' foaming Hermus swells with tides of gold,
 From heav'n itself tho' sev'n-fold Nilus flows,
 And harvests on a hundred realms bestows;
 These now no more shall be the Muse's themes,
 Lost in my fame, as in the sea their streams. 360
 Let Volga's banks with iron squadrons shine,
 And groves of lances glitter on the Rhine,
 Let barb'rous Ganges arm a servile train;
 Be mine the blessings of a peaceful reign.
 No more my sons shall dye with British blood 365
 Red Iber's sands, or Ister's foaming flood;
 Safe on my shore each unmolested swain
 Shall tend the flocks, or reap the bearded grain;
 The shady empire shall retain no trace
 Of war or blood, but in the sylvan chace; 370
 The trumpet sleep, while chearful horns are blown,
 And arms employ'd on birds and beasts alone.
 Behold! th' ascending Villas on my side
 Project long shadows o'er the crystal tide.
 Behold! Augusta's glittering spires increase, 375
 And temples rise, the beauteous works of Peace.
 I see, I see where two fair cities bend
 Their ample bow, a new Whitehall ascend!
 There mighty nations shall enquire their doom,
 The world's great Oracle in times to come; 380
 There Kings shall sue, and suppliant States be seen
 Once more to bend before a British Queen.
 Thy trees, fair Windsor! now shall leave their woods,
 And half thy forests rush into my floods,
 Bear Britain's thunder, and her Cross display 385
 To the bright regions of the rising day;
 Tempt icy seas, where scarce the waters roll,
 Where clearer flames glow round the frozen Pole;
 Or under southern skies exalt their sails,
 Led by new stars, and borne by spicy gales! 390
 For me the balm shall bleed, and amber flow,
 The coral redden, and the ruby glow,
 The

The pearly shell its lucid globe infold,
 And Phœbus warm the ripening ore to gold.
 The time shall come, when free as seas or wind 395
 Unbounded Thames shall flow for all mankind,
 Whole nations enter with each swelling tide,
 And seas but join the regions they divide;
 Earth's distant ends our glory shall behold,
 And the new world launch forth to seek the old. 400
 Then ships of uncouth form shall stem the tide,
 And feather'd people croud my wealthy side,
 And naked youths and painted chiefs admire
 Our speech, our colour, and our strange attire!
 Oh stretch thy reign, fair Peace! from shore to shore,
 'Till Conquest cease, and slav'ry be no more; 406
 'Till the freed Indians in their native groves
 Reap their own fruits, and woo their sable loves,
 Peru once more a race of Kings behold,
 And other Mexico's be roof'd with gold. 410
 Exil'd by thee from earth to deepest hell,
 In brazen bonds shall barb'rous Discord dwell:
 Gigantic Pride, pale Terror, gloomy Care,
 And mad Ambition, shall attend her there:
 There purple Vengeance bath'd in gore retires, 415
 Her weapons blunted, and extinct her fires:
 There hateful Envy her own snakes shall feel,
 And Persecution mourn her broken wheel:
 There Faction roar, Rebellion bite her chain,
 And gasping Furies thirst for blood in vain. 420
 Here cease thy flight, nor with unhallow'd lays
 Touch the fair fame of Albion's golden days:
 The thoughts of Gods let Granville's verse recite,
 And bring the scenes of opening fate to light.
 My humble Muse, in unambitious strains, 425
 Paints the green forests and the flow'ry plains,
 Where Peace descending bids her olives spring,
 And scatters blessings from her dove-like wing,
 Ev'n I more sweetly pass my careless days,
 Pleas'd in the silent shade with empty praise; 430
 Enough for me, that to the list'ning swains
 First in these fields I sung the sylvan strains.

O D E

ON

ST. CECILIA'S DAY, 1708.

AND OTHER

PIECES FOR MUSIC.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

CECILIA DAY

AND OTHER

PIECES FOR MUSIC

ODE FOR MUSIC

O N

ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

I.

Descend ye Nine ! descend and sing ;
The breathing instruments inspire,
Wake into voice each silent string,
And sweep the sounding lyre !
In a sadly-pleasing strain 5
Let the warbling lute complain :
Let the loud trumpet sound,
'Till the roofs all around
The shrill echoes rebound :
While in more lengthen'd notes and slow, 10
The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.
Hark ! the numbers soft and clear,
Gently steal upon the ear ;
Now louder, and yet louder rise,
And fill with spreading sounds the skies ; 15
Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,
In broken air, trembling, the wild music floats ;
'Till, by degrees, remote and small,
The strains decay,
And melt away, 20
In a dying, dying fall.

VOL. I.

H

II.

II.

By Music, minds an equal temper know,
 Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.
 If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
 Music her soft, assuasive voice applies; 25
 Or when the soul is press'd with cares,
 Exalts her in enlivening airs.
 Warriors she fires with animated sounds;
 Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds:
 Melancholy lifts her head, 30
 Morpheus rouses from his bed,
 Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
 Lift'ning Envy drops her snakes;
 Intestine war no more our Passions wage,
 And giddy Factions hear away their rage. 35

III.

But when our Country's cause provokes to arms,
 How martial music ev'ry bosom warms!
 So when the first bold vessel dar'd the seas,
 High on the stern the Thracian rais'd his strain,
 While Argo saw her kindred trees 40
 Descend from Pelion to the main.
 Transported demi-gods stood round,
 And men grew heroes at the sound,
 Enflam'd with glory's charms:
 Each chief his sev'nfold shield display'd, 45
 And half unsheath'd the shining blade:
 And seas, and rocks, and skies rebound
 To arms, to arms, to arms!

IV.

But when thro' all th' infernal bounds
 Which flaming Phlegeton furrounds, 50
 Love, strong as Death, the Poet led
 To the pale nations of the dead,
 What sounds were heard,
 What scenes appear'd,

O D E S.

51

O'er all the dreary coasts !

55

Dreadful gleams,

Dismal screams,

Fires that glow,

Shrieks of woe,

Sullen moans,

60

Hollow groans,

And cries of tortur'd ghosts !

But hark ! he strikes the golden lyre ;

And see ! the tortur'd ghosts respire,

See, shady forms advance !

65

Thy stone, O Syfiphus, stands still,

Ixion rests upon his wheel,

And the pale spectres dance !

The Furies sink upon their iron beds,

And snakes uncurl'd hang list'ning round their heads.

V.

By the streams that ever flow,

71

By the fragrant winds that blow

O'er th' Elyfian flow'rs,

By those happy souls who dwell

In yellow meads of Asphodel,

75

Or Amaranthine bow'rs ;

By the hero's armed shades,

Glitt'ring thro' the gloomy glades,

By the youths that dy'd for love,

Wand'ring in the myrtle grove,

80

Restore, restore Eurydice to life ;

Oh take the husband, or return the wife !

He fung, and hell consented

To hear the Poet's pray'r :

Stern Proserpine relented,

85

And gave him back the fair.

Thus song could prevail

O'er death and o'er hell,

A conquest how hard and how glorious!
 Tho' fate had fast bound her
 With Styx nine times round her,
 Yet music and love were victorious.

90

VI.

But soon, too soon, the lover turns his eyes:
 Again she falls, again she dies, she dies!
 How wilt thou now the fatal sisters move?
 No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.

95

Now under hanging mountains,
 Beside the falls of fountains,
 Or where Hebrus wanders,
 Rolling in mæanders,

100

All alone,
 Unheard, unknown,
 He makes his moan;
 And calls her ghost,

For ever, ever, ever lost!

105

Now with Furies surrounded,
 Despairing, confounded,
 He trembles, he glows,
 Amidst Rhodope's snows:

See, wild as the winds, o'er the desert he flies;

110

Hark! Hæmus resounds with the Bacchanals cries—

—— Ah see, he dies!

Yet ev'n in death Eurydice he sung,
 Eurydice still trembled on his tongue,

Eurydice the woods,

115

Eurydice the floods,

Eurydice the rocks, and hollow mountains rung.

VII.

Music the fiercest grief can charm,
 And fate's severest rage disarm:
 Music can soften pain to ease,
 And make despair and madness please:

120

Our

Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliss above.

This the divine Cecilia found,
And to her Maker's praise confin'd the sound. 125

When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,

Th' immortal pow'rs incline their ear;
Borne on the swelling notes our souls aspire,
While solemn airs improve the sacred fire;

And Angels lean from heav'n to hear. 130

Of Orpheus now no more let Poets tell,

To bright Cecilia greater pow'r is giv'n;

His numbers rais'd a shade from hell,

Hers lift the soul to heav'n.

TWO CHORUSES
TO THE
TRAGEDY OF BRUTUS.

CHORUS OF ATHENIANS.

STROPHE I.

YE shades, where sacred truth is fought;
Groves, where immortal Sages taught;
Where heav'nly visions Plato fir'd,
And Epicurus lay inspir'd!
In vain your guiltless laurels stood
Unspotted long with human blood.
War, horrid war, your thoughtful walks invades,
And steel now glitters in the Muses shades.

5

ANTISTROPHE I.

Oh heav'n-born sisters! source of art!
Who charm the sense, or mend the heart;
Who lead fair Virtue's train along,
Moral Truth, and mystic Song!
To what new clime, what distant sky,
Forsaken, friendless, shall ye fly?
Say, will ye bless the bleak Atlantic shore?
Or bid the furious Gaul be rude no more?

10

15

STROPHE

STROPHE II.

When Athens sinks by fates unjust,
 When wild barbarians spurn her dust;
 Perhaps ev'n Britain's utmost shore
 Shall cease to blush with stranger's gore; 20
 See Arts her savage sons controul,
 An Athens rising near the pole!
 'Till some new Tyrant lifts his purple hand,
 And civil madness tears them from the land.

ANTISTROPHE II.

Ye Gods! what justice rules the ball? 25
 Freedom and Arts together fall;
 Fools grant whate'er Ambition craves,
 And men, once ignorant, are slaves.
 Oh curs'd effects of civil hate,
 In ev'ry age, in ev'ry state! 30
 Still, when the lust of tyrant pow'r succeeds,
 Some Athens perishes, some Tully bleeds.

CHORUS of YOUTHS and VIRGINS.

SEMICHORUS.

OH Tyrant Love! hast thou possess'd
 The prudent, learn'd, and virtuous breast?
 Wisdom and wit in vain reclaim,
 And Arts but soften us to feel thy flame.
 Love, soft intruder, enters here,
 But ent'ring learns to be sincere. 5
 Marcus with blushes owns he loves,
 And Brutus tenderly reproveth.
 Why, Virtue, dost thou blame desire,
 Which Nature has impress'd? 10
 Why, Nature, dost thou soonest fire
 The mild and gen'rous breast?

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Love's purer flames the Gods approve ;
 The Gods and Brutus bend to love :
 Brutus for absent Portia sighs, 15
 And sterner Cassius melts at Junia's eyes.
 What is loose love ? a transient gust,
 Spent in a sudden storm of lust,
 A vapour fed from wild desire,
 A wand'ring, self-consuming fire. 20
 But Hymen's kinder flames unite ;
 And burn for ever one ;
 Chaste as cold Cynthia's virgin light,
 Productive as the Sun.

SEMICHORUS.

Oh source of ev'ry social tie, 25
 United wish, and mutual joy !
 What various joys on one attend,
 As son, as father, brother, husband, friend ?
 Whether his hoary fire he spies,
 While thousand grateful thoughts arise ; 30
 Or meets his spouse's fonder eye ;
 Or views his smiling progeny ;
 What tender passions take their turns,
 What home-felt raptures move ?
 His heart now melts, now leaps, now burns, 35
 With rev'rence, hope, and love.

CHORUS.

Hence guilty joys, distastes, surmizes,
 Hence false tears, deceits, disguises,
 Dangers, doubts, delays, surprizes ;
 Fires that scorch, yet dare not shine : 40
 Purest love's unwasting treasure,
 Constant faith, fair hope, long leisure,
 Days of ease, and nights of pleasure :
 Sacred Hymen ! these are thine.

ODE ON SOLITUDE.

HAppy the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air,
In his own ground ;

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread, 5
Whose flocks supply him with attire,
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find,
Hours, days and years slide soft away, 10
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night ; study and ease,
Together mixt ; sweet recreation ;
And innocence, which most does please, 15
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
Thus unlamented let me die,
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie. 20

The Dying Christian to his Soul.

O D E.

I.

VITAL spark of heav'nly flame !
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame :
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying !
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife, 5
And let me languish into life.

II.

Hark ! the whisper ; Angels say,
Sister Spirit, come away.
What is this absorbs me quite ?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath ? 10
Tell me, my Soul, can this be Death ?

III.

The world recedes ; it disappears !
Heav'n opens on my eyes ! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring : 15
Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !
O Grave ! where is thy Victory ?
O Death ! where is thy Sting ?

A N
E S S A Y
O N
C R I T I C I S M.

Written in the Year 1709.

The History of the

AN

Y A S S E

ON

C R I T I C I S M

Written in the Year 1800

THE
C O N T E N T S
OF THE
ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

P A R T I.

1. **T**HAT 'tis as great a fault to judge ill, as to write ill, and a more dangerous one to the public.
2. The variety of men's Tastes; of a true Taste, how rare to be found.
3. That most men are born with some Taste, but spoiled by false education.
4. The multitude of Critics, and causes of them.
5. That we are to study our own Taste, and know the limits of it.
6. Nature the best guide of Judgment.
7. Improv'd by Art, and Rules, which are but methodiz'd Nature.
8. Rules deriv'd from the Practice of the ancient Poets.
9. That therefore the Ancients are necessary to be study'd by a Critic, particularly Homer and Virgil.
10. Of Licenses, and the use of them by the Ancients.
11. Reverence due to the Ancients, and praise of them.

P A R T

PART II. Ver. 204, &c.

Causes hind'ring a true Judgment; 1. Pride. 2. Imperfect Learning. 3. Judging by parts, and not by the whole: Critics in Wit, Language, Versification, only. 4. Being too hard to please, or too apt to admire. 5. Too much Love to a Sect,—to the Ancients or Moderns. 6. Prejudice, or Prevention. 7. Singularity. 8. Inconstancy. 9. Partiality. 10. Envy. Against Envy, and in praise of Good-nature. When Severity is chiefly to be used by Critics? Against Immorality and Obscenity.

PART III. Ver. 565, &c.

Rules for the Conduct of Manners in a Critic. Candour, Modesty, Good-breeding, Sincerity and Freedom of Advice. When one's Counsel is to be restrain'd? Character of an incorrigible Poet.—And of an impertinent Critic. The Character of a good Critic. The History of Criticism, and Characters of the best Critics. Aristotle, Horace, Dionysius, Petronius, Quintilian, Longinus. Of the Decay of Criticism, and its Revival.—Erasmus, Vida, Boileau, Lord Roscommon, &c.
 —Conclusion.

AN
ESSAY
ON
CRITICISM*.

'TIS hard to say, if greater want of skill
Appear in writing or in judging ill;
But, of the two, less dang'rous is th' offence
To tire our patience, than mislead our sense.
Some few in that, but numbers err in this,
Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss;
A fool might once himself alone expose,
Now one in verse makes many more in prose.

'Tis

* This Essay may justly be esteemed as a pattern of composition in the didactic way. It was not only admired by every candid critic of taste and judgment at home, but its merit diffused itself abroad, where it was so highly esteemed, that it was translated into French verse by General Hamilton. It was afterwards translated into French by other hands; and several versions of it have since appeared in the Latin tongue. It was translated into Latin by Dr. Kirkpatrick, a gentleman well known in the literary world; also by Mr. Smart. There was a Latin version of it likewise made by an unfortunate man who was executed for high treason relating to the coin, whose name, says Mr. Ruffhead, I therefore suppress.

We cannot omit making an extract from the Essay on the Genius and Writings of Mr. Pope. That ingenious author observes, that "Du Bos fixes the period of time, at which, generally speaking, the poets and the painters have arrived at as high a pitch of perfection as their geniuses will permit, to be the age of thirty, or a few years more or less. Virgil was near thirty

'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
 Go just alike, yet each believes his own. 10
 In Poets as true Genius is but rare,
 True Taste as seldom is the Critic's share;
 Both must alike from heav'n derive their light,
 These born to judge, as well as those to write.
 Let such teach others who themselves excel, 15
 And censure freely who have written well.
 Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true,
 But are not Critics to their judgment too?
 Yet if we look more closely, we shall find
 Most have the seeds of judgment in their mind: 20
 Nature affords at least a glimm'ring light;
 The lines, tho' touch'd but faintly, are drawn right.
 But as the flightest sketch, if justly trac'd,
 Is by ill-colouring but the more disgrac'd,
 So by false learning is good sense defac'd: 25 }
 Some are bewilder'd in the maze of schools,
 And some made coxcombs Nature meant but fools.
 In search of wit these lose their common sense,
 And then turn Critics in their own defence:

thirty when he composed his first Eclogue. Horace was a grown man when he began to be talked of as a poet at Rome, having been formerly engaged in a military life. Racine was about the same age when his *ANDROMACHE*, which may be regarded as his first good tragedy, was played. Corneille was more than thirty when his *CID* appeared. Despreaux was full thirty when he published his satires, such as we now have of them. Moliere was full forty when he wrote the first of those comedies on which his reputation is founded. But to excel in this species of composition, it was not sufficient for Moliere to be only a great poet; it was necessary for him to gain a thorough knowledge of men and the world, which is seldom attained so early in life; but without which the best poet would be able to write but indifferent comedies. Congreve, however, was but nineteen when he wrote the *OLD BACHELOR*. Raphael was about thirty years old when he displayed the beauty and sublimity of his genius in the Vatican; for it is there we behold the first of his works that are worthy the great name he at present so deservedly possesses. When Shakespear wrote his *LEAR*, Milton his *PARADISE LOST*, Spenser his *FAIRY QUEEN*, and Dryden his *MUSIC ODE*, they had all exceeded this middle age of man."

From this short review it appears, that few poets ripened so early as Pope, who was under twenty years of age when he wrote this Essay.

Each

CRITICISM.

65

Each burns alike, who can, or cannot write, 30

Or with a Rival's, or an Eunuch's spite.

All fools have still an itching to deride,

And fain would be upon the laughing side.

If Mævius scribble in Apollo's spite,

There are who judge still worse than he can write. 35

Some have at first for Wits, then Poets past,

Turn'd Critics next, and prov'd plain fools at last.

Some neither can for Wits nor Critics pass,

As heavy mules are neither horse nor ass.

Those half-learn'd witlings, num'rous in our isle, 40

As half-form'd insects on the banks of Nile;

Unfinish'd things, one knows not what to call,

Their generation's so equivocal:

To tell 'em would a hundred tongues require,

Or one vain wit's, that might a hundred tire. 45

But you who seek to give and merit fame,

And justly bear a critic's noble name,

Be sure yourself and your own reach to know,

How far your genius, taste, and learning go;

Launch not beyond your depth, but be discreet, 50

And mark that point where sense and dulness meet.

Nature to all things fix'd the limits fit,

And wisely curb'd proud man's pretending wit.

As on the land while here the Ocean gains,

In other parts it leaves wide sandy plains; 55

Thus in the soul while memory prevails,

The solid pow'r of understanding fails;

Where beams of warm imagination play,

The memory's soft figures melt away.

One science only will one genius fit; 60

So vast is art, so narrow human wit:

Not only bounded to peculiar arts,

But oft' in those confin'd to single parts.

Like Kings we lose the conquests gain'd before,

By vain ambition still to make them more; 65

Each might his sev'ral province well command,

Would all but stoop to what they understand.

First follow Nature, and your judgment frame
 By her just standard, which is still the same :
 Unerring Nature, still divinely bright, 70
 One clear, unchang'd, and universal light,
 Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart,
 At once the source, and end, and test of art.
 Art from that fund each just supply provides,
 Works without show, and without pomp presides : 75
 In some fair body thus th' informing soul
 With spirits feeds, with vigour fills the whole,
 Each motion guides, and ev'ry nerve sustains ;
 Itself unseen, but in th' effects, remains.
 There are whom heav'n has blest with store of wit, 80
 Yet want as much again to manage it ;
 For wit and judgment ever are at strife,
 Tho' meant each other's aid, like man and wife.
 'Tis more to guide than spur the Muse's steed ;
 Restrain his fury, than provoke his speed ; 85
 The winged courser, like a gen'rous horse,
 Shows most true mettle when you check his course.
 Those Rules of old discover'd, not devis'd,
 Are nature still, but nature methodiz'd ;
 Nature, like Liberty, is but restrain'd 90
 By the same laws which first herself ordain'd.
 Hear how learn'd Greece her useful rules indites,
 When to repress, and when indulge our flights !
 High on Parnassus' top her sons she show'd,
 And pointed out those arduous paths they trod, 95
 Held from afar, aloft, th' immortal prize,
 And urg'd the rest by equal steps to rise.
 Just precepts thus from great examples giv'n,
 She drew from them what they deriv'd from heav'n.
 The gen'rous Critic fann'd the Poet's fire, 100
 And taught the world with reason to admire.
 Then Criticism the Muses handmaid prov'd,
 To dress her charms, and make her more belov'd :
 But following wits from that intention stray'd,
 Who could not win the mistress, woo'd the maid ; 105
 Against

Against the Poets their own arms they turn'd,
 Sure to hate most the men from whom they learn'd.
 So modern 'Pothecaries, taught the art
 By Doctor's bills to play the Doctor's part,
 Bold in the practice of mistaken rules, 110
 Prescribe, apply, and call their masters fools.
 Some on the leaves of ancient authors prey,
 Nor time nor moths e'er spoil'd so much as they.
 Some drily plain, without invention's aid,
 Write dull receipts how poems may be made. 115
 These lose the sense, their learning to display,
 And those explain the meaning quite away.

You then whose judgment the right course would steer,
 Know well each Ancient's proper character;
 His Fable, Subject, scope in every page; 120
 Religion, Country, genius of his Age:
 Without all these at once before your eyes,
 Cavil you may, but never criticize.
 Be Homer's works your study and delight,
 Read them by day, and meditate by night; 125
 Thence form your judgment, thence your maxims bring,
 And trace the Muses upward to their spring.
 Still with itself compar'd, his text peruse;
 Or let your comment be the Mantuan Muse.

When first young Maro sung of Kings and wars,
 E'er warning Phœbus touch'd his trembling ears, 131
 Perhaps he seem'd above the Critic's law,
 And but from Nature's fountains scorn'd to draw:
 But when t' examine ev'ry part he came,
 Nature and Homer were, he found, the same: 135
 Convinc'd, amaz'd, he checks the bold design;
 And rules as strict his labour'd work confine,
 As if the Stagyrite o'erlook'd each line. }
 Learn hence for ancient rules a just esteem;
 To copy nature is to copy them. 140

Some beauties yet no precepts can declare,
 For there's a happiness as well as care.

Music resembles Poetry, in each
 Are nameless graces which no methods teach,
 And which a master-hand alone can reach. 145 }
 If, where the rules not far enough extend,
 (Since rules were made but to promote their end)
 Some lucky Licence answers to the full
 Th' intent propos'd, that Licence is a rule,
 Thus Pegasus, a nearer way to take, 150
 May boldly deviate from the common track,
 Great Wits sometimes may gloriously offend,
 And rise to faults true Critics dare not mend,
 From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,
 And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art, 155
 Which without passing thro' the judgment, gains
 The heart, and all its end at once attains.
 In prospects, thus, some objects please our eyes,
 Which out of nature's common order rise, }
 The shapeless rock, or hanging precipice, 160 }
 But care in poetry must still be had,
 It asks discretion ev'n in running mad :
 And tho' the Ancients thus their rules invade,
 (As Kings dispense with laws themselves have made)
 Moderns beware ! or if you must offend 165
 Against the precept, ne'er transgress its end ;
 Let it be seldom, and compell'd by need ;
 And have, at least, their precedent to plead,
 The Critic else proceeds without remorse,
 Seizes your fame, and puts his laws in force. 170
 I know there are, to whose presumptuous thoughts
 Those freer beauties, ev'n in them, seem faults.
 Some figures monstrous and mishap'd appear,
 Consider'd singly, or beheld too near,
 Which, but proportion'd to their light, or place, 175
 Due distance reconciles to form and grace,
 A prudent chief not always must display
 His pow'rs in equal ranks, and fair array,
 But with th' occasion and the place comply,
 Conceal his force, nay seem sometimes to fly. 180
 Those

Those oft' are stratagems which errors seem,
Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream.

Still green with bays each ancient Altar stands,
Above the reach of sacrilegious hands;
Secure from flames, from envy's fiercer rage, 185
Destructive war, and all-devouring age.

See, from each clime the learn'd their incense bring:
Hear, in all tongues consenting Pæans ring!

In praise so just let ev'ry voice be join'd,
And fill the gen'ral Chorus of mankind! 190
Hail, Bards triumphant! born in happier days;
Immortal heirs of universal praise!

Whose honours with increase of ages grow,
As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow!
Nations unborn your mighty names shall sound, 195
And worlds applaud that must not yet be found!

Oh may some spark of your celestial fire,
The last, the meanest of your sons inspire,
(That on weak wings, from far, pursues your flights;
Glow while he reads, but trembles as he writes) 200
To teach vain Wits a science little known,
T'admire superior sense, and doubt their own!

Of all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
What the weak head with strongest bias rules, 205
Is Pride, the never-failing vice of fools.

Whatever nature has in worth deny'd,
She gives in large recruits of needful pride;
For as in bodies, thus in souls we find
What wants in blood and spirits, swell'd with wind: 210
Pride, where Wit fails, steps in to our defence,
And fills up all the mighty void of sense.

If once right reason drives that cloud away,
Truth breaks upon us with resistless day.
Trust not yourself; but your defects to know, 215
Make use of ev'ry friend—and ev'ry foe.

A little

A little learning is a dang'rous thing ;
 Drink deep, or taste not the Piërian spring :
 There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
 And drinking largely sobers us again. 220
 Fir'd at first sight with what the Muse imparts,
 In fearless youth we tempt the heights of arts,
 While from the bounded level of our mind,
 Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind.
 But more advanc'd, behold with strange surprize 225
 New distant scenes of endless science rise !
 So pleas'd at first the tow'ring Alps we try,
 Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky,
 Th' eternal snows appear already past,
 And the first clouds and mountains seem the last : 230
 But those attain'd, we tremble to survey
 The growing labours of the lengthen'd way,
 Th' increasing prospect tires our wand'ring eyes,
 Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise !
 A perfect Judge will read each work of wit, 235
 With the same spirit that its author writ,
 Survey the Whole, nor seek slight faults to find
 Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind ;
 Nor lose, for that malignant dull delight,
 The gen'rous pleasure to be charm'd with wit, 240
 But in such lays as neither ebb, nor flow,
 Correctly cold, and regularly low,
 That shunning faults, one quiet tenor keep ;
 We cannot blame indeed—but we may sleep.
 In wit, as nature, what affects our hearts 245
 Is not th' exactness of peculiar parts ;
 'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,
 But the joint force and full result of all.
 Thus when we view some well-proportion'd dome,
 (The world's just wonder, and ev'n thine, O Rome !) 250
 No single parts unequally surprize,
 All comes united to th' admiring eyes ;
 No monstrous height, or breadth, or length appear ;
 The Whole at once is bold, and regular.

Whoever

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see, 255
 Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.
 In ev'ry work regard the writer's End,
 Since none can compass more than they intend;
 And if the means be just, the conduct true,
 Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due. 260
 As men of breeding, sometimes men of wit,
 T' avoid great errors, must the less commit.
 Neglect the rules each verbal Critic lays,
 For not to know some trifles, is a praise.
 Most Critics, fond of some subservient art, 265
 Still make the whole depend upon a part:
 They talk of principles, but notions prize,
 And all to one lov'd Folly sacrifice.

Once on a time, La Mancha's Knight, they say,
 A certain Bard encount'ring on the way, 270
 Discours'd in terms as just, with looks as sage,
 As e'er could Dennis, of the laws o' th' stage;
 Concluding all were desp'rate fots and fools,
 Who durst depart from Aristotle's rules.
 Our author, happy in a judge so nice, 275
 Produc'd his Play, and begg'd the Knight's advice;
 Made him observe the subject and the plot,
 The manners, passions, unities; what not?
 All which, exact to rule, were brought about,
 Were but a Combat in the lists left out. 280
 "What! leave the combat out?" exclaims the knight;
 Yes, or we must renounce the Stagyrite.
 "Not so by heav'n," (he answers in a rage)
 "Knights, squires, and steeds, must enter on the stage."
 The stage can ne'er so vast a throng contain. 285
 "Then build a new, or act it in a Plain."

Thus Critics, of less judgment than caprice,
 Curious, not knowing, not exact, but nice,
 Form short Ideas; and offend in arts
 (As most in manners) by a love to parts. 290

Some to Conceit alone their taste confine,
 And glitt'ring thoughts struck out at ev'ry line;

Pleas'd

Pleas'd with a work where nothing's just or fit;
 One glaring Chaos and wild heap of wit.
 Poets like painters, thus, unskill'd to trace 295
 The naked nature and the living grace,
 With gold and jewels cover ev'ry part,
 And hide with Ornaments their want of art.
 True wit is nature to advantage dress'd,
 What oft' was thought, but ne'er so well express'd; 300
 Something, whose truth convinc'd at sight we find,
 That gives us back the image of our mind.
 As shades more sweetly recommend the light,
 So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit:
 For works may have more wit than does 'em good, 305
 As bodies perish thro' excess of blood.
 Others for Language all their care express,
 And value books, as women men, for Dress:
 Their praise is still, the Style is excellent:
 The Sense they humbly take upon content. 310
 Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,
 Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.
 False Eloquence, like the Prismatic glass,
 Its gaudy colours spreads on ev'ry place;
 The face of nature we no more survey, 315
 All glares alike, without distinction gay:
 But true Expression, like th' unchanging Sun,
 Clears, and improves whate'er it shines upon,
 It gilds all objects, but it alters none. }
 Expression is the dress of thought, and still 320
 Appears more decent as more suitable;
 A vile conceit in pompous words express'd,
 Is like a clown in regal purple dress'd:
 For diff'rent styles with diff'rent subjects sort,
 As several garbs with country, town, and court. 325
 Some by old words to fame have made pretence:
 Ancients in phrase, meer moderns in their sense!
 Such labour'd nothings, in so strange a style,
 Amaze th' unlearn'd, and make the learned smile.

Unlucky, as Fungoso in the * Play, 330 }
 These sparks with aukward vanity display
 What the fine Gentleman wore yesterday,
 And but so mimic ancient wits at best,
 As apes our grandfires, in their doublets drest.
 In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold ; 335
 Alike fantastic, if too new, or old ;
 Be not the first by whom the new are try'd,
 Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.
 But most by Numbers judge a Poet's song, 339
 And smooth or rough, with them, is right or wrong ;
 In the bright Muse tho' thousand charms conspire,
 Her Voice is all these tuneful fools admire ;
 Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,
 Not mend their minds ; as some to Church repair, }
 Not for the doctrine, but the music there. 345 }
 These equal syllables alone require,
 Tho' oft' the ear the open vowels tire ;
 While expletives their feeble aid do join ;
 And ten low words oft' creep in one dull line ;
 While they ring round the same unvary'd chimes, 350
 With sure returns of still-expected rhymes.
 Where-e'er you find *the cooling western breeze*,
 In the next line, it *whispers thro' the trees* ;
 If crystal streams *with pleasing murmurs creep*,
 The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with *sleep*. 355
 Then, at the last and only couplet fraught
 With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
 A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
 That like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.
 Leave such to tune their own dull rhimes, and know 360
 What's roundly smooth, or languishingly flow ;
 And praise the easy vigour of a line,
 Where Denham's strength, and Waller's sweetness join.
 True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
 As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance. 365

* Ben. Johnson's Every Man in his Humour.

'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,
 The sound must seem an echo to the sense.
 Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,
 And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
 But when loud surges lash the founding shore, 370
 The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar.
 When Ajax strives, some rock's vast weight to throw,
 The line too labours, and the words move slow;
 Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,
 Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main.
 Hear how * Timotheus' vary'd lays surprize, 376
 And bid alternate passions fall and rise!
 While at each change the son of Libyan Jove
 Now burns with glory, and then melts with love:
 Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow, 380
 Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow:
 Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found,
 And the World's victor stood subdu'd by Sound!
 The pow'r of Music all our hearts allow;
 And what Timotheus was, is Dryden now. 385
 Avoid Extremes; and shun the fault of such,
 Who still are pleas'd too little or too much.
 At ev'ry trifle scorn to take offence,
 That always shows great pride, or little sense;
 Those heads, as stomachs, are not sure the best, 390
 Which nauseate all, and nothing can digest.
 Yet let not each gay turn thy rapture move,
 For fools admire, but men of sense approve.
 As things seem large which we thro' mists descry,
 Dulness is ever apt to magnify. 395
 Some the French writers, some our own despise;
 The Ancients only, or the Moderns prize.
 (Thus Wit, like Faith, by each man is apply'd
 (To one *small sect*, and all are damn'd beside.)
 Meanly they seek the blessing to confine, 400
 And force that sun but on a part to shine,

* Alexander's Feast, or the Power of Music; an Ode by Mr. Dryden.

Which not alone the southern wit sublimed,
 But ripens spirits in cold northern climes;
 Which from the first has shone on ages past,
 Enlights the present, and shall warm the last: 405
 (Tho' each may feel increases and decays,
 And see now clearer and now darker days)
 Regard not then if wit be old or new,
 But blame the false, and value still the true.

Some ne'er advance a judgment of their own, 410
 But catch the spreading notion of the town;
 They reason and conclude by precedent,
 And own stale nonsense, which they ne'er invent.
 Some judge of authors names, not works, and then
 Nor praise nor blame the writings, but the men. 415
 Of all this servile herd, the worst is he
 That in proud dulness joins with Quality,
 A constant Critic at the great man's board,
 To fetch and carry nonsense for my Lord.

What woful stuff this madrigal would be, 420
 In some starv'd hackney soneteer, or me?
 But let a Lord once own the happy lines,
 How the wit brightens! how the style refines!
 Before his sacred name flies ev'ry fault,
 And each exalted stanza teems with thought! 425

The Vulgar thus through *Imitation* err;
 As oft' the Learn'd by being *singular*;
 So much they scorn the croud, that if the throng
 By chance go right, they purposely go wrong:
 So Schismatics the plain believers quit, 430
 And are but damn'd for having too much wit.

Some praise at morning what they blame at night;
 But always think the last opinion right.
 A Muse by these is like a mistress us'd,
 This hour she's idoliz'd, the next abus'd; 435
 While their weak heads, like towns unfortify'd,
 'Twixt sense and nonsense daily change their side.
 Ask them the cause; they're wiser still, they say;
 And still to-morrow's wiser than to-day.

We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow, 440
 Our wiser sons, no doubt, will think us so.
 Once School-divines this zealous isle o'erspread,
 Who knew most sentences, was deepest read;
 Faith, Gospel, all, seem'd made to be disputed,
 And none had sense enough to be confuted: 445
 Scotists and Thomists, now, in peace remain,
 Amidst their kindred cobwebs in Duck-lane*.
 If Faith itself has different dresses worn,
 What wonder Modes in Wit should take their turn?
 Oft', leaving what is natural and fit, 450
 The current folly proves the ready wit;
 And authors think their reputation safe,
 Which lives as long as fools are pleas'd to laugh.
 Some valuing those of their own side or mind,
 Still make themselves the measure of mankind: 455
 Fondly we think we honour merit then;
 When we but praise ourselves in other men,
Parties in Wit attend on those of State,
 And public faction doubles private hate.
 Pride, Malice, Folly, against Dryden rose, 460
 In various shapes of Parsons, Critics, Beaus;
 But sense surviv'd, when merry jests were past;
 For rising merit will buoy up at last.
 Might he return, and bless once more our eyes,
 New Blackmores and new Milbourns must arise: 465
 Nay, should great Homer lift his awful head,
 Zoilus again would start up from the dead.
 Envy will merit, as its shade, pursue;
 But like a shadow, proves the substance true;
 For envy'd Wit, like Sol eclips'd, makes known 470
 Th' opposing body's grossness, not its own.
 When first that sun too pow'rful beams displays,
 It draws up vapours which obscure its rays;
 But ev'n those clouds at last adorn its way,
 Reflect new glories, and augment the day. 475

* A place where old and second-hand books were sold formerly, near Smithfield.

Be thou the first true merit to befriend,
 His praise is lost, who stays 'till all commend.
 Short is the date, alas, of modern rhymes,
 And 'tis but just to let 'em live betimes.
 No longer now that golden age appears, 480
 When Patriarch-wits surviv'd a thousand years :
 Now length of fame (our second life) is lost,
 And bare threescore is all ev'n that can boast :
 Our sons their fathers failing language see,
 And such as Chaucer is, shall Dryden be. 485
 So when the faithful pencil has design'd
 Some bright idea of the master's mind,
 Where a new world leaps out at his command,
 And ready nature waits upon his hand ;
 When the ripe colours soften and unite, 490
 And sweetly melt into just shade and light,
 When mellowing years their full perfection give,
 And each bold figure just begins to live ;
 The treach'rous colours the fair art betray,
 And all the bright creation fades away ! 495
 Unhappy Wit, like most mistaken things,
 Atones not for that envy which it brings,
 In youth alone its empty praise we boast,
 But soon the short-liv'd vanity is lost !
 Like some fair flow'r the early spring supplies, 500
 That gayly blooms, but ev'n in blooming dies.
 What is this wit, which must our cares employ ?
 The owner's wife, that other men enjoy ;
 The most our trouble still when most admir'd ;
 The more we give, the more is still requir'd ; 505
 The same with pains we gain, but lose with ease ;
 Sure some to vex, but never all to please ;
 'Tis what the vicious fear, the virtuous shun,
 By fools 'tis hated, and by knaves undone !
 If wit so much from ign'rance undergo, 510
 Ah let not learning too commence its foe !
 Of old, those met rewards who could excel,
 And such were prais'd who but endeavour'd well :

Tho' Triumphs were to Gen'als only due,
 Crowns were reserv'd to grace the soldiers too. 515
 Now, they who reach Parnassus' lofty crown,
 Employ their pains to spurn some others down;
 And while self-love each jealous writer rules,
 Contending wits become the sport of fools.
 But still the worst with most regret commend, 520
 For each ill Author is as bad a Friend.
 To what base ends, and by what abject ways,
 Are mortals urg'd thro' sacred lust of praise!
 Ah ne'er so dire a thirst of glory boast,
 Nor in the Critic let the Man be lost! 525
 Good nature and good sense must ever join;
 To err is human, to forgive, divine.
 But if in noble minds some dregs remain,
 Not yet purg'd off, of spleen and sour disdain;
 Discharge that rage on more provoking crimes, 530
 Nor fear a dearth in these flagitious times.
 No pardon vile *Obscenity* should find,
 Tho' wit and art conspire to move your mind;
 But Dulness with obscenity must prove
 As shameful sure as Impotence in love. 535
 In the fat age of pleasure, wealth, and ease,
 Sprung the rank weed, and thriv'd with large increase;
 When Love was all an easy Monarch's care;
 Seldom at council, never in a war;
 Jilts rul'd the state, and statesmen Farces writ; 540
 Nay, wits had pensions, and young Lords had wit:
 The Fair sat panting at a Courtier's play,
 And not a Mask went unimprov'd away:
 The modest fan was lifted up no more,
 And Virgins smil'd at what they blush'd before. 545
 The following licence of a Foreign reign
 Did all the dregs of bold Socinus drain;
 Then unbelieving Priests reform'd the nation,
 And taught more pleasant methods of salvation;
 Where heav'n's free subjects might their rights dispute,
 Lest God himself should seem too Absolute: 551
 Pulpits

Pulpits their sacred satire learn'd to spare,
 And Vice admir'd to find a flatt'ring there !
 Encourag'd thus, Wit's Titans brav'd the skies,
 And the Presb groan'd with licens'd blasphemies. 555
 These monsters, Critics ! with your darts engage,
 Here point your thunder, and exhaust your rage !
 Yet shun their fault, who, scandalously nice,
 Will needs mistake an author into vice ;
 All seems infected that th' infected spy, 560
 As all looks yellow to the jaundic'd eye.

LEARN then what Morals Critics ought to show,
 For 'tis but half a judge's task, to know.
 'Tis not enough, wit, art, and learning join ;
 In all you speak, let truth and candour shine : 565
 That not alone what to your judgment's due
 All may allow ; but seek your friendship too.
 Be silent always when you doubt your sense ;
 And speak, tho' sure, with seeming diffidence :
 Some positive, persisting fops we know, 570
 Who, if once wrong, will needs be always so ;
 But you, with pleasure own your errors past,
 And make each day a Critic on the last.

'Tis not enough, your counsel still be true ;
 Blunt truths more mischief than nice falsehoods do ; 575
 Men must be taught as if you taught them not,
 And things unknown propos'd as things forgot.
 Without *good breeding*, truth is disapprov'd ;
 That only makes superior sense below'd.

Be niggards of advice on no pretence ; 580
 For the worst avarice is that of sense.
 With mean complacence ne'er betray your trust,
 Nor be so civil as to prove unjust.
 Fear not the anger of the wise to raise ;
 Those best can bear reproof, who merit praise. 585

'Twere well might Critics still this freedom take ;
 But Appius reddens at each word you speak,

And

And stares, tremendous, with a threat'ning eye,
 Like some fierce Tyrant in old Tapestry.
 Fear most to tax an Honourable fool, 590
 Whose right it is, uncensur'd to be dull;
 Such without wit are Poets when they please,
 As without learning they can take Degrees.
 Leave dang'rous truths to unsuccessful Satyrs,
 And flattery to fulsome Dedicators, 595
 Whom, when they praise, the world believes no more,
 Than when they promise to give scribbling o'er.
 'Tis best sometimes your censure to restrain,
 And charitably let the dull be vain:
 Your silence there is better than your spite, 600
 For who can rail so long as they can write?
 Still humming on, their drouzy course they keep,
 And lash'd so long, like Tops, are lash'd asleep.
 False steps but help them to renew the race,
 As after stumbling, Jades will mend their pace. 605
 What crouds of these, impenitently bold,
 In sounds and jingling syllables grown old,
 Still run on Poets, in a raging vein,
 Ev'n to the dregs and squeezings of the brain,
 Strain out the last dull droppings of their sense, 610
 And rhyme with all the rage of Impotence.
 Such shameless Bards we have; and yet 'tis true,
 There are as mad, abandon'd Critics too.
 The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
 With loads of learned lumber in his head, 615
 With his own tongue still edifies his ears,
 And always list'ning to himself appears.
 All books he reads, and all he reads assails,
 From Dryden's Fables down to Dursley's Tales.
 With him, most authors steal their works, or buy; 620
 Garth did not write his own Dispensary.
 Name a new Play, and he's the Poet's friend,
 Nay show'd his faults—but when would Poets mend?
 No place so sacred from such fops is barr'd,
 Nor is Paul's church more safe than Paul's church-yard:
 Nay,





J. Wale del.

C. Grignion sculp.

— *He stood convinc'd 'twas fit
Who conquer'd Nature should preside o'er Wit.*

Essay on Crit.

Nay, fly to altars; there they'll talk you dead; 626
 For Fools rush in where Angels fear to tread.
 Distrustful sense with modest caution speaks,
 It still looks home, and short excursions makes; }
 But rattling nonsense in full vollies breaks, 630 }
 And never shock'd, and never turn'd aside,
 Bursts out, resistless, with a thund'ring tide.

But where's the man, who counsel can bestow,
 Still pleas'd to teach, and yet not proud to know?
 Unbias'd, or by favour, or by spite; 635
 Not dully prepossess'd, nor blindly right;
 Tho' learn'd, well-bred; and tho' well-bred, sincere;
 Modestly bold, and humanly severe:
 Who to a friend his faults can freely show,
 And gladly praise the merit of a foe? 640
 Blest with a taste exact, yet unconfin'd;
 A knowledge both of books and human kind;
 Gen'rous converse; a soul exempt from pride;
 And love to praise, with reason on his side?

Such once were Critics; such the happy few, 645
 Athens and Rome in better ages knew.
 The mighty Stragyrite first left the shore,
 Spread all his sails, and durst the deeps explore;
 He steer'd securely, and discover'd far,
 Led by the light of the Mæonian Star. 650
 Poets, a race long unconfin'd and free,
 Still fond and proud of savage liberty,
 Receiv'd his laws; and stood convinc'd 'twas fit
 Who conquer'd Nature should preside o'er Wit.

Horace still charms with graceful negligence, 655
 And without method talks us into sense,
 Will like a friend, familiarly convey
 The truest notions in the easiest way.
 He, who supreme in judgment, as in wit,
 Might boldly censure, as he boldly writ, 660
 Yet judg'd with coolness, tho' he sung with fire,
 His Precepts teach but what his works inspire.

Our Critics take a contrary extreme,
 They judge with fury, but they write with flegm :
 Nor suffers Horace more in wrong Translations 665
 By Wits, than Critics in as wrong Quotations.

See Dionysius* Homer's thoughts refine,
 And call new beauties forth from ev'ry line !

Fancy and art in gay Petronius meet,
 The scholar's learning, with the courtier's wit. 670

In grave Quintilian's copious work, we find
 The justest rules, and clearest method join'd :
 Thus useful arms in magazines we place,
 All rang'd in order, and dispos'd with grace ;
 Nor thus alone the curious eye to please, 675
 But to be found, when need requires, with ease.

Thee, bold Longinus ! all the Nine inspire,
 And bless their Critic with a Poet's fire.
 An ardent judge, who zealous in his trust,
 With warmth gives sentence, yet is always just ; 680
 Whose own example strengthens all his laws,
 And is himself that great sublime he draws.

Thus long succeeding Critics justly reign'd,
 Licence repress'd, and useful laws ordain'd.
 Learning and Rome alike in empire grew, 685
 And Arts still follow'd where her Eagles flew.
 From the same foes, at last, both felt their doom,
 And the same age saw learning fall, and Rome.
 With Tyranny, then Superstition join'd,
 As that the body, this enslav'd the mind ; 690
 Much was believ'd, but little understood,
 And to be dull was constru'd to be good ;
 A second deluge learning thus o'er-run,
 And the Monks finish'd what the Goths begun.

At length Erasmus, that great, injur'd name, 695
 (The glory of the Priesthood, and the shame !)
 Stem'd the wild torrent of a barb'rous age,
 And drove those holy Vandals off the stage.

* Dionysius of Halicarnassus.

But see! each Muse, in Leo's golden days,
 Starts from her trance, and trims her wither'd bays! 700
 Rome's ancient Genius, o'er its ruins spread,
 Shakes off the dust, and rears his rev'rend head.
 Then Sculpture and her sister-arts revive;
 Stones leap'd to form, and rocks began to live;
 With sweeter notes each rising Temple rung; 705
 A Raphael painted, and a * Vida sung.
 Immortal Vida! on whose honour'd brow
 The Poet's bays and Critic's ivy grow:
 Crémone now shall ever boast thy name,
 As next in place to Mantua, next in fame! 710
 But soon by impious arms from Latium chas'd,
 Their ancient bounds the banish'd Muses pass'd;
 Thence arts o'er all the northern world advance;
 But critic learning flourish'd most in France:
 The rules, a nation born to serve, obeys; 715
 And Boileau still in right of Horace sways.
 But we, brave Britons, foreign laws despis'd,
 And kept unconquer'd, and unciviliz'd,
 Fierce for the liberties of wit, and bold,
 We still defy'd the Romans, as of old. 720
 Yet some there were among the founder few
 Of those who less presum'd, and better knew,
 Who durst assert the juster ancient cause,
 And here restor'd Wit's fundamental laws.
 Such was the Muse, whose rules and practice tell, 725
Nature's † chief Master-piece is writing well.
 Such was Roscommon—not more learn'd than good,
 With manners gen'rous as his noble blood;
 To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known,
 And ev'ry author's merit but his own. 730
 Such late was Walsli,—the Muse's judge and friend,
 Who justly knew to blame or to commend;

* M. Hieronymus Vida, an excellent Latin Poet, who writ an *Art of Poetry* in verse. He flourish'd in the time of Leo X.

† *Essay on Poetry*, by the Duke of Buckingham.

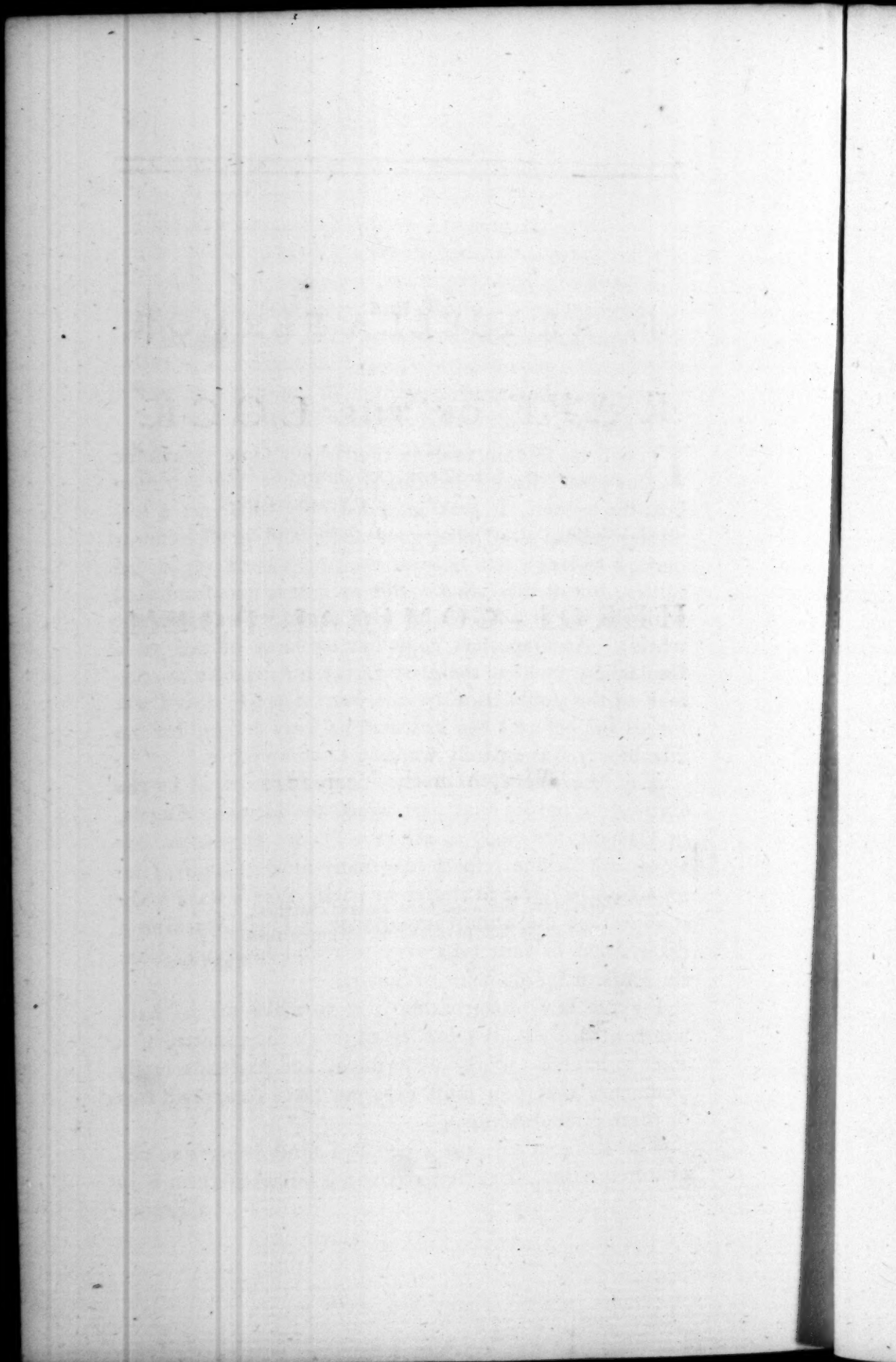
To failings mild, but zealous for desert;
The clearest Head, and the sincerest Heart.
This humble praise, lamented Shade, receive, 735
This praise at least a grateful Muse may give:
The Muse, whose early voice you taught to sing,
Prescrib'd her heights, and prun'd her tender wing,
(Her guide now lost) no more attempts to rise,
But in low numbers short excursions tries: 740
Content, if hence th' unlearn'd their wants may view,
The learn'd reflect on what before they knew:
Careless of censure, nor too fond of fame;
Still pleas'd to praise, yet not afraid to blame;
Averse alike to flatter, or offend; 745
Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend.

THE
RAPE OF THE LOCK.
AN
HEROI-COMICAL POEM.

Written in the Year 1712.

Nolueram, Belinda, tuos violare capillos;
Sed juvat hoc precibus me tribuisse tuis.

MARTIAL.



T O

Mrs. ARABELLA FERMOR.

MADAM,

IT will be in vain to deny that I have some regard for this piece, since I dedicate it to You. Yet you may bear me witness, it was intended only to divert a few young ladies, who have good sense and good humour enough to laugh not only at their sex's little unguarded follies, but at their own. But as it was communicated with the air of a Secret, it soon found its way into the world. An imperfect copy having been offered to a Bookseller, you had the good nature for my sake to consent to the publication of one more correct: this I was forced to, before I had executed half my design, for the Machinery was entirely wanting to complete it.

The Machinery, Madam, is a term invented by the Critics, to signify that part which the Deities, Angels, or Dæmons are made to act in a Poem: for the ancient Poets are in one respect like many modern Ladies; let an action be never so trivial in itself, they always make it appear of the utmost importance. These Machines I determined to raise on a very new and odd foundation, the Rosicrucian doctrine of Spirits.

I know how disagreeable it is to make use of hard words before a Lady; but 'tis so much the concern of a Poet to have his works understood, and particularly by your Sex, that you must give me leave to explain two or three difficult terms.

The Rosicrucians are a people I must bring you acquainted with. The best account I know of them is in

a French book called *Le Comte de Gabalis*, which both in its title and size is so like a Novel, that many of the Fair Sex have read it for one by mistake. According to these Gentlemen, the four Elements are inhabited by Spirits, which they call *Sylphs*, *Gnomes*, *Nymphs*, and *Salamanders*. The Gnomes or Dæmons of Earth delight in mischief; but the Sylphs, whose habitation is in the air, are the best-conditioned creatures imaginable. For they say, any mortals may enjoy the most intimate familiarities with these gentle Spirits, upon a condition very easy to all true Adepts, an inviolate preservation of chastity.

As to the following Cantos, all the passages of them are as fabulous as the Vision at the beginning, or the Transformation at the end; (except the loss of your Hair, which I always mention with reverence.) The Human persons are as fictitious as the Airy ones; and the character of Belinda, as it is now managed, resembles you in nothing but in Beauty.

If this Poem had as many Graces as there are in your Person, or in your Mind, yet I could never hope it should pass through the world half so Uncensured as You have done. But let its fortune be what it will, mine is happy enough, to have given me this occasion of assuring you that I am, with the truest esteem,

MADAM,

Your most obedient,

Humble Servant,

A. POPE.

THE

THE
RAPE OF THE LOCK.

CANTO I.

WHAT dire offence from am'rous causes springs,
What mighty contests rise from trivial things,
I sing—This verse to Caryl, Muse! is due:
This, ev'n Belinda may vouchsafe to view:
Slight is the subject, but not so the praise, 5
If She inspire, and He approve my lays.
Say what strange motive, Goddess! could compel
A well-bred Lord t'assault a gentle Belle?
Oh say what stranger cause, yet unexplor'd,
Could make a gentle Belle reject a Lord? 10
In tasks so bold, can little men engage,
And in soft bosoms dwells such mighty Rage?
Sol thro' white curtains shot a tim'rous ray,
And ope'd those eyes that must eclipse the day;
Now lap-dogs gave themselves the rousing shake, 15
And sleepless lovers, just at twelve, awake:
Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knock'd the ground,
And the press'd watch return'd a silver sound.
Belinda still her downy pillow prest,
Her guardian Sylph prolong'd the balmy rest: 20

The first sketch of this Poem was written in less than a fortnight's time, in 1711, in two Cantos, and so printed in a Miscellany, without the name of the Author. The Machines were not inserted till a year after, when he published it, and annexed the foregoing Dedication.

'Twas he had summon'd to her silent bed
 The morning-dream that hover'd o'er her head.
 A Youth more glitt'ring than a Birth-night Beau,
 (That ev'n in slumber caus'd her cheek to glow)
 Seem'd to her ear his winning lips to lay, 25
 And thus in whispers said, or seem'd to say.

Fairest of mortals, thou distinguish'd care
 Of thousand bright inhabitants of Air!
 If e'er one Vision touch'd thy infant thought,
 Of all the Nurse and all the Priest have taught; 30
 Of airy Elves by moon-light shadows seen,
 The silver token, and the circled green,
 Or virgins visited by Angel-pow'rs,
 With golden crowns and wreaths of heav'nly flow'rs;
 Hear and believe! thy own importance know, 35
 Nor bound thy narrow views to things below.

Some secret truths, from learned pride conceal'd,
 To Maids alone and Children are reveal'd:
 What tho' no credit doubting Wits may give?
 The Fair and Innocent shall still believe. 40
 Know then, unnumber'd Spirits round thee fly,
 The light Militia of the lower sky;

These, tho' unseen, are ever on the wing,
 Hang o'er the Box, and hover round the Ring:
 Think what an Equipage thou hast in Air, 45
 And view with scorn two Pages and a Chair.

As now your own, our beings were of old,
 And once inclos'd in Woman's beauteous mould;
 Thence, by a soft transition, we repair
 From earthly Vehicles to these of air. 50

Think not, when Woman's transient breath is fled,
 That all her vanities at once are dead:

Succeeding vanities she still regards,
 And tho' she plays no more, o'erlooks the cards.

Her joy in gilded Chariots, when alive, 55
 And love of Ombre, after death survive.

For when the Fair in all their pride expire,
 To their first Elements the Souls retire:

Tho

The Sprites of fiery Termagants in Flame
Mount up, and take a Salamander's name. 60
Soft yielding minds to Water glide away,
And sip, with Nymphs, their elemental Tea.
The graver Prude sinks downward to a Gnome,
In search of mischief still on Earth to roam,
The light Coquettes in Sylphs aloft repair, 65
And sport and flutter in the fields of Air.

Know farther yet; whoever fair and chaste
Rejects mankind, is by some Sylph embrac'd:
For Spirits, freed from mortal laws, with ease
Assume what sexes and what shapes they please. 70
What guards the purity of melting Maids
In courtly balls, and midnight masquerades,
Safe from the treach'rous friend, the daring spark,
The glance by day, the whisper in the dark,
When kind occasion prompts their warm desires, 75
When music softens, and when dancing fires?
'Tis but their Sylph, the wise Celestials know,
Tho' Honour is the word with Men below.

Some nymphs there are, too conscious of their face,
For life predestin'd to the Gnomes embrace. 80
These swell their prospects and exalt their pride,
When offers are disdain'd and love deny'd:
Then gay Ideas croud the vacant brain,
While Peers and Dukes, and all their sweeping train,
And Garters, Stars, and Coronets appear, 85
And in soft sounds, *Your Grace* salutes their ear.
'Tis these that early taint the female soul,
Instruct the eyes of young Coquettes to roll,
Teach infant cheeks a bidden blush to know,
And little hearts to flutter at a Beau. 90

Oft' when the world imagine women stray,
The Sylphs thro' mystic mazes guide their way,
Thro' all the giddy circle they pursue,
And old impertinence expel by new.
What tender maid but must a victim fall 95
To one man's treat, but for another's ball?

When Florio speaks, what virgin could withstand,
 If gentle Damon did not squeeze her hand?
 With varying vanities, from ev'ry part,
 They shift the moving Toy-shop of their heart; 100
 Where wigs with wigs, with sword-knots sword-knots
 strive,

Beaus banish beaus, and coaches coaches drive.

This erring mortals Levity may call,
 Oh blind to truth! the Sylphs contrive it all.

Of these am I, who thy protection claim, 105

A watchful sprite, and Ariel is my name.

Late, as I rang'd the crystal wilds of air,

In the clear Mirror of thy ruling Star

I saw, alas! some dread event impend,

E'er to the main this morning sun descend. 110

But heav'n reveals not what, or how, or where:

Warn'd by the Sylph, Oh pious maid, beware!

This to disclose is all thy guardian can:

Beware of all, but most beware of Man!

He said; when Shock, who thought she slept too long,
 Leap'd up, and wak'd his mistress with his tongue. 116

'Twas then Belinda, if report say true,

Thy eyes first open'd on a Billet-doux;

Wounds, Charms, and Ardors, were no sooner read,

But all the Vision vanish'd from thy head. 120

And now, unveil'd, the Toilet stands display'd,

Each silver Vase in mystic order laid.

First, robe'd in white, the nymph intent adores

With head uncover'd, the Cosmetic pow'rs.

A heav'nly Image in the glass appears, 125

To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears;

Th' inferior Priestess, at her altar's side,

Trembling, begins the sacred rites of Pride.

Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here

The various off'rings of the world appear; 130

From each she nicely culls with curious toil,

And decks the Goddess with the glitt'ring spoil.

This

This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
 And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
 The Tortoise here and Elephant unite, 135
 Transform'd to combs, the speckled and the white.
 Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
 Puffs, Powders, Patches, Bibles, Billet-doux.
 Now awful Beauty puts on all its arms;
 The fair each moment rises in her charms, 140
 Repairs her smiles, awakens ev'ry grace,
 And calls forth all the wonders of her face;
 Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
 And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
 The busy Sylphs *surround their darling care, 145
 These set the head, and those divide the hair,
 Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown;
 And Betty's prais'd for labours not her own.

* Ancient Traditions of the Rabbi's relate, that several of the fallen
 Angels became amorous of Women, and particularize some; among the
 rest Asael, who lay with Naamah, the wife of Noah, or of Ham; and
 who continuing impenitent, still presides over the Women's Toilets. *Beresbi*
Rabbi in Genes. 6. 2.

THE
RAPE OF THE LOCK.

CANTO II.

NOT with more glories, in th' ethereal plain,
The Sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
Than issuing forth, the rival of his beams
Launch'd on the bosom of the silver Thames.
Fair Nymphs, and well-drest Youths around her shone, 5
But ev'ry eye was fix'd on her alone.
On her white breast a sparkling Cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and Infidels adore.
Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those : 10
Favours to none, to all she smiles extends,
Oft' she rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride 15
Might hide her faults, if Belles had faults to hide :
If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget 'em all.
This Nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
Nourish'd two Locks, which graceful hung behind 20
In equal curls, and well conspir'd to deck
With shining ringlets the smooth iv'ry neck :

Love

Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
 And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
 With hairy springes we the birds betray, 25
 Slight lines of hair surprize the finny prey,
 Fair tresses man's imperial race insnare,
 And beauty draws us with a single hair.
 Th' advent'rous Baron the bright locks admir'd,
 He saw, he wish'd, and to the prize aspir'd. 30
 Resolv'd to win, he meditates the way,
 By force to ravish, or by fraud betray;
 For when success a Lover's toil attends,
 Few ask, if fraud or force attain'd his ends.

For this, e'er Phœbus rose, he had implor'd 35
 Propitious heav'n, and ev'ry pow'r ador'd,
 But chiefly Love——to Love an altar built,
 Of twelve vast French Romances, neatly gilt.
 There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves;
 And all the trophies of his former loves. 40
 With tender Billet-doux he lights the pyre,
 And breathes three am'rous sighs to raise the fire.
 Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes
 Soon to obtain, and long possess the prize:
 The Pow'rs gave ear, and granted half his pray'r, 45
 The rest, the winds dispers'd in empty air.

But now secure the painted vessel glides,
 The sun-beams trembling on the floating tides;
 While melting music steals upon the sky,
 And soften'd sounds along the waters die; 50
 Smooth flow the waves, the Zephyrs gently play,
 Belinda smil'd, and all the world was gay.
 All but the Sylph——with careful thoughts oppress'd,
 Th' impending woe fate heavy on his breast.
 He summons strait his Denizens of air; 55
 The lucid squadrons round the sails repair:
 Soft o'er the shrouds aerial whispers breathe,
 That seem'd but Zephyrs to the train beneath.
 Some to the sun their insect wings unfold,
 Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold; 60

Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight,
 Their fluid bodies half dissolv'd in light.
 Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,
 Thin glitt'ring textures of the filmy dew,
 Dipt in the richest tincture of the skies, 65
 Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes,
 While ev'ry beam new transient colours flings,
 Colours that change whene'er they wave their wings.
 Amid the circle, on the gilded mast,
 Superior by the head, was Ariel plac'd; 70
 His purple pinions op'ning to the sun,
 He rais'd his azure wand, and thus begun.
 Ye Sylphs and Sylphids, to your chief give ear,
 Fays, Fairies, Genii, Elves, and Dæmons, hear!
 Ye know the spheres and various tasks assign'd 75
 By laws eternal to th' aerial kind.
 Some in the fields of purest Æther play,
 And bask and whiten in the blaze of day.
 Some guide the course of wand'ring orbs on high,
 Or roll the planets thro' the boundless sky. 80
 Some less refin'd, beneath the moon's pale light
 Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,
 Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
 Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
 Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry main, 85
 Or o'er the glebe distill the kindly rain.
 Others on earth o'er human race preside,
 Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide:
 Of these the chief the care of Nations own,
 And guard with Arms divine the British Throne. 90
 Our humbler province is to tend the Fair;
 Not a less pleasing, tho' less glorious care:
 To save the powder from too rude a gale,
 Nor let th'imprison'd essences exhale;
 To draw fresh colours from the vernal flow'rs; 95
 To steal from rainbows e'er they drop in show'rs
 A brighter wash; to curl their waving hairs,
 Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs;

Nay

Nay oft', in dreams, invention we bestow,
To change a Flounce, or add a Furbelow. 100

This day black Omens threat the brightest fair
That e'er deserv'd a watchful spirit's care;
Some dire disaster, or by force, or flight;
But what, or where, the fates have wrapt in night.
Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law, 105
Or some frail China jar receive a flaw,
Or stain her honour, or her new brocade,
Forget her pray'rs, or miss a masquerade,
Or lose her heart, or necklace, at a ball;
Or whether Heav'n has doom'd that Shock must fall. 110
Haste then, ye spirits! to your charge repair;
The flutt'ring fan be Zephyretta's care;
The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign;
And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine;
Do thou, Crispissa, tend her fav'rite Lock; 115
Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.

To fifty chosen Sylphs, of special note,
We trust th' important charge, the Petticoat:
Oft' have we known that seven-fold fence to fail,
Tho' stiff with hoops, and arm'd with ribs of whale. 120
Form a strong line about the silver bound,
And guard the wide circumference around.

Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,
His post neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his sins, 125
Be stop'd in vials, or transfix'd with pins;
Or plung'd in lakes of bitter washes lie,
Or wedg'd whole ages in a bodkin's eye:
Gums and Pomatums shall his flight restrain,
While clog'd he beats his silken wings in vain; 130
Or Alum styptics with contracting pow'r
Shrink his thin essence like a shrivell'd flow'r:
Or as Ixion fix'd, the wretch shall feel
The giddy motion of the whirling Mill,
In fumes of burning Chocolate shall glow, 135
And tremble at the sea that froths below!

He spoke; the spirits from the fails descend;
Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend;
Some thrid the mazy ringlets of her hair;
Some hang upon the pendants of her ear;
With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
Anxious, and trembling for the birth of Fate.

149

THE

T H E
R A P E O F T H E L O C K .

C A N T O I I I .

Cloſe by thoſe meads, for ever crown'd with flow'rs,
Where Thames with pride ſurveyſ his riſing tow'rs,
There ſtands a ſtructure of majeſtic frame,
Which from the neighb'ring Hampton takes its name.
Here Britain's ſtateſmen oft' the fall foredoom
Of foreign Tyrants, and of Nymphs at home ;
Here thou, great ANNA ! whom three realms obey,
Doſt ſometimes counſel take——and ſometimes Tea.

Hither the heroes and the nymphs reſort,
To taſte a while the pleaſures of a Court ;
In various talk th' inſtructive hours they paſt,
Who gave the ball, or paid the viſit laſt ;
One ſpeaks the glory of the Britiſh Queen,
And one deſcribes a charming Indian ſcreen ;
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes ;
At ev'ry word a reputation dies.
Snuff, or the fan, ſupply each pauſe of chat,
With ſinging, laughing, ogling, and all that.

Mean while declining from the noon of day,
The ſun obliquely ſhoots his burning ray ;
The hungry Judges ſoon the ſentence ſign,
And wretches hang that jury-men may dine ;
The merchant from th' Exchange returns in peace,
And the long labours of the Toilet ceaſe.
Belinda now, whom thirſt of fame invites,
Burns to encounter two advent'rous Knights,
At Ombre ſingly to decide their doom ;
And ſwells her breaſt with conqueſts yet to come.

Strait the three bands prepare in arms to join,
Each band the number of the sacred nine. 30

Soon as she spreads her hand, th' aerial guard
Descend, and sit on each important card :
First Ariel perch'd upon a Matadore,
Then each, according to the rank he bore ;
For Sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race, 35
Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.

Behold, four Kings in majesty rever'd,
With hoary whiskers and a forked beard ;
And four fair Queens whose hands sustain a flow'r,
Th' expressive emblem of their softer pow'r ; 40
Four Knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty band,
Caps on their heads, and halberds in their hand ;
And party-colour'd troops, a shining train,
Drawn forth to combat on the velvet plain.
The skilful Nymph reviews her force with care : 45
Let Spades be trumps ! she said, and trumps they were.

Now move to war her sable Matadores,
In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors.
Spadillio first, unconquerable Lord !
Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board, 50
As many more Manillio forc'd to yield,
And march'd a victor from the verdant field.
Him Basto follow'd, but his fate more hard,
Gain'd but one trump and one Plebeian card.
With his broad sabre next, a chief in years, 55
The hoary Majesty of Spades appears,
Puts forth one manly leg, to fight reveal'd,
The rest, his many-colour'd robe conceal'd.
The rebel Knave, who dares his prince engage,
Proves the just victim of his royal rage. 60

Ev'n mighty Pam, that Kings and Queens o'erthrew,
And mow'd down armies in the fights of Loo,
Sad chance of war ! now destitute of aid,
Falls undistinguish'd by the victor Spade !

Thus far both armies to Belinda yield ; 65
Now to the Baron fate inclines the field.

His

His warlike Amazon her host invades,
Th' imperial consort of the crown of Spades.
The Club's black Tyrant first her victim dy'd,
Spite of his haughty mien, and barb'rous pride : 70
What boots the regal circle on his head,
His giant limbs, in state unwieldy spread ;
That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
And, of all monarchs, only grasps the globe ?

The Baron now his Diamonds pours apace ; 75
Th' embroider'd King who shows but half his face,
And his refulgent Queen, with pow'rs combin'd,
Of broken troops an easy conquest find.
Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, in wild disorder seen,
With throngs promiscuous strow the level green. 80
Thus when dispers'd a routed army runs,
Of Asia's troops, and Afric's fable sons,
With like confusion different nations fly,
Of various habit, and of various dye,
The pierc'd battalions disunited fall, 85
In heaps on heaps ; one fate o'erwhelms them all.

The Knave of Diamonds tries his wily arts,
And wins (oh shameful chance !) the Queen of Hearts.
At this, the blood the virgin's cheek forsook,
A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look ; 90
She sees, and trembles at th' approaching ill,
Just in the jaws of ruin and Codille.
And now, (as oft' in some distemper'd State)
On one nice Trick depends the gen'ral fate.
An Ace of Hearts steps forth : the king unseen 95
Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his captive Queen :
He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,
And falls like thunder on the prostrate Ace.
The nymph exulting fills with shouts the sky ;
The walls, the woods, and long canals reply. 100

Oh thoughtless mortals ! ever blind to fate,
Too soon dejected, and too soon elate !
Sudden, these honours shall be snatch'd away,
And curs'd for ever this victorious day.

For lo ! the board with cups and spoons is crown'd, 103
 The berries crackle, and the mill turns round ;
 On shining altars of Japan they raise
 The silver lamp ; the fiery spirits blaze :
 From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
 While China's earth receives the smoaking tide : 110
 At once they gratify their scent and taste,
 And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.
 Strait hover round the Fair her airy band ;
 Some, as she sipp'd, the fuming liquor fann'd,
 Some o'er her lap their careful plumes display'd, 115
 Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade.
 Coffee, (which makes the politician wise,
 And see thro' all things with his half-shut eyes)
 Sent up in vapours to the Baron's brain
 New stratagems, the radiant Lock to gain. 120
 Ah cease, rash youth ! desist e'er 'tis too late,
 Fear the just Gods, and think of Scylla's Fate !
 Chang'd to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
 She dearly pays for Nisus' injur'd hair !
 But when to mischief mortals bend their will, 125
 How soon they find fit instruments of ill ?
 Just then, Clarissa drew with tempting grace
 A two-edg'd weapon from her shining case ;
 So Ladies in Romance assist their Knight,
 Present the spear, and arm him for the fight. 130
 He takes the gift with rev'rence, and extends
 The little engine on his fingers ends ;
 This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
 As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.
 Swift to the Lock a thousand Sprites repair, 135
 A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair ;
 And thrice they twitch'd the diamond in her ear ;
 Thrice she look'd back, and thrice the foe drew near.
 Just in that instant, anxious Ariel sought
 The close recesses of the Virgin's thought ; 140
 As on the nosegay in her breast reclin'd,
 He watch'd th' Ideas rising in her mind,

Sudden





*Let Wreaths of Triumph now my Temples twine,
The Victor cry'd, the glorious Prize is mine.*

Rape of the Lock.

Sudden he view'd, in spite of all her art,
 An earthly Lover lurking at her heart.
 Amaz'd, confus'd, he found his pow'r expir'd, 145
 Resign'd to fate, and with a sigh retir'd.

The Peer now spreads the glitt'ring Forfex wide,
 T' inclose the Lock; now joins it, to divide.
 Ev'n then, before the fatal engine clos'd,
 A wretched Sylph too fondly interpos'd; 150
 Fate urg'd the sheers, and cut the Sylph in twain,
 (But airy substance soon unites again.)
 The meeting points the sacred hair dis sever
 From the fair head, for ever, and for ever!
 Then flash'd the living lightning from her eyes, 155
 And screams of horror rend th' affrighted skies.
 Not louder shrieks to pitying heav'n are cast,
 When husbands or when lap-dogs breathe their last;
 Or when rich China vessels fall'n from high,
 In glitt'ring dust, and painted fragments lie! 160

Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine,
 The Victor cry'd, the glorious Prize is mine!
 While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,
 Or in a Coach and Six the British Fair,
 As long as Atalantis shall be read, 165
 Or the small pillow grace a Lady's bed,
 While visits shall be paid on solemn days,
 When num'rous wax-lights in bright order blaze,
 While nymphs take treats, or assignations give,
 So long my honour, name, and praise shall live! 170

What Time would spare, from Steel receives its date,
 And monuments, like men, submit to fate!
 Steel could the labour of the Gods destroy,
 And strike to dust th' imperial tow'rs of Troy;
 Steel could the works of mortal pride confound, 175
 And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
 What wonder then, fair nymph! thy hairs should feel
 The conqu'ring force of unresisted steel?

T H E
R A P E O F T H E L O C K.

C A N T O I V.

BUT anxious cares the pensive nymph oppress'd,
And secret passions labour'd in her breast,
Not youthful kings in battle seiz'd alive,
Not scornful virgins who their charms survive,
Not ardent lovers robb'd of all their bliss, 5
Not ancient ladies when refus'd a kiss,
Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
Not Cynthia when her mantua's pinn'd awry,
E'er felt such rage, resentment, and despair,
As thou, sad Virgin! for thy ravish'd Hair. 10

For, that sad moment, when the Sylphs withdrew,
And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew,
Umbriel, a dusky, melancholy sprite,
As ever sully'd the fair face of light,
Down to the central earth, his proper scene, 15
Repair'd to search the gloomy Cave of Spleen.

Swift on his sooty pinions flits the Gnome,
And in a vapour reach'd the dismal dome,
No chearful breeze this sullen region knows,
The dreaded East is all the wind that blows. 20
Here in a grotto, shelter'd close from air,
And screen'd in shades from day's detested glare,
She sighs for ever on her pensive bed,
Pain at her side, and Megrim at her head.

Two handmaids wait the throne: alike in place, 25
But diff'ring far in figure and in face.





Bodys chang'd to various Forms by Spleen
Rape of the Lock

Here stood Ill-nature like an ancient maid,
 Her wrinkled form in black and white array'd;
 With store of pray'rs for mornings, nights, and noons,
 Her hand is fill'd; her bosom with lampoons. 30

There Affectation, with a sickly mien,
 Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen,
 Practis'd to lisp, and hang the head aside,
 Faints into airs and languishes with pride,
 On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe, 35
 Wrapt in a gown, for sickness, and for show.
 The fair ones feel such maladies as these,
 When each new night-dress gives a new disease.

A constant vapour o'er the palace flies;
 Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise; 40
 Dreadful, as hermit's dreams in haunted shades,
 Or bright, as visions of expiring maids.
 Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling spires,
 Pale spectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires:
 Now lakes of liquid gold, Elysian scenes, 45
 And crystal domes, and Angels in machines.

Unnumber'd throngs on ev'ry side are seen,
 Of bodies chang'd to various forms by Spleen.
 Here living Tea-pots stand, one arm held out,
 One bent; the handle this, and that the spout: 50
 A Pipkin there, like Homer's Tripod walks;
 Here sighs a Jar, and there a † Goose-pye talks;
 Men prove with child, as pow'rful fancy works,
 And maids turn'd bottles, call aloud for corks.

Safe past the Gnome thro' this fantastick band, 55
 A branch of healing Spleenwort in his hand.
 Then thus address'd the pow'r—Hail wayward Queen!
 Who rule the sex to fifty from fifteen:
 Parent of vapours and of female wit,
 Who give th' hysteric, or poetic fit, 60
 On various tempers act by various ways,
 Make some take physic, others scribble plays;

† Alludes to a real fact, a Lady of distinction imagin'd herself in this condition.

Who cause the proud their visits to delay,
 And send the godly in a pet, to pray.
 A Nymph there is, that all thy pow'r disdains, 65
 And thousands more in equal mirth maintains.
 But oh ! if e'er thy Gnome could spoil a grace,
 Or raise a pimple on a beauteous face,
 Like Citron-waters matrons cheeks inflame,
 Or change complexions at a losing game ; 70
 If e'er with airy horns I planted heads,
 Or rumbled petticoats, or tumbled beds,
 Or caus'd suspicion when no soul was rude,
 Or discompos'd the head-dress of a Prude,
 Or e'er to costive lap-dog gave disease, 75
 Which not the tears of brightest eyes could ease :
 Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin :
 That single act gives half the world the spleen.

The Goddess with a discontented air
 Seems to reject him, tho' she grants his pray'r. 80
 A wond'rous Bag with both her hands she binds,
 Like that where once Ulysses held the winds ;
 There she collects the force of female lungs,
 Sighs, sobs, and passions, and the war of tongues.
 A Vial next she fills with fainting fears, 85
 Soft sorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.
 The Gnome rejoicing bears her gifts away,
 Spreads his black wings, and slowly mounts to day.

Sunk in Thalestris' arms the nymph he found,
 Her eyes dejected and her hair unbound. 90
 Full o'er their heads the swelling bag he rent,
 And all the Furies issued at the vent.
 Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,
 And fierce Thalestris fans the rising fire.
 O wretched maid ! she spread her hands, and cry'd, 95
 (While Hampton's echoes, wretched maid ! reply'd)
 Was it for this you took such constant care
 The bodkin, comb, and essence to prepare ?
 For this your locks in paper durance bound,
 For this with tort'ring irons wreath'd around ? 100

For

For this with fillets strain'd your tender head,
 And bravely bore the double loads of lead ?
 Gods ! shall the ravisher display your hair,
 While the Fops envy, and the Ladies stare !
Honour forbid ! at whose unrival'd shrine 105
 Ease, pleasure, virtue, all our sex resign.
 Methinks already I your tears survey,
 Already hear the horrid things they say,
 Already see you a degraded toast,
 And all your honour in a whisper lost ! 110
 How shall I, then, your helpless fame defend ?
 'Twill then be infamy to seem your friend !
 And shall this prize, th' inestimable prize,
 Expos'd thro' crystal to the gazing eyes,
 And heighten'd by the diamond's circling rays, 115
 On that rapacious hand for ever blaze ?
 Sooner shall grass in Hyde-park Circus grow,
 And wits take lodgings in the sound of Bow ;
 Sooner let earth, air, sea, to Chaos fall ;
 Men, monkeys, lap-dogs, parrots, perish all ! 120
 She said ; then raging to Sir Plume repairs,
 And bids her Beau demand the precious hairs :
 (Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box justly vain,
 And the nice conduct of a clouded cane)
 With earnest eyes, and round unthinking face, 125
 He first the snuff-box open'd, then the case,
 And thus broke out—" My Lord, why, what the devil ?
 " Z---ds ! damn the lock ! 'fore Gad, you must be civil !
 " Plague on't ! tis past a jest---nay prithee, pox !
 " Give her the hair"---he spoke, and rapp'd his box. 130
 It grieves me much (reply'd the Peer again)
 Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain.
 But by this Lock, this sacred Lock I swear,
 (Which never more shall join its parted hair ;
 Which never more its honours shall renew, 135
 Clip'd from the lovely head where late it grew)
 That while my nostrils draw the vital air,
 This hand which won it, shall for ever wear.

He spoke, and speaking, in proud triumph spread
The long-contended honours of her head. 140

But Umbriel, hateful Gnome ! forbears not so ;
He breaks the Vial whence the sorrows flow.
Then see ! the nymph in beauteous grief appears,
Her eyes half-languishing, half-drown'd in tears ;
On her heav'd bosom hung her drooping head, 145
Which, with a sigh, she rais'd ; and thus she said.

For ever curs'd be this detested day,
Which snatch'd my best, my fav'rite curl away !
Happy ! ah ten times happy had I been,
If Hampton-Court these eyes had never seen ! 150
Yet am not I the first mistaken maid,
By love of Courts to num'rous ills betray'd.
Oh had I rather unadmir'd remain'd
In some lone isle, or distant Northern land ;
Where the gilt chariot never marks the way, 155
Where none learn Ombre, none e'er taste Bohea !
There kept my charms conceal'd from mortal eye,
Like roses, that in deserts bloom and die.

What mov'd my mind with youthful Lords to roam ?
O had I stay'd, and said my pray'rs at home ! 160
'Twas this, the morning omens seem'd to tell ;
Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box fell ;
The tott'ring China shook without a wind,
Nay Poll sat mute, and Shock was most unkind !
A Sylph too warn'd me of the threats of fate, 165
In mystic visions, now believ'd too late !

See the poor remnants of these slighted hairs !
My hands shall rend what ev'n thy rapine spares :
These, in two sable ringlets taught to break,
Once gave new beauties to the snowy neck ; 170
The sister-lock now sits uncouth ; alone,
And in its fellow's fate foresees its own ;
Uncurl'd it hangs the fatal sheers demands,
And tempts once more thy sacrilegious hands.
Oh hadst thou, cruel ! been content to seize 175
Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but these !

T H E
R A P E O F T H E L O C K.

C A N T O V.

SHE said: the pitying audience melt in tears;
But Fate and Jove had stopp'd the Baron's ears.
In vain Thalestris with reproach affails,
For who can move when fair Belinda fails?
Not half so fix'd the Trojan could remain, 5
While Anna begg'd and Dido rag'd in vain.
Then grave Clarissa graceful wav'd her fan;
Silence ensu'd, and thus the nymph began.
Say, why are Beauties prais'd and honour'd most,
'The wise man's passion, and the vain man's toast? 10
Why deck'd with all that land and sea afford,
Why Angels call'd, and Angel-like ador'd?
Why round our coaches croud the white-glov'd Beaus,
Why bows the side-box from its inmost rows?
How vain are all these glories, all our pains, 15
Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains:
That men may say, when we the front-box grace,
Behold the first in virtue, as in face!
Oh! if to dance all night, and dress all day,
Charm'd the small-pox, or chas'd old age away; 20
Who would not scorn what housewife's cares produce,
Or who would learn one earthly thing of use?
To patch, nay ogle, might become a faint,
Nor could it sure be such a sin to paint;
But since, alas! frail beauty must decay,
Curl'd or uncurl'd, since Locks will turn to grey; 25
Since

Since painted, or not painted, all shall fade,
 And she who scorns a man, must die a maid;
 What then remains but well our pow'r to use,
 And keep good-humour still whate'er we lose? 30
 And trust me dear! good-humour can prevail,
 When airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding fail.
 Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll;
 Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.

So spoke the Dame, but no applause ensu'd; 35
 Belinda frown'd, Thalestris call'd her Prude.
 To arms, to arms! the fierce Virago cries;
 And swift as lightning to the combat flies.
 All side in parties, and begin th' attack;
 Fans clap, silks rustle, and tough whalebones crack; 40
 Heroes and Heroines shouts confus'dly rise,
 And base, and treble voices strike the skies.

No common weapons in their hands are found,
 Like Gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.
 So when bold Homer makes the Gods engage, 45
 And heav'nly breasts with human passions rage;
 'Gainst Pallas, Mars; Latona, Hermes arms;
 And all Olympus rings with loud alarms:
 Jove's thunder roars, heav'n trembles all around;
 Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps resound; 50
 Earth shakes her nodding tow'rs, the ground gives way,
 And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day!

Triumphant Umbriel on a scone's height,
 Clap'd his glad wings, and fate to view the fight:
 Prop'd on their bodkin spears, the Sprites survey 55
 The growing combat, or assist the fray.

While thro' the press enrag'd Thalestris flies,
 And scatter'd deaths around from both her eyes,
 A Beau and Witling perish'd in the throng,
 One dy'd in metaphor, and one in song. 60
 "O cruel nymph! a living death I bear,"
 Cry'd Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.
 A mournful glance Sir Fopling upwards cast,
 Those eyes are made so killing *——was his last.

* The words of a Song in the Opera of Camilla.

Thus on Mæander's flow'ry margin lies 65
Th' expiring Swan, and as he sings he dies.

When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clarissa down,
Chloe stepp'd in, and kill'd him with a frown;
She smil'd to see the doughty hero slain,
But, at her smile, the Beau reviv'd again. 70

Now Jove suspends his golden scales in air,
Weighs the Men's wits against the Lady's hair;
The doubtful beam long nods from side to side;
At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside.

See fierce Belinda on the Baron flies, 75
With more than usual lightning in her eyes:
Nor fear'd the Chief th' unequal fight to try,
Who fought no more than on his foe to die.
But this bold Lord with manly strength endu'd,
She with one finger and a thumb subdu'd: 80

Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,
A charge of Snuff the wily virgin threw;
The Gnomes direct, to ev'ry atom just,
The pungent grains of titillating dust.
Sudden, with starting tears each eye o'erflows, 85
And the high dome re-echoes to his nose.

Now meet thy fate, incens'd Belinda cry'd,
And drew a deadly bodkin from her side,
(The same, his ancient personage to deck,
Her great-great-grandfire wore about his neck, 90
In three seal-rings; which after, melted down,
Form'd a vast buckle for his widow's gown:
Her infant grandame's whistle next it grew,
The bells she jingled, and the whistle blew;
Then in a bodkin grac'd her mother's hairs, 95
Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears.)

Boast not my fall, he cry'd, insulting foe!
Thou by some other shalt be laid as low.
Nor think, to die dejects my lofty mind:
All that I dread is leaving you behind! 100
Rather than so, ah let me still survive,
And burn in Cupid's flames—but burn alive.

Restore

Restore the Lock ! she cries ; and all around
 Restore the Lock ! the vaulted roofs rebound.
 Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain ! 105
 Roar'd for the handkerchief that caus'd his pain.
 But see how oft' ambitious aims are cross'd,
 And chiefs contend till all the prize is lost !
 The Lock, obtain'd with guilt, and kept with pain,
 In ev'ry place is fought, but fought in vain : 110
 With such a prize no mortal must be blest,
 So heav'n decrees ! with heav'n who can contest ?
 Some thought it mounted to the Lunar sphere,
 Since all things lost on earth are treasur'd there.
 There Heroes wits are kept in pond'rous vases, 115
 And Beaux in snuff-boxes and tweezer-cases.
 There broken vows, and death-bed alms are found,
 And lover's hearts with ends of ribband bound,
 The courtier's promises, and sick man's pray'rs,
 The smiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs, 120
 Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,
 Dry'd butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.

But trust the Muse——she saw it upward rise,
 Tho' mark'd by none but quick, poetic eyes :
 (So Rome's great founder to the heav'ns withdrew, 125
 To Proculus alone confess'd in view)
 A sudden Star, it shot thro' liquid air,
 And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.
 Not Berenice's Locks first rose so bright,
 The heav'ns bespangling with dishevel'd light : 130
 The Sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,
 And pleas'd pursue its progress thro' the skies.

This the Beau-monde shall from the Mall survey,
 And hail with music its propitious ray.
 This the blest Lover shall for Venus take, 135
 And send up vows from Rosamonda's lake.
 This Partridge * soon shall view in cloudless skies,
 When next he looks thro' Galilæo's eyes ;

* John Partridge was a ridiculous Star-gazer, who in his Almanacks every year, never failed to predict the downfall of the Pope, and the King of France, then at war with the English.

And hence th' egregious wizzard shall foredoom
The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome.

140

Then cease, bright Nymph! to mourn thy ravish'd hair,
Which adds new glory to the shining sphere!

Not all the tresses that fair head can boast,
Shall draw such envy as the Lock you lost.

For, after all the murders of your eye,
When after millions slain, yourself shall die;
When those fair suns shall set, as set they must,

145

And all those tresses shall be laid in dust;
This Lock, the Muse shall consecrate to fame,
And 'midst the stars inscribe Belinda's name.

150

E L E G Y

To the MEMORY of an

UNFORTUNATE LADY*.

WHAT beck'ning ghast, along the moonlight shade
Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?
'Tis she — but why that bleeding bosom gor'd,
Why dimly gleams the visionary sword?
Oh ever beauteous, ever friendly ! tell, 5
Is it, in heav'n, a crime to love too well ?
To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,
To act a Lover's or a Roman's part ?
Is there no bright reversion in the sky,
For those who greatly think, or bravely die ? 10

Why

* This lady is supposed to have been the same person to whom the duke of Buckingham addressed some lines on her intentions of retiring into a monastery. This design is also hinted at in one of Mr. Pope's letters to this lady.

She was distinguished, as Mr. Ruffhead observes, by her rank, fortune, and beauty, and was committed to the guardianship of an uncle, who gave her an education suitable to her expectations : but while she was yet very young, she was supposed to have entertained a partiality for a young gentleman of inferior degree, which occasioned her to refuse a match which her guardian proposed to her.

It was not long before her correspondence with this gentleman was discovered by means of spies, whom her guardian had employed to watch over her conduct : and when he upbraided her with this secret intercourse, she had too much truth and honour to deny the charge.

The uncle finding her affections so rooted, that she had not power to withdraw them, forced her abroad, where she was received with the respect due

to

Why bad ye else, ye Pow'rs ! her soul aspire
 Above the vulgar flight of low desire ?
 Ambition first sprung from your blest abodes ;
 The glorious fault of Angels and of Gods :
 Thence to their images on earth it flows, 15
 And in the breasts of Kings and Heroes glows !
 Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
 Dull fullen pris'ners in the body's cage :
 Dim lights of life that burn a length of years,
 Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres ; 20
 Like Eastern Kings a lazy state they keep,
 And close confin'd in their own palace sleep.
 From these perhaps (e'er nature bade her die)
 Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying sky.
 As into air the purer spirits flow, 25
 And sep'rate from their kindred dregs below ;
 So flew the soul to its congenial place,
 Nor left one virtue to redeem her Race.
 But thou, false guardian of a charge too good,
 Thou, mean deserter of thy brother's blood ! 30
 See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,
 These cheeks, now fading at the blast of death ;
 Cold is that breast which warm'd the world before,
 And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.

to her quality, but confined from the sight of every one but the dependants of this rigid guardian.

Her despondent lover transmitted several letters, on the faith of repeated assurances that they would be privately delivered to her ; but his hopes were betrayed, and his letters, instead of being presented to the object of his affections, were sent to England, and only served to render her confinement more strait and severe.

In this miserable and hopeless condition she languished a considerable time, in sickness and sorrow, till at length she put an end to her life with a sword which she bribed a woman-servant to procure her, and was found yet warm upon the ground.

Being by the laws of the place denied Christian sepulture, she was interred without the least solemnity, being cast into the common earth without any mournful attendants to perform the last duties of affection, and only followed by some young people in the neighbourhood, who bestrewed her grave with flowers.

Thus, if Eternal justice rules the ball, 35
 Thus shall your wives, and thus your children fall :
 On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,
 And frequent heres shall besiege your gates.
 There passengers shall stand, and pointing say,
 (While the long fun'ral blacken all the way) 40
 Lo these were they, whose souls the Furies steel'd,
 And curs'd with hearts unknowing how to yield.
 Thus unlamented pass the proud away,
 The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day !
 So perish all, whose breast ne'er learn'd to glow 45
 For others good, or melt at others woe.
 What can atone (oh ever-injur'd shade !)
 Thy fate unpity'd, and thy rites unpaid ?
 No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear
 Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or grac'd thy mournful bier. 50
 By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,
 By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,
 By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
 By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd !
 What tho' no friends in fable weeds appear, 55
 Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
 And bear about the mockery of woe
 To midnight dances, and the public show !
 What tho' no weeping Loves thy ashes grace,
 Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face ? 60
 What tho' no sacred earth allow thee room,
 Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb ?
 Yet shall thy grave with rising flow'rs be dress'd,
 And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast :
 There shall the Morn her earliest tears bestow, 65
 There the first roses of the year shall blow ;
 While Angels with their silver wings o'ershade
 The ground, now sacred by thy reliques made.
 So peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,
 What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame. 70
 How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
 To whom related, or by whom begot ;

A heap

A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
 'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be !
 Poets themselves must fall, like those they sung, 75
 Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.
 Ev'n he, whose soul now melts in mournful lays,
 Shall shortly want the gen'rous tear he pays ;
 Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,
 And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart, 80
 Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er,
 The Muse forgot, and thou belov'd no more.

P R O L O G U E

T O

Mr. ADDISON'S Tragedy of CATO.

TO wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
 To raise the genius, and to mend the heart ;
 To make mankind, in conscious virtue bold,
 Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold :
 For this the Tragic Muse first trod the stage, 5
 Commanding tears to stream thro' ev'ry age ;
 Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
 And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.
 Our author shuns by vulgar springs to move,
 The hero's glory, or the virgin's love ; 10
 In pitying Love, we but our weakness show,
 And wild ambition well deserves its woe.
 Here tears shall flow from a more gen'rous cause,
 Such Tears as Patriots shed for dying Laws :
 He bids your breasts with ancient ardour rise, 15
 And calls forth Roman drops from British eyes.

Virtue confess'd in human shape he draws,
 What Plato thought, and godlike Cato was :
 No common object to your sight displays,
 But what with pleasure Heav'n itself surveys, 20
 A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
 And greatly falling with a falling state.
 While Cato gives his little Senate laws,
 What bosom beats not in his Country's cause ?
 Who sees him act, but envies ev'ry deed ? 25
 Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed ?
 Ev'n when proud Cæsar 'midst triumphal cars,
 The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
 Ignobly vain and impotently great,
 Show'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state ; 30
 As her dead Father's rev'rend image past,
 The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercast ;
 The Triumph ceas'd, tears gush'd from ev'ry eye ;
 The World's great Victor pass'd unheeded by ;
 Her last good man dejected Rome ador'd, 35
 And honour'd Cæsar's less than Cato's sword.
 Britons attend : be worth like this approv'd,
 And show, you have the virtue to be mov'd.
 With honest scorn the first fam'd Cato view'd
 Rome learning arts from Greece, whom she subdu'd ; 40
 Our scene precariously subsists too long
 On French translation, and Italian song.
 Dare to have sense yourselves ; assert the stage,
 Be justly warm'd with your own native rage :
 Such Plays alone should please a British ear, 45
 As Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear.

EPILOGUE

T O

Mr. ROWE'S JANE SHORE.

Designed for Mrs. OLDFIELD.

PROdigious this! the frail one of our play
From her own Sex should mercy find to-day!
You might have held the pretty head aside,
Peep'd in your fans, been serious, thus, and cry'd,
The Play may pass—but that strange creature, Shore, 5
I can't—indeed now—I so hate a whore—
Just as a blockhead rubs his thoughtless skull,
And thanks his stars he was not born a fool;
So from a sifter sinner you shall hear,
“How strangely you expose yourself, my dear?” 10
But let me die, all raillery apart,
Our sex are still forgiving at their heart;
And did not wicked custom so contrive,
We'd be the best, good-natur'd things alive.

There are, 'tis true, who tell another tale, 15
That virtuous ladies envy while they rail:
Such rage without betrays the fire within;
In some close corner of the soul, they sin,
Still hoarding up, most scandalously nice,
Amidst their virtues a reserve of vice. 20
The godly dame, who fleshly failings damns,
Scolds with her maid, or with her chaplain crams.

Wou'd

120 EPILOGUE to JANE SHORE.

Wou'd you enjoy soft nights and solid dinners ?
 Faith, gallants, board with saints, and bed with sinners.
 Well, if our Author in the Wife offends, 25
 He has a Husband that will make amends :
 He draws him gentle, tender, and forgiving,
 And sure such kind good creatures may be living.
 In days of old, they pardon'd breach of vows,
 Stern Cato's self was no relentless spouse : 30
 Plu——Plutarch, what's his name, that writes his life ?
 Tells us, that Cato dearly lov'd his wife :
 Yet if a friend, a night or so, should need her,
 He'd recommend her, as a special breeder.
 To lend a wife, few here would scruple make, 35
 But pray which of you all would take her back ?
 Tho' with the Stoic Chief our stage may ring,
 The Stoic Husband was the glorious thing.
 The man had courage, was a sage, 'tis true,
 And lov'd his country—but what's that to you ? 40
 Those strange examples ne'er were made to fit ye,
 But the kind cuckold might instruct the City :
 There, many an honest man may copy Cato,
 Who ne'er saw naked sword, or look'd in Plato.
 If, after all, you think it a disgrace, 45
 That Edward's Miss thus perks it in your face ;
 To see a piece of failing flesh and blood,
 In all the rest so impudently good ;
 Faith, let the modest Matrons of the town,
 Come here in crouds. and stare the strumpet down. 50

SAPPHO

S A P P H O

T •

P H A O N.

From O V I D.

VOL. I.

R

2 4 8 H O

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From O.V.D.

Vol. I. R.

S A P P H O

T O

P H A O N.

SAY, lovely youth, that do'st my heart command,
 Can Phaon's eyes forget his Sappho's hand?
 Must then her Name the wretched writer prove,
 To thy remembrance lost, as to thy love?
 Ask not the cause that I new numbers chuse, 5
 The Lute neglected, and the Lyric muse;
 Love taught my tears in sadder notes to flow,
 And tun'd my heart to Elegies of woe.
 I burn, I burn, as when thro' ripen'd corn
 By driving winds the spreading flames are born! 10
 Phaon to Ætna's scorching fields retires,
 While I consume with more than Ætna's fires!
 No more my soul a charm in music finds,
 Music has charms alone for peaceful minds.
 Soft scenes of solitude no more can please, 15
 Love enters there, and I'm my own disease.
 No more the Lesbian dames my passion move,
 Once the dear objects of my guilty love;
 All other loves are lost in only thine,
 Ah youth ungrateful to a flame like mine! 20
 Whom would not all those blooming charms surprize,
 Those heav'nly looks, and dear, deluding eyes?
 The harp and bow would you like Phœbus bear,
 A brighter Phœbus, Phaon might appear;

Would you with ivy wreath your flowing hair, 25
 Not Bacchus' self with Phaon could compare :
 Yet Phœbus lov'd, and Bacchus felt the flame,
 One Daphne warm'd, and one the Cretan dame,
 Nymphs that in verse no more could rival me,
 Than ev'n those Gods contend in charms with thee. 30
 The Muses teach me all their softest lays,
 And the wide world resounds with Sappho's praise.
 Tho' great Alcæus more sublimely sings,
 And strikes with bolder rage the sounding strings,
 No less renown attends the moving lyre, 35
 Which Venus tunes, and all her loves inspire.
 To me what nature has in charms deny'd,
 Is well by wit's more lasting charms supply'd.
 Tho' short my stature, yet my name extends
 To heav'n itself, and earth's remotest ends. 40
 Brown as I am, an Æthiopian dame
 Inspir'd young Perseus with a gen'rous flame.
 Turtles and doves of diff'ring hues, unite,
 And glossy jett is pair'd with shining white.
 If to no charms thou wilt thy heart resign, 45
 But such as merit, such as equal thine,
 By none alas ! by none thou can'st be mov'd,
 Phaon alone by Phaon must be lov'd !
 Yet once thy Sappho could thy cares employ,
 Once in her arms you center'd all your joy : 50
 Still all those joys to my remembrance move,
 For oh ! how vast a memory has Love ?
 My music, then, you could for ever hear,
 And all my words were music to your ear.
 You stop'd with kisses my enchanting tongue, 55
 And found my kisses sweeter than my song.
 In all I pleas'd, but most in what was best ;
 And the last joy was dearer than the rest.
 Then with each word, each glance, each motion fir'd,
 You still enjoy'd, and yet you still desir'd, 60
 Till all dissolving in the trance we lay,
 And in tumultuous raptures dy'd away.

The

The fair Sicilians now thy soul inflame ;
 Why was I born, ye Gods, a Lesbian dame ?
 But ah beware, Sicilian nymphs ! nor boast 65
 That wand'ring heart which I so lately lost ;
 Nor be with all those tempting words abus'd,
 Those tempting words were all to Sappho us'd.
 And you that rule Sicilia's happy plains,
 Have pity, Venus, on your Poet's pains ! 70
 Shall fortune still in one sad tenor run,
 And still increase the woes so soon begun ?
 Enur'd to sorrow from my tender years,
 My parent's ashes drank my early tears :
 My brother next, neglecting wealth and fame, 75
 Ignobly burn'd in a destructive flame :
 An infant daughter late my griefs increas'd,
 And all a mother's cares distract my breast.
 Alas, what more could fate itself impose,
 But thee, the last and greatest of my woes ? 80
 No more my robes in waving purple flow,
 Nor on my hand the sparkling diamonds glow ;
 No more my locks in ringlets curl'd diffuse
 The costly sweetness of Arabian dews,
 Nor braids of gold the vary'd tresses bind, 85
 That fly disorder'd with the wanton wind :
 For whom should Sappho use such arts as these ?
 He's gone, whom only she desir'd to please !
 Cupid's light darts my tender bosom move,
 Still is there cause for Sappho still to love : 90
 So from my birth the Sisters fix'd my doom,
 And gave to Venus all my life to come ;
 Or while my Muse in melting notes complains,
 My yielding heart keeps measure to my strains.
 By charms like thine which all my soul have won, 95
 Who might not—ah ! who would not be undone ?
 For those Aurora Cephalus might scorn,
 And with fresh blushes paint the conscious morn.
 For those might Cynthia lengthen Phaon's sleep,
 And bid Endymion nightly tend his sheep. 100

Venus for those had rapt thee to the skies,
 But Mars on thee might look with Venus' eyes.
 O scarce a youth, yet scarce a tender boy!
 O useful time for lovers to employ!
 Pride of thy age, and glory of thy race, 105
 Come to these arms, and melt in this embrace!
 The vows you never will return, receive;
 And take at least the love you will not give.
 See, while I write, my words are lost in tears;
 The less my sense, the more my love appears. 110
 Sure 'twas not much to bid one kind adieu,
 (At least to feign was never hard to you)
 Farewel my Lesbian love, you might have said,
 Or coldly thus, farewel oh Lesbian maid!
 No tear did you, no parting kiss receive, 115
 Nor knew I then how much I was to grieve.
 No lover's gift your Sappho could confer,
 And wrongs and woes were all you left with her.
 No charge I gave you, and no charge could give,
 But this, be mindful of our loves, and live. 120
 Now by the Nine, those pow'rs ador'd by me,
 And Love, the God that ever waits on thee,
 When first I heard (from whom I hardly knew)
 That you were fled, and all my joys with you,
 Like some sad statue, speechless, pale, I stood, 125
 Grief chill'd my breast, and stopp'd my freezing blood,
 No sigh to rise, no tear had pow'r to flow,
 Fix'd in a stupid lethargy of woe:
 But when its way th' impetuous passion found,
 I rend my tresses, and my breast I wound, 130
 I rave, then weep, I curse, and then complain,
 Now swell to rage, now melt in tears again.
 Not fiercer pangs distract the mournful dame,
 Whose first-born infant feeds the fun'ral flame.
 My scornful brother with a smile appears, 135
 Insults my woes, and triumphs in my tears,
 His hated image ever haunts my eyes,
 And why this grief? thy daughter lives, he cries.

Stung

SAPPHO TO PHAON.

127

Stung with my love, and furious with despair,
 All torn my garments, and my bosom bare, 140
 My woes, thy crimes, I to the world proclaim;
 Such inconsistent things are love and shame!
 'Tis thou art all my care and my delight,
 My daily longing, and my dream by night:
 Oh night more pleasing than the brightest day, 145
 When fancy gives what absence takes away,
 And dress'd in all its visionary charms,
 Restores my fair deserter to my arms!
 Then round your neck in wanton wreaths I twine,
 Then you, methinks, as fondly circle mine: 150
 A thousand tender words I hear and speak;
 A thousand melting kisses, give, and take:
 Then fiercer joys—I blush to mention these,
 Yet while I blush, confess how much they please.
 But when, with day, the sweet delusions fly, 155
 And all things wake to life, and joy, but I,
 As if once more forsaken, I complain,
 And close my eyes, to dream of you again:
 Then frantic rise, and like some Fury rove
 Thro' lonely plains, and thro' the silent grove, 160
 As if the silent grove, and lonely plains
 That knew my pleasures, could relieve my pains.
 I view the Grotto, once the scene of love,
 The rocks around, the hanging roofs above,
 That charm'd me more, with native moss o'ergrown,
 Than Phrygian marble, or the Parian stone. 166
 I find the shades that veil'd our joys before,
 But, Phaon gone, those shades delight no more.
 Here the press'd herbs with bending tops betray
 Where oft' entwin'd in am'rous folds we lay; 170
 I kiss that earth which once was press'd by you,
 And all with tears the with'ring herbs bedew.
 For thee the fading trees appear to mourn,
 And birds defer their songs till thy return:
 Night shades the groves, and all in silence lie, 175
 All, but the mournful Philomel and I:

With

With mournful Philomel I join my strain,
Of Tereus she, of Phaon I complain.

A spring there is, whose silver waters flow
Clear as a glass, the shining sands below; 180
A flow'ry Lotos spreads its arms above,
Shades all the banks, and seems itself a grove;
Eternal greens the mossy margin grace,
Watch'd by the sylvan Genius of the place.
Here as I lay, and swell'd with tears the flood, 185
Before my sight a wat'ry Virgin stood,
She stood and cry'd, "O you that love in vain!
" Fly hence, and seek the fair Leucadian main;
" There stands a rock from whose impending steep
" Apollo's fane surveys the rolling deep; 190
" There injur'd lovers leaping from above,
" Their flames extinguish, and forget to love.
" Deucalion once with hopeless fury burn'd,
" In vain he lov'd, relentless Pyrrha scorn'd;
" But when from hence he plung'd into the main, 195
" Deucalion scorn'd, and Pyrrha lov'd in vain.
" Haste Sappho, haste, from high Leucadia throw
" Thy wretched weight, nor dread the deeps below!"
She spoke, and vanish'd with the voice—I rise,
And silent tears fall trickling from my eyes. 200
I go, ye Nymphs! those rocks and seas to prove;
How much I fear, but ah, how much I love!
I go, ye Nymphs! where furious love inspires;
Let female fears submit to female fires.
To rocks and seas I fly from Phaon's hate, 205
And hope from seas and rocks a milder fate.
Ye gentle gales, beneath my body blow,
And softly lay me on the waves below!
And thou, kind Love, my sinking limbs sustain,
Spread thy soft wings, and waft me o'er the main, 210 }
Nor let a Lover's death the guiltless flood profane!
On Phœbus' shrine my harp I'll then bestow,
And this inscription shall be plac'd below.

" Here

" Here she who sung, to him that did inspire,
 " Sappho to Phœbus consecrates her Lyre; 215
 " What suits with Sappho, Phœbus, suits with thee;
 " The gift, the giver, and the God agree."
 But why, alas, relentless youth, ah why
 To distant seas must tender Sappho fly?
 Thy charms than those may far more pow'ful be, 220
 And Phœbus' self is less a God to me.
 Ah! can'st thou doom me to the rocks and sea,
 O far more faithless and more hard than they?
 Ah! can'st thou rather see this tender breast
 Dash'd on those rocks, than to thy bosom prest? 225
 This breast which once, in vain! you lik'd so well;
 Where the Loves play'd, and where the Muses dwell.
 Alas! the Muses now no more inspire,
 Untun'd my lute, and silent is my lyre,
 My languid numbers have forgot to flow, 230
 And fancy sinks beneath a weight of woe.
 Ye Lesbian virgins, and ye Lesbian dames,
 Themes of my verse, and objects of my flames,
 No more your groves with my glad songs shall ring,
 No more these hands shall touch the trembling string:
 My Phaon's fled, and I those arts resign. 236
 (Wretch that I am, to call that Phaon mine!)
 Return, fair youth, return, and bring along
 Joy to my soul, and vigour to my song:
 Absent from thee, the Poet's flame expires, 240
 But ah! how fiercely burn the Lover's fires?
 Gods! can no pray'rs, no sighs, no numbers move
 One savage heart, or teach it how to love?
 The winds my pray'rs, my sighs, my numbers bear,
 The flying winds have lost them all in air! 245
 Oh when, alas! shall more auspicious gales
 To these fond eyes restore thy welcome sails?
 If you return—ah why these long delays?
 Poor Sappho dies, while careless Phaon stays.
 O launch thy bark, nor fear the wat'ry plain; 250
 Venus for thee shall smooth her native main.

O launch thy bark, secure of prosp'rous gales;
 Cupid for thee shall spread the swelling sails.
 If you will fly—(yet ah! what cause can be,
 Too cruel youth, that you should fly from me?) 255
 If not from Phaon I must hope for ease,
 Ah let me seek it from the raging seas:
 To raging seas unpity'd I'll remove,
 And either cease to live, or cease to love!

THE ARGUMENT.

ELOIS A

They were two of the most distinguished persons of their age in learning and beauty, but for nothing more famous than for their unfortunate passion. After a long course of calumnies, they retired each to a separate convent, and continued the remainder of their lives to religion. It was many years after this separation, that a letter of Abigail's to a friend, which contained the history of his misfortune, fell into the hands of Louis. This awakened all her tenderness, and she immediately collected a party of which the following is the

A B E L A R D.

The A R G U M E N T.

ABELARD and Eloisa flourished in the twelfth century ; they were two of the most distinguished persons of their age in learning and beauty, but for nothing more famous than for their unfortunate passion. After a long course of calamities, they retired each to a several convent, and consecrated the remainder of their days to religion. It was many years after this separation, that a letter of Abelard's to a friend, which contained the history of his misfortune, fell into the hands of Eloisa. This awakening all her tenderness, occasioned those celebrated letters (out of which the following is partly extracted) which give so lively a picture of the struggles of grace and nature, virtue and passion.

ELOISA

E L O I S A

T O

A B E L A R D.

IN these deep solitudes and awful cells,
Where heav'nly-pensive, contemplation dwells,
And ever-musing melancholy reigns;
What means this tumult in a Vestal's veins?
Why rove my thoughts beyond this last retreat?
Why feels my heart its long-forgotten heat?
Yet, yet I love!—From Abelard it came,
And Eloisa yet must kiss the name.

Dear fatal name! rest ever unreveal'd,
Nor pass these lips in holy silence seal'd:
Hide it, my heart, within that close disguise,
Where mix'd with God's, his lov'd idea lies:
Oh write it not, my hand—the name appears
Already written—wash it out, my tears!
In vain lost Eloisa weeps and prays,
Her heart still dictates, and her hand obeys.

Relentless walls! whose darksome round contains
Repentant sighs, and voluntary pains:
Ye rugged rocks! which holy knees have worn;
Ye grotts and caverns shagg'd with horrid thorn!
Shrines! where their vigils pale-ey'd virgins keep,
And pitying saints, whose statues learn to weep!
Tho' cold like you, unmov'd and silent grown,
I have not yet forgot myself to stone.
All is not Heav'n's, while Abelard has part,
Still rebel nature holds out half my heart;

Nor

ELOISA TO ABELARD.

Nor pray'rs nor fasts its stubborn pulse restrain,
Nor tears, for ages, taught to flow in vain.

Soon as thy letters trembling I unclose,
That well-known name awakens all my woes. 30

Oh name for ever sad! for ever dear!
Still breath'd in sighs, still usher'd with a tear.

I tremble too where'er my own I find,
Some dire misfortune follows close behind.

Line after line my gushing eyes o'erflow,
Led thro' a sad variety of woe: 35

Now warm in love, now with'ring in my bloom,
Lost in a convent's solitary gloom!

There stern religion quench'd th' unwilling flame,
There dy'd the best of passions, love and fame. 40

Yet write, oh write me all, that I may join
Griefs to thy griefs, and echo sighs to thine.

Nor foes nor fortune take this pow'r away;

And is my Abelard less kind than they?

Tears still are mine, and those I need not spare, 45

Love but demands what else were shed in pray'r;

No happier task these faded eyes pursue;

To read and weep is all they now can do.

Then share thy pain, allow that sad relief;

Ah, more than share it! give me all thy grief. 50

Heav'n first taught letters for some wretch's aid,

Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid;

They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires,

Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires,

The virgin's wish without her fears impart, 55

Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart,

Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,

And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole.

Thou know'st how guiltless first I met thy flame,

When Love approach'd me under Friendship's name; 60

My fancy form'd thee of angelic kind,

Some emanation of th' all-beauteous mind.

Those smiling eyes, attemp'ring ev'ry ray,

Shone sweetly lambent with celestial day.

Guiltless

Guiltless I gaz'd ; heav'n listen'd while you sung ; 65
 And truths * divine came mended from that tongue.
 From lips like those what precept fail'd to move ?
 Too soon they taught me 'twas no sin to love ;
 Back thro' the paths of pleasing sense I ran,
 Nor wish'd an Angel whom I lov'd a man. 70
 Dim and remote the joys of saints I see ;
 Nor envy them that heav'n I lose for thee.

How oft', when prest to marriage, have I said,
 Curse on all laws but those which love has made ?
 Love, free as air, at sight of human ties, 75
 Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.
 Let wealth, let honour, wait the wedded dame,
 August her deed, and sacred be her fame ;
 Before true passion all those views remove,
 Fame, wealth, and honour ! what are you to love ? 80
 The jealous God, when we profane his fires,
 Those restless passions in revenge inspires,
 And bids them make mistaken mortals groan,
 Who seek in love for ought but love alone.
 Should at my feet the world's great master fall, 85
 Himself, his throne, his world, I'd scorn em all :
 Not Cæsar's empress wou'd I deign to prove ;
 No, make me mistress to the man I love ;
 If there be yet another name, more free,
 More fond than Mistress, make me that to thee ! 90
 Oh happy state ! when souls each other draw,
 When love is liberty, and nature, law :
 All then is full, possessing, and possess'd,
 No craving void left aking in the breast :
 Ev'n thought meets thought, e'er from the lips it part, 95
 And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart.
 This sure is bliss (if bliss on earth there be)
 And once the lot of Abelard and me.

Alas how chang'd ! what sudden horrors rise ?
 A naked lover bound and bleeding lies ! 100
 Where, where was Eloise ? her voice, her hand,
 Her poniard, had oppos'd the dire command.

* He was her Preceptor in Philosophy and Divinity.

Barbarian stay ! that bloody stroke restrain :
 The crime was common, common be the pain.
 I can no more ; by shame, by rage suppress'd, 105
 Let tears, and burning blushes speak the rest.

Canst thou forget that sad, that solemn day,
 When victims at yon' altar's foot we lay ?
 Canst thou forget what tears that moment fell,
 When, warm in youth, I bade the world farewell ? 110
 As with cold lips I kiss'd the sacred veil,
 The shrines all trembled, and the lamps grew pale :
 Heav'n scarce believ'd the conquest it survey'd,
 And saints with wonder heard the vows I made.
 Yet then, to those dread altars as I drew, 115
 Not on the cross my eyes were fix'd, but you :
 Not grace, or zeal, love only was my call,
 And if I lose thy love, I lose my all.

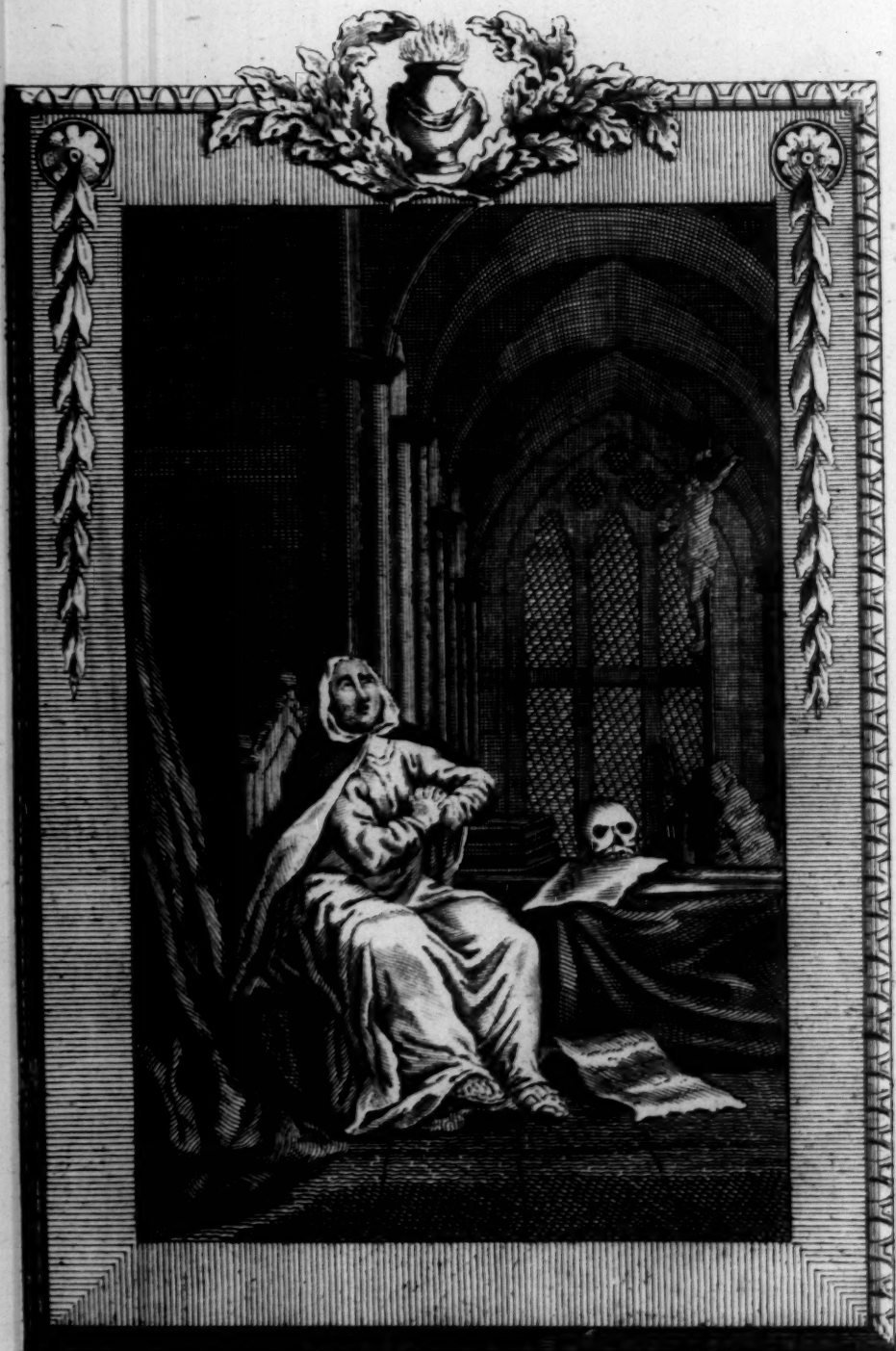
Come ! with thy looks, thy words, relieve my woe ;
 Those still at least are left thee to bestow. 120
 Still on that breast enamour'd let me lie,
 Still drink delicious poison from thy eye,
 Pant on thy lip, and to thy heart be press'd ;
 Give all thou canst—and let me dream the rest.
 Ah no ! instruct me other joys to prize, 125
 With other beauties charm my partial eyes,
 Full in my view set all the bright abode,
 And make my soul quit Abelard for God.

Ah think at least thy flock deserves thy care,
 Plants of thy hand, and children of thy pray'r. 130
 From the false world in early youth they fled,
 By thee to mountains, wilds, and deserts led.
 You * rais'd these hallow'd walls ; the desert sinil'd,
 And Paradise was open'd in the wild.

No weeping orphan saw his father's stores 135
 Our shrines irradiate, or emblaze the floors ;
 No silver saints, by dying misers given,
 Here brib'd the rage of ill-requited heav'n :
 But such plain roofs as piety could raise,
 And only vocal with the maker's praise. 140

* He founded the Monastery.





*Ah, Wretch believ'd the Spouse of God in vain,
Confess'd within the Slave of Love and Man.*

El. to Ab.

In these lone walls (their day's eternal bound)
 These moss-grown domes with spiry turrets crown'd,
 Where awful arches make a noon-day night,
 And the dim windows shed a solemn light;
 Thy eyes diffus'd a reconciling ray, 145
 And gleams of glory brighten'd all the day.
 But now no face divine contentment wears,
 'Tis all blank sadness, or continual tears.
 See how the force of others pray'rs I try,
 (Oh pious fraud of am'rous charity!) 150
 But why should I on others pray'rs depend?
 Come thou, my father, brother, husband, friend!
 Ah let thy handmaid, sister, daughter move,
 And all those tender names in one, thy love!
 The darksome pines that o'er yon' rocks reclin'd, 155
 Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind,
 The wand'ring streams that shine between the hills,
 The grotts that echo to the tinkling rills,
 The dying gales that pant upon the trees,
 The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze; 160
 No more these scenes my meditation aid,
 Or lull to rest the visionary maid.
 But o'er the twilight groves, and dusky caves,
 Long-sounding isles, and intermingled graves,
 Black melancholy sits, and round her throws 165
 A death-like silence, and a dread repose:
 Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
 Shades ev'ry flow'r, and darkens ev'ry green,
 Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
 And breathes a browner horror on the woods. 170
 Yet here for ever, ever must I stay;
 Sad proof how well a lover can obey!
 Death, only death, can break the lasting chain;
 And here ev'n then, shall my cold dust remain,
 Here all its frailties, all its flames resign, 175
 And wait, 'till 'tis no sin to mix with thine.
 Ah wretch! believ'd the spouse of God in vain,
 Confess'd within the slave of love and man.

Assist me heav'n ! but whence arose that pray'r ?
 Sprung it from piety, or from despair ? 180
 Ev'n here, where frozen chastity retires,
 Love finds an altar for forbidden fires.

I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought ;
 I mourn the lover, not lament the fault ;
 I view my crime, but kindle at the view, 185
 Repent old pleasures and solicit new ;

Now turn'd to heav'n, I weep my past offence,
 Now think of thee, and curse my innocence.
 Of all affliction taught a lover yet,
 'Tis sure the hardest science to forget ! 190

How shall I lose the sin, yet keep the sense,
 And love th' offender, yet detest th' offence ?
 How the dear object from the crime remove,
 Or how distinguish penitence from love ?

Unequal task ! a passion to resign, 195
 For hearts so touch'd, so pierc'd, so lost as mine.
 E'er such a soul regains its peaceful state,
 How often must it love, how often hate !

How often hope, despair, resent, regret,
 Conceal, disdain—do all things but forget. 200
 But let heav'n seize it, all at once 'tis fir'd,
 Not touch'd, but rapt : not waken'd, but inspir'd !

Oh come ! oh teach me nature to subdue,
 Renounce my love, my life, my self—and you.
 Fill my fond heart with God alone, for he 205
 Alone, can rival, can succeed to thee.

How happy is the blameless vestal's lot ?
 The world forgetting, by the world forgot :
 Eternal sun-shine of the spotless mind !

Each pray'r accepted, and each wish resign'd ; 210
 Labour and rest, that equal periods keep ;
 “ Obedient slumbers that can wake and weep ;”
 Desires compos'd, affections ever even ;

Tears that delight, and sighs that waft to heav'n.
 Grace shines around her with sereneest beams, 215
 And whispering Angels prompt her golden dreams.
 For

For her the Spouse prepares the bridal ring,
 For her white virgins Hymenæals sing,
 For her th' unfading rose of Eden blooms,
 And wings of Seraphs shed divine perfumes, 220
 To sounds of heav'nly harps she dies away,
 And melts in visions of eternal day.

Far other dreams my erring soul employ,
 Far other raptures, of unholy joy :
 When at the close of each sad, sorrowing day, 225
 Fancy restores what vengeance snatch'd away.
 Then conscience sleeps, and leaving nature free,
 All my loose soul unbounded springs to thee.
 O curst, dear horrors of all-conscious night !
 How glowing guilt exalts the keen delight ! 230
 Provoking Dæmons all restraint remove,
 And stir within me ev'ry source of love.

I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy charms,
 And round thy phantom glue my clasping arms.
 I wake :—no more I hear, no more I view, 235
 The phantom flies me, as unkind as you.
 I call aloud ; it hears not what I say ;
 I stretch my empty arms ; it glides away.
 To dream once more I close my willing eyes ;
 Ye soft illusions, dear deceits, arise ! 240

Alas, no more !—methinks we wand'ring go
 Thro' dreary wastes, and weep each other's woe,
 Where round some mould'ring tow'r pale ivy creeps,
 And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps.
 Sudden you mount, you beckon from the skies ; 245
 Clouds interpose, waves roar, and winds arise.
 I shriek, start up, the same sad prospect find,
 And wake to all the griefs I left behind.

For thee the fates, severely kind, ordain
 A cool suspense from pleasure and from pain ; 250
 Thy life a long, dead calm of fix'd repose ;
 No pulse that riots, and no blood that glows.
 Still as the sea, e'er winds were taught to blow,
 Or moving spirit bade the waters flow ;

Soft as the slumbers of a saint forgiv'n, 255
 And mild as opening gleams of promis'd heav'n,
 Come Abelard! for what hast thou to dread?
 The torch of Venus burns not for the dead.
 Nature stands check'd; Religion disapproves;
 Ev'n thou art cold——yet Eloisa loves. 260
 Ah hopeless, lasting flames! like those that burn
 To light the dead, and warm th' unfruitful urn.
 What scenes appear, where-e'er I turn my view,
 The dear ideas where I fly, pursue,
 Rise in the grove, before the altar rise, 265
 Stain all my soul, and wanton in my eyes.
 I waste the matin lamp in sighs for thee,
 Thy image steals between my God and me,
 Thy voice I seem in ev'ry hymn to hear,
 With ev'ry bead I drop too soft a tear. 270
 When from the censer clouds of fragrance roll,
 And swelling organs lift the rising soul,
 One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,
 Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight;
 In seas of flame my plunging soul is drown'd, 275
 While Altars blaze, and Angels tremble round,
 While prostrate here in humble grief I lie,
 Kind, virtuous drops just gath'ring in my eye,
 While praying, trembling, in the dust I roll,
 And dawning grace is opening on my soul: 280
 Come, if thou dar'st, all charming as thou art!
 Oppose thy self to heav'n; dispute my heart;
 Come, with one glance of those deluding eyes
 Blot out each bright idea of the skies;
 Take back that grace, those sorrows, and those tears; 285
 Take back my fruitless penitence and pray'rs;
 Snatch me, just mounting, from the blest abode;
 Assist the fiends, and tear me from my God!
 No, fly me, fly me! far as Pole from Pole;
 Rise Alps between us! and whole oceans roll! 290
 Ah come not, write not, think not once of me,
 Nor share one pang of all I felt for thee,

Thy

Thy oaths I quit, thy memory resign;
 Forget, renounce me, hate whate'er was mine.
 Fair eyes, and tempting looks (which yet I view!) 295
 Long lov'd, ador'd ideas, all adieu!
 O grace serene! oh virtue heav'nly fair!
 Divine oblivion of low-thoughted care!
 Fresh blooming hope, gay daughter of the sky!
 And faith, our early immortality! 300
 Enter, each mild, each amicable guest;
 Receive, and wrap me in eternal rest!

See in her cell sad Eloisa spread,
 Propt on some tomb, a neighbour of the dead!
 In each low wind methinks a spirit calls, 305
 And more than Echoes talk along the walls.
 Here, as I watch'd the dying lamps around,
 From yonder shrine I heard a hollow sound.
 'Come, sister, come! (it said, or seem'd to say)
 'Thy place is here, sad sister, come away! 310
 'Once like thy self, I trembled, wept, and pray'd,
 'Love's victim then, tho' now a fainted maid:
 'But all is calm in this eternal sleep;
 'Here grief forgets to groan, and love to weep,
 'Ev'n superstition loses ev'ry fear: 315
 'For God, not man, absolves our frailties here.'

I come, I come! prepare your roseate bow'rs,
 Celestial palms, and ever-blooming flow'rs.
 Thither, where sinners may have rest, I go,
 Where flames refin'd in breasts seraphic glow: 320
 Thou, Abelard! the last sad office pay,
 And smoothe my passage to the realms of day;
 See my lips tremble, and my eye-balls roll,
 Suck my last breath, and catch my flying soul!
 Ah no—in sacred vestments may'st thou stand, 325
 The hallow'd taper trembling in thy hand,
 Present the Cross before my lifted eye,
 Teach me at once, and learn of me to die.
 Ah then, thy once lov'd Eloisa see!
 It will be then no crime to gaze on me, 330
 See

See from my cheek the transient roses fly !
 See the last sparkle languish in my eye !
 'Till ev'ry motion, pulse, and breath, be o'er ;
 And ev'n my Abelard be lov'd no more.
 O Death all-eloquent ! you only prove 335
 What dust we doat on, when 'tis man we love.

Then too, when fate shall thy fair frame destroy,
 (That cause of all my guilt, and all my joy)
 In trance extatic may thy pangs be drown'd,
 Bright clouds descend, and Angels watch thee round, 340
 From opening skies may streaming glories shine,
 And Saints embrace thee with a love like mine.

May * one kind grave unite each hapless name,
 And graft my love immortal on thy fame !
 Then, ages hence, when all my woes are o'er, 345
 When this rebellious heart shall beat no more ;
 If ever chance two wand'ring lovers brings
 To Paraclete's white walls and silver springs,
 O'er the pale marble shall they join their heads,
 And drink the falling tears each other sheds ; 350
 Then sadly say, with mutual pity mov'd,
 " Oh may we never love as these have lov'd !"

From the full choir when loud Hosanna's rise,
 And swell the pomp of dreadful sacrifice,
 Amid that scene, if some relenting eye
 Glance on the stone where our cold relicks lie,
 Devotion's self shall steal a thought from heav'n,
 One human tear shall drop, and be forgiv'n.
 And sure if fate some future bard shall join
 In sad similitude of griefs to mine, 360
 Condemn'd whole years in absence to deplore,
 And image charms he must behold no more ;
 Such if there be, who loves so long, so well ;
 Let him our sad, our tender story tell ;
 The well-sung woes will sooth my pensive ghost ; 365
 He best can paint 'em, who shall feel 'em most.

* Abelard and Eloisa were interred in the same grave, or in monuments adjoining, in the Monastery of the Paraclete : He died in 1142, she in 1163.

THE
ADVERTISEMENT.

THE first of the following pieces was taken from
Chambers's House of Fame. The design is in a
manner entirely altered, the descriptions and most of the
particulars thoughts are my own: yet I could not suffer it
to be printed without this acknowledgment. The reader
who would compare this with Chambers's may begin with
his third book of Fame, there being nothing in the two
this book that answers to their title: wherever any part
is taken from his house of fame it is set down in
small notes.

F A M E.

Written in the Year 1711.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE hint of the following piece was taken from Chaucer's House of Fame. The design is in a manner entirely altered, the descriptions and most of the particular thoughts my own: yet I could not suffer it to be printed without this acknowledgment. The reader who would compare this with Chaucer, may begin with his third book of Fame, there being nothing in the two first books that answers to their title: wherever any hint is taken from him, the passage itself is set down in the marginal notes.

THE
T E M P L E
O F
F A M E.

IN that soft season when descending show'rs
Call forth the greens, and wake the rising flow'rs ;
When opening buds salute the welcome day,
And earth relenting feels the genial ray ;
As balmy sleep had charm'd my cares to rest, 5
And love itself was banish'd from my breast,
(What time the morn mysterious visions brings,
While purer slumbers spread their golden wings)
A train of phantoms in wild order rose,
And, join'd, this intellectual scene compose. 10
I * stood, methought, betwixt earth, seas and skies ;
The whole creation open to my eyes :
In air self-balanc'd hung the globe below,
Where mountains rise, and circling oceans flow ;
Here naked rocks, and empty wastes were seen, 15
There tow'ry cities, and the forests green :

* These verses are hinted from the following of Chaucer, Book 2.

Tho beheld I fields and plains,
Now hills, and now mountains,
Now vales, and now forestes,
And now unnth great bestes,
Now rivers, now citees,
Now towns, now great trees,
Now shippes sayling in the see.

Here sailing ships delight the wand'ring eyes :
 There trees, and intermingl'd temples rise ;
 Now a clear sun the shining scene displays,
 The transient landscape now in clouds decays.

20

O'er the wide prospect as I gaz'd around,
 Sudden I heard a wild promiscuous sound,
 Like broken thunders that at distance roar,
 Or billows murm'ring on the hollow shore :
 Then gazing up, a glorious pile beheld,
 Whose tow'ring summit ambient clouds conceal'd.

25

High on a rock of ice the structure lay, *
 Steep its ascent, and flipp'ry was the way ;
 The wond'rous rock like Parian marble shone,
 And seem'd, to distant sight, of solid stone.

30

Inscriptions here of various names I view'd, †
 The greater part by hostile time subdu'd ;
 Yet wide was spread their fame in ages past,
 And poets once had promis'd they should last.
 Some fresh engrav'd appear'd of wits renown'd ;
 look'd again, nor could their trace be found.

35

Chaucer's third book of Fame.

It stood upon so high a rock,
 Higher standeth none in Spayne—
 What manner stone this rock was,
 For it was like a lymed glass,
 But that it shone full more clere ;
 But of what congeled matere
 It was, I niste redily ;
 But at the last espied I,
 And found that it was every dele,
 A rock of ice, and not of stele.

† Inscriptions here, &c.

The saw I all the hill y-grave
 With famous folkes names fele,
 That had been in much wele
 And her fames wide y-blow ;
 But well unneth might I know,
 Any letters for to rede
 Ther names by, for out of drede
 They weren almost off-thawen so,
 That of the letters one or two
 Were molte away of every name,
 So unfamous was woxe her fame ;
 But men said, what may ever last.

Critics

Critics I saw, that other names deface,
 And fix their own, with labour, in their place :
 Their own, like others, soon their place resign'd,
 Or disappear'd, and left the first behind. 40
 Nor was the work impair'd * by storms alone,
 But felt th' approaches of too warm a sun ;
 For fame, impatient of extremes, decays
 Not more by envy than excess of praise.
 Yet part no injuries † of heav'n could feel, 45
 Like crystal faithful to the graving steel :
 The rock's high summit, in the temple's shade,
 Nor heat could melt, nor beating storm invade.
 There names inscrib'd unnumber'd ages past
 From time's first birth, with time itself shall last ; 50
 These ever new, nor subject to decays,
 Spread, and grow brighter with the length of days.
 So Zembla's rocks (the beauteous work of frost)
 Rise white in air, and glitter o'er the coast ;
 Pale suns, unfelt, at distance roll away, 55
 Add on th' impassive ice the lightnings play ;
 Eternal snows the growing mass supply,
 'Till the bright mountains prop th'incumbent sky :
 As Atlas fix'd, each hoary pile appears,
 The gather'd winter of a thousand years. 60

* Nor was the work impair'd, &c.

Tho' gan I in myne harte cast,
 That they were molte away for heate,
 And not away with stormes beate.

† Yet part no injuries, &c.

For on that other side I sey
 Of that hill which northward ley,
 How it was written full of names
 Of folke, that had afore great fames,
 Of old time, and yet they were
 As fresh, as men had written hem there
 The self day, or that houre
 That I on hem gan to poure :
 But well I wiste what it made ;
 It was conserved with the shade
 (All the writing that I sye)
 Of the castle that stoode on high ;
 And stood eke in so cold a place,
 That heate might it not deface,

On this foundation Fame's high temple stands ;
 Stupendous pile ! not rear'd by mortal hands.
 Whate'er proud Rome, or artful Greece beheld,
 Or elder Babylon, its frame excell'd.
 Four faces had the dome *, and ev'ry face 65
 Of various structure, but of equal grace :
 Four brazen gates, on columns lifted high,
 Salute the different quarters of the sky.
 Here fabled chiefs in darker ages born,
 Or worthies old, whom arms or arts adorn, 70
 Who cities rais'd, or tam'd a monstrous race ;
 The walls in venerable order grace :
 Heroes in animated marble frown,
 And legislators seem to think in stone.
 Westward, a sumptuous frontispiece appear'd, 75
 On Doric pillars of white marble rear'd,
 Crown'd with an architrave of antique mold,
 And sculpture rising on the roughen'd gold.
 In shaggy spoils here Theseus was beheld,
 And Perseus dreadful with Minerva's shield : 80
 There great Alcides stooping with his toil,
 Rests on his club, and holds th' Hesperian spoil.
 Here Orpheus sings ; trees moving to the sound
 Start from their roots, and form a shade around :
 Amphion there the loud creating lyre 85
 Strikes, and behold a sudden Thebes aspire !
 Cythæron's echoes answer to his call,
 And half the mountain rolls into a wall :
 There might you see the length'ning spires ascend,
 The domes swell up, the widening arches bend, 90
 The growing tow'rs like exhalations rise,
 And the huge columns heave into the skies.

* The Temple is described to be square, the four fronts with open gates facing the different quarters of the world, as an intimation that all nations of the earth may alike be received into it. The western front is of Grecian architecture : the Doric order was peculiarly sacred to heroes and worthies. Those whose statues are after mentioned, were the first names of old Greece in arms and arts.

The eastern front was glorious to behold,
 With diamond flaming, and Barbaric gold.
 There Ninus shone, who spread th' Assyrian fame, 95
 And the great founder of the Persian name * :
 There in long robes the royal Magi stand,
 Grave Zoroaster waves the circling wand,
 The sage Chaldæans robed in white appear'd,
 And Brachmans, deep in desert woods rever'd. 100
 These stop'd the moon, and call'd th' unbody'd shades
 To midnight banquets in the glimmering glades ;
 Made visionary fabricks round them rise,
 And airy spectres skim before their eyes ;
 Of Talismans and Sigils knew the pow'r, 105
 And careful watch'd the planetary hour.
 Superior, and alone, Confucius stood,
 Who taught that useful science to be good.
 But on the south, a long, majestic race
 Of Ægypt's priests the gilded niches grace, 110
 Who measur'd earth, describ'd the starry spheres,
 And trac'd the long records of lunar years.
 High on his car Sesostris § struck my view,
 Whom scepter'd slaves in golden harness drew :
 His hands a bow and pointed javelin hold ; 115
 His giant limbs are arm'd in scales of gold.
 Between the statues obelisks were plac'd,
 And the learn'd walls with hieroglyphics grac'd.
 Of Gothic structure was the northern side,
 O'er-wrought with ornaments of barb'rous pride. 120
 There huge colosses rose, with trophies crown'd,
 And Runic characters were grav'd around.

* Cyrus founded the Persian as Ninus did the Assyrian monarchy. The Magi and Chaldeans (the chief of whom was Zoroaster) employed their studies upon magic and astrology, which was in a manner almost all the learning of the ancient Asian people. We have scarce any account of a moral philosopher except Confucius, the great law-giver of the Chinese, who lived about two thousand years ago.

§ The actions and conquests of this Ægyptian hero may be seen at large in Diodorus, &c.

There sate Zamolxis * with erected eyes,
 And Odin ‡ here in mimic trances dies.
 There on rude iron columns smear'd with blood, 125
 The horrid forms of Scythian heroes stood,
 Druids and bards (their once loud harps unstrung)
 And youths that dy'd to be by poets sung.
 These and a thousand more of doubtful fame,
 To whom old fables gave a lasting name, 130
 In ranks adorn'd the temples outward face;
 The wall in lustre † and effect like glass,
 Which o'er each object casting various dyes,
 Enlarges some, and others multiplies;
 Nor void of emblem was the mystic wall, 135
 For thus romantic fame increases all.

The Temple shakes, the founding gates unfold,
 Wide vaults appear, and roofs of fretted gold:
 Rais'd on a thousand pillars, wreath'd around
 With laurel-foliage, and with eagles crown'd: 140
 Of bright, transparent beryl were the walls,
 The freezes gold, and gold the capitals:
 As heav'n with stars, the roof with jewels glows,
 And ever-living lamps depend in rows.
 Full in the passage of each spacious gate, 145
 The sage historians in white garments wait;
 Grav'd o'er their seats the form of time was found,
 His scythe revers'd, and both his pinions bound.
 Within, stood heroes who thro' loud alarms
 In bloody fields pursu'd renown in arms. 150
 High on a throne with trophies charg'd, I view'd
 The youth that all things but himself subdu'd ‡;
 His feet on sceptres and tiaras trod,
 And his horn'd head bely'd the Lybian god,

* Zamolxis was the disciple of Pythagoras, who taught the immortality of the soul to the Scythians.

‡ Odin, or Woden, was the great legislator and hero of the Goths.

† The wall in lustre, &c.

It shone lighter than a glass,
 And made well more than it was,
 As kind thing of fame is,

‡ Alexander the Great,

There Cæsar, grac'd with both Minervas, shone ; 155
 Cæsar, the world's great master, and his own ;
 Unmov'd, superior still in ev'ry state,
 And scarce detested in his country's fate.

But chief were those, who not for empire fought,
 But with their toils their people's safety bought : 160

High o'er the rest Epaminondas stood ;
 Timoleon, glorious in his brother's blood ;
 Bold Scipio, saviour of the Roman state,

Great in his triumphs, in retirement great ;
 And wise Aurelius, in whose well-taught mind, 165 }
 With boundless pow'r unbounded virtue join'd,
 His own strict judge, and patron of mankind. }

Much-suff'ring heroes next their honours claim,
 Those of less noisy, and less guilty fame,
 Fair virtue's silent train : supreme of these 170

Here ever shines the godlike Socrates :
 He whom ungrateful Athens could expel,
 At all times just, but when he sign'd the shell* :
 Here his abode the martyr'd Phocian claims,
 With Agis, not the last of Spartan names : 175
 Unconquer'd Cato shews the wound he tore,
 And Brutus his ill genius meets no more.

But in the centre of the hallow'd quire,
 Six pompous columns † o'er the rest aspire ;

* Aristides, who for his great integrity was distinguished by the appellation of the Just. When his countrymen would have banished him by the Ostracism, where it was the custom for every man to sign the name of the person he voted to exile in an oyster-shell, a peasant, who could not write, came to Aristides to do it for him, who readily signed his own name.

† Six pompous columns, &c.

From the dees many a pillere,
 Of metal that shone not full clere, &c.
 Upon a pillere saw I stonde
 That was of lede and iron fine,
 Him of the sect Saturnine,
 The Ebraiske Josephus the old, &c.

Upon an iron pillar strong,
 That painted was all endlong,
 With tyger's blood in every place,
 The Tholosan that hight Stace,
 That bare of Thebes up the name, &c.

Around the shrine itself of Fame they stand, 180
 Hold the chief honours, and the fane command.
 High on the first, the mighty Homer shone ; *
 Eternal adamant compos'd his throne ;
 Father of verse ! in holy fillets drest,
 His silver beard wav'd gently o'er his breast ; 185
 Tho' blind, a boldness in his looks appears ;
 In years he seem'd, but not impair'd by years.
 The wars of Troy were round the pillar seen :
 Here fierce Tydides wounds the Cyprian queen ;
 Here Hector glorious from Patroclus' fall, 190
 Here dragg'd in triumph round the Trojan wall.
 Motion and life did ev'ry part inspire,
 Bold was the work, and prov'd the master's fire ;
 A strong expression most he seem'd t' affect,
 And here and there disclos'd a brave neglect. 195
 A golden column next in rank appear'd, †
 On which a shrine of purest gold was rear'd ;
 Finish'd the whole, and labour'd ev'ry part,
 With patient touches of unweary'd art :
 The Mantuan there in sober triumph fate, 200
 Compos'd his posture, and his look sedate ;

* Full wonder hyc on a pillere
 Of iron, he the great Omer,
 And with him Dares and Titus, &c.

† There saw I stand on a pillere
 That was of tinned iron clere,
 The Latin poet Virgyle,
 That hath bore up a great while
 The fame of pius Eneas ;

And next him on a pillere was
 Of copper, Venus clerke Ovide,
 That hath sown wondrous wide
 The great God of love's fame—

Tho saw I on a pillere by
 Of iron wrought full sternly,
 The great poet Dan Lucan,
 That on his shoulders bore up then
 As hyc as that I might see,
 The fame of Julius and Pompee.

And next him on a pillere stode
 Of sulphur, like as he were wode,
 Dan Claudian, sothe for to tell,
 That bare up all the fame of bell, &c.

On Homer still he fix'd a rev'rend eye,
 Great without pride, in modest majesty.
 In living sculpture on the sides were spread
 The Latian wars, and haughty Turnus dead; 205
 Eliza stretch'd upon the fun'ral pyre,
 Æneas bending with his aged Sire :
 Troy flam'd in burnish'd gold, and o'er the throne
 Arms and the man in golden cyphers shone.

Four swans sustain a car of silver bright, 210
 With heads advanc'd, and pinions stretch'd for flight :
 Here, like some furious prophet, Pindar * rode,
 And seem'd to labour with th' inspiring god.
 Across the harp a careless hand he flings,
 And boldly sinks into the sounding strings. 215

The figur'd games of Greece the column grace,
 Neptune and Jove survey the rapid race :
 The youths hang o'er their chariots as they run ;
 The fiery steeds seem starting from the stone ;
 The champions in distorted postures threat ; 220
 And all appear'd irregularly great.

Here happy Horace tun'd th' Ausonian lyre
 To sweeter sounds, and temper'd Pindar's fire :
 Pleas'd with Alcæus' manly rage t'infuse
 The softer spirit of the Sapphic muse. 225
 The polish'd pillar different sculptures grace ;
 A work outlasting monumental brass.
 Here smiling Loves and Bacchanals appear,
 The Julian star and great Augustus here.
 The doves that round the infant poet spread 230
 Myrtles and bays, hang hov'ring o'er his head.

Here in a shrine that cast a dazzling light,
 Sate fix'd in thought the mighty Stagyrte ;
 His sacred head a radiant zodiac crown'd,
 And various animals his sides surround ; 235

* Pindar's being seated in a chariot, alludes to the chariot-races he celebrated in the Grecian games. The swans are emblems of poetry, their soaring posture intimates the sublimity and activity of his genius. Neptune presided over the Isthmian, and Jupiter over the Olympian games.

His piercing eyes, erect, appear to view
Superior worlds, and look all nature thro'.

With equal rays immortal Tully shone,
The Roman Rostra deck'd the consul's throne :
Gath'ring his flowing robe, he seem'd to stand 240
In act to speak, and graceful stretch'd his hand.
Behind, Rome's genius waits with civic crowns,
And the great father of his country owns.

These massy columns in a circle rise,
O'er which a pompous dome invades the skies : 245
Scarce to the top I stretch'd my aking sight,
So large it spread, and swell'd to such a height,
Full in the midst proud Fame's imperial seat
With jewels blaz'd, magnificently great ;
The vivid em'rals there revive the eye, 250
The flaming rubies shew their sanguine dye,
Bright azure rays from lively sapphires stream,
And lucid amber casts a golden gleam.

With various-colour'd light the pavement shone,
And all on fire appear'd the glowing throne ; 255
The dome's high arch reflects the mingled blaze,
And forms a rainbow of alternate rays.

When on the goddess first I cast my sight,
Scarce seem'd her stature of a cubit's height ; *
But swell'd to larger size, the more I gaz'd, 260
'Till to the roof her tow'ring front she rais'd.

With her, the Temple ev'ry moment grew,
And ampler Vistas open'd to my view :
Upward the columns shoot, the roofs ascend,
And arches widen, and long isles extend. 265

Such was her form, as antient bards have told,
Wings raise her arms, and wings her feet infold ;

* Scarce seem'd her stature, &c.

Methought that she was so lite,
That the length of a cubite,
Was longer than she seem'd be ;
But thus soone in a while she,
Her selfe tho wonderly straight,
That with her feet she th' earth reight,
And with her head she touchyd heaven.—





S. Wale del.

J. Collyer sculp.

*Millions of suppliant Crowds the Shrine attend,
And all Degrees before the Goddess bend.*

Temple of Fame.

A thousand busy tongues the goddess bears,
 And thousand open eyes, and thousand list'ning ears.
 Beneath, in order rang'd, * the tuneful nine 270
 (Her virgin handmaids) still attend the shrine :
 With eyes on Fame for ever fix'd, they sing ;
 For Fame they raise the voice, and tune the string ;
 With Time's first birth began the heav'nly lays,
 And last eternal, thro' the length of days. 275

Around these wonders † as I cast a look,
 The trumpet sounded, and the Temple shook,
 And all the nations summon'd at the call,
 From diff'rent quarters fill the croud'd hall :
 Of various tongues the mingled sounds were heard ; 280
 In various garbs promiscuous throngs appear'd ;
 Thick as the bees, that with the spring renew
 Their flow'ry toils, and sip the fragrant dew,
 When the wing'd colonies first tempt the sky,
 O'er dusky fields and shaded waters fly, 285
 Or settling, seize the sweets the blossoms yield,
 And a low murmur runs along the field.
 Millions of suppliant crouds the shrine attend,
 And all degrees before the goddess bend :
 The poor, the rich, the valiant, and the sage, 290
 And boasting youth, and narrative old-age.

* Bene.th, in order rang'd, &c.

I heard about her throne y sung
 That all the palays walls rung,
 So sung the mighty muse, she
 That cleped is Calliope,
 And her seven sisters eke—

† Around these wonders, &c.

I heard a noise approchen blive,
 That far'd as bees done in a hive,
 Against her time of out flying ;
 Right such a manere murmur'ug,
 For all the world it seemed me.
 Tho gan I look about and see
 That there came entring into th' hall,
 A right great company withal ;
 And that of sondry regions,
 Of all kind of conditions, — &c.

Their pleas were diff'rent, their request the same ;
 For good and bad alike are fond of Fame.
 Some she disgrac'd, * and some with honours crown'd ;
 Unlike successes equal merits found. 295
 Thus her blind sister, fickle Fortune reigns,
 And undiscerning, scatters crowns and chains.

First at the shrine the learned world appear,
 And to the goddess thus prefer their pray'r.
 Long have we sought t' instruct and please mankind, 300
 With studies pale, with midnight vigils blind ;
 But thank'd by few, rewarded yet by none,
 We hear appeal to thy superior throne :
 On wit and learning the just prize bestow,
 For Fame is all we must expect below. 305

The goddess heard, and bade the muses raise
 The golden trumpet of eternal praise :
 From pole to pole the winds diffuse the sound,
 That fills the circuit of the world around ;
 Not all at once, as thunder breaks the cloud ; 310
 The notes at first were rather sweet than loud :
 By just degrees they ev'ry moment rise,
 Fill the wide earth, and gain upon the skies.
 At ev'ry breath were balmy odours shed,
 Which still grew sweeter as they wider spread : 315
 Less fragrant scents th' unfolding rose exhales,
 Or spices breathing in Arabian gales.

Next these the good and just, † an awful train,
 Thus on their knees address'd the sacred fane,

Since

* Some she disgrac'd, &c.

And some of them she granted some,
 And some she warned well and fair,
 And some she granted the contrair——
 Right as her sister dame fortune
 Is wont to serve in commune.

† The good and just, &c.

Tho came the third companye,
 And gan up the dees to hyc,
 And down on knees they fell anone,
 And saiden : We ben everichone

The TEMPLE of FAME.

157

Since living virtue is with envy curs'd,
 And the best men are treated like the worst,
 Do thou, just goddess, call our merits forth,
 And give each deed th' exact, intrinsic worth.
 Not with bare justice shall your act be crown'd,
 (Said Fame) but high above desert renown'd : 320
 Let fuller notes th' applauding world amaze,
 And the loud clarion labour in your praise.
 This band dismiss'd, behold another croud
 Preferr'd the same request, and lowly bow'd ;
 The constant tenour of whose well-spent days 330
 No less deserv'd a just return of praise.
 But strait the direful trump of slander sounds ;
 Thro' the big dome the doubling thunder bounds ;
 Loud as the burst of cannon rends the skies,
 The dire report thro' ev'ry region flies : 335
 In ev'ry ear incessant rumours rung,
 And gath'ring scandals grew on ev'ry tongue.
 From the black trumpet's rusty * concave broke
 Sulphureous flames, and clouds of rolling smoke :

The

Folke that han full truly
 Deserv'd fame right-fully,
 And prayen you it might be knowe,
 Right as it is, and forth blowe.

I grant, quoth she, for now we list
 That your good works shall be wist,
 And yet ye shall have better loos,
 Right in despite of all your foos,
 Than worthy is, and that anone.
 Let now, (quoth she) thy trump gone—
 And certes all the breath that went
 Out of his trump's mouth smel'd
 As men a pot of baume held
 Among a basket full of roses —

* From the black trumpet's rusty, &c.

Therewithal there came anone
 Another huge companye
 Of goode folke —
 What did this Eolus, but he
 Tooke out his trump of brass,
 That fouler than the devil was :

And

The pois'nous vapour blots the purple skies, 340
And withers all before it as it flies.

A troop came next, who crowns and armour wore,
And proud defiance in their looks they bore :
For thee (they cry'd) amidst alarms and strife,
We sail'd in tempests down the stream of life ; 345
For thee whole nations fill'd with flames and blood,
And swam to empire thro' the purple flood,
Those ills we dar'd, thy inspiration own,
What virtue seem'd, was done for thee alone.

Ambitious fools ! (the queen reply'd and frown'd) 350
Be all your acts in dark oblivion drown'd ;
There sleep forgot, with mighty tyrants gone,
Your statues moulder'd, and your names unknown !
A sudden cloud strait snatch'd them from my fight,
And each majestic phantom sunk in night. 355

Then came the smallest * tribe I yet had seen ;
Plain was their dress, and modest was their mien.

Great

And gan his trump for to blowe,
As all the world should overthrowe.
Throughout every region
Went this foul trumpet's sounne,
Swift as a pellet out of a gunne
When fire is in the powder runne.
And suche a smoke gan out wende,
Out of the foul trumpes ende, — &c.

† Then came the smallest, &c.

I saw anone the fifth route
That to this lady gan loute,
And downe on knees anon to fall,
And to her they befoughten all,
To hiden their good workes eke ;
And said, they yeve not a leke
For no fame ne such renowne ;
For they for contemplacyonne,
And Goddes love had it wrought,
Ne of fame would they ought.
What, quoth she, and be he wood ?
And ween ye for to do good,
And for to have of it no fame ?
Have ye despite to have my name ?
Nay ye shall lien everichone :
Blowe thy trump, and that anows

(Quoth

Great idol of mankind ! we neither claim
 The praise of merit, nor aspire to fame !
 But safe in desarts from th' applause of men, 360
 Would die unheard of, as we liv'd unseen.
 'Tis all we beg thee, to conceal from sight
 Those acts of goodness, which themselves requite,
 O let us still the secret joy partake,
 To follow virtue ev'n for virtue's sake. 365
 And live there men who slight immortal fame ?
 Who then with incense shall adore our name ?
 But mortals ! know, 'tis still our greatest pride
 To blaze those virtues which the good would hide.
 Rise ! muses, rise, add all your tuneful breath, 370
 These must not sleep in darkness and in death.
 She said : in air the trembling music floats,
 And on the winds triumphant swell the notes ;
 So soft, tho' high, so loud, and yet so clear,
 Ev'n list'ning angels lean'd from heav'n to hear : 375
 To farthest shores th' ambrosial spirit flies,
 Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies.

* Next these a youthful train their vows express'd,
 With feathers crown'd, with gay embroidery dress'd ;
 Hither, they cry'd, direct your eyes, and see 380
 The men of pleasure, dress, and gallantry ;
 Ours is the place at banquets, balls, and plays,
 Sprightly our nights, polite are all our days ;
 Courts we frequent, where 'tis our pleasing care
 To pay due visits, and address the fair : 385
 In fact, 'tis true, no nymph we could persuade,
 But still in fancy vanquish'd ev'ry made ;

(Quoth she) thou Eolus, I hate,
 And ring these folkes workes by rote,
 That all the world may of it heare ;
 And he gan blow their loos so cleare,
 In his golden clarioune,
 Through the world went the sounne,
 All so kindly, and eke so soft,
 That their fame was blown aloft.

* The following twenty-eight lines contain the same matter with eighty-four of Chaucer ; it would be too prolix to insert them here.

Of unknown duchesſes lewd tales we tell,
 Yet would the world believe us, all were well.
 The joy let others have, and we the name, 390
 And what we want in pleaſure, grant in fame.

The queen aſſents, the trumpet rends the ſkies,
 And at each blaſt a lady's honour dies.

Pleaſ'd with the ſtrange ſucceſs, vaſt numbers preſt
 Around the ſhrine, and made the ſame requeſt: 395
 What you (ſhe cry'd) unlearn'd in arts to pleaſe,
 Slaves to yourſelves, and ev'n fatigu'd with eaſe,
 Who loſe a length of undeſerving days,
 Would you uſurp the lover's dear-bought praiſe?
 To juſt contempt, ye vain pretenders, fall, 400
 The people's fable, and the ſcorn of all.

Strait the black clarion ſends a horrid ſound,
 Loud laughs burſt out, and bitter ſcoffs fly round,
 Whiſpers are heard, with taunts reviling loud,
 And ſcornful hiſſes run thro' all the croud. 405

Laſt, thoſe who boaſt of mighty * miſchiefs done,
 Enſlave their country, or uſurp a throne;
 Or who their glory's dire foundation lay'd
 On ſov'reigns ruin'd, or on friends betray'd;
 Calm, thinking villains, whom no faith could fix, 410
 Of crooked counſels and dark politics;
 Of theſe, a gloomy tribe ſurround the throne,
 And beg to make th' immortal treaſons known.
 The trumpet roars, long flaky flames expire,
 With ſparks, that ſeem'd to ſet the world on fire. 415
 At the dread ſound, pale mortals ſtood aghaſt,
 And ſtartled nature trembled with the blaſt.

This having heard and ſeen, ſome pow'r unknown
 Strait chang'd the ſcene †, and ſnatch'd me from the throne.
 Before

* Laſt, thoſe who boaſt of mighty, &c.

Tho came another company,
 That had'y-done the treachery, &c.

† The ſcene here changes from the temple of Fame to that of Rumour,
 which is almoſt entirely Chaucer's. The particulars follow.

Before my view appear'd a structure fair, 420
 Its site uncertain, if in earth or air;
 With rapid motion turn'd the mansion round;
 With ceaseless noise the ringing walls resound:
 Not less in number were the spacious doors,
 Than leaves on trees, or sands upon the shores; 425
 Which still unfolded stand, by night, by day,
 Pervious to winds, and open every way
 As flames by nature to the skies ascend,
 As weighty bodies to the centre tend,
 As to the sea returning rivers roll, 430
 And the touch'd needle trembles to the pole;
 Hither, as to their proper place, arise
 All various sounds from earth, and seas, and skies,
 Or spoke aloud, or whisper'd in the ear;
 Nor ever silence, rest, or peace is here. 435
 As on the smooth expanse of crystal lakes,
 The sinking stone at first a circle makes;
 The trembling surface, by the motion stir'd,
 Spreads in a second circle, then a third;
 Wide, and more wide, the floating rings advance, 440
 Fill all the wat'ry plain, and to the margin dance.

Tho' saw I fonde in a valey,
 Under the castle fast by
 A house, that Domus Dedali
 That Labyrinthus cleped is,
 Nas made so wonderly, I wis,
 Ne half so quaintly y-wrought;
 And evermo, as swift as thought,
 This quaint house about went,
 That nevermore it still stent—
 And eke this house hath of entrees
 As many as leaves are on trees,
 In summer, when they ben grene;
 And in the roof yet men may sene
 A thousand holes and well mo,
 To letten the sounce out go;
 And by day in every tide
 Ben all the doors open wide,
 And by night each one unther;
 No porter is there one to let,
 No maner tydings in to pace;
 Ne never rest is in that place.

Thus ev'ry voice and sound, when first they break,
 On neighb'ring air a soft impression make ;
 Another ambient circle then they move ;
 That, in its turn, impels the next above ; 445
 Thro' undulating air the sounds are sent,
 And spread o'er all the fluid element.

There various news I heard, * of love and strife,
 Of peace and war, health, sickness, death, and life,
 Of loss and gain, of famine and of store, 450
 Of storms at sea, and travels on the shore,
 Of prodigies, and portents seen in air,
 Of fires and plagues, and stars with blazing hair,
 Of turns of fortune, changes in the state,
 The falls of fav'rites, projects of the great, 455
 Of old mismanagements, taxations new :
 All neither wholly false, nor wholly true.

Above, below, without, within, † around,
 Confus'd, unnumber'd multitudes are found,
 Who pass, repass, advance, and glide away ; 460
 Hosts rais'd by fear, and phantoms of a day :

Astrolo-

* There various news I heard, &c.

Of werries, of peace, of marriages,
 Of rest, of labour, of voyages.
 Of abode, of death, and of life,
 Of love and hate, accord and strife,
 Of loss, of lore, and of winnings,
 Of heale, of sickness, and lessings,
 Of divers transmutations
 Of estates and eke of regions,
 Of trust, of drede, of jealousy,
 Of witt, of winning, and of folly,
 Of good, or bad government,
 Of fire, and of divers accident.

† Above, below, without, within, &c.

But such a grete congregation
 Of folke as I saw some about,
 Some within and some without,
 Was never seen, ne shall be est—
 And every wight that I saw there
 Rownd everich in others ear
 A new tyding privily,
 Or else he told it openly
 Right thus, and said, Knowst not thou
 That is betide to night now ?

Astrologers, that future fates foreshew,
 Projectors, quacks, and lawyers not a few ;
 And priests, and party-zealots, num'rous bands
 With home-born lyes, or tales from foreign lands; 465
 Each talk'd aloud, or in some secret place,
 And wild impatience star'd in ev'ry face.
 The flying rumours gather'd as they roll'd,
 Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told ;
 And all who told it, added something new, 470
 And all who heard it, made enlargements too,
 In ev'ry ear it spread, on ev'ry tongue it grew.
 Thus flying east and west, and north and south,
 News travell'd with encrease from mouth to mouth.
 So from a spark, that kindled first by chance, 475
 With gath'ring force the quick'ning flames advance ;
 Till to the clouds their curling heads aspire,
 And tow'rs and temples sink in floods of fire.
 When thus ripe lies are to perfection sprung,
 Full grown, and fit to grace a mortal tongue, 480
 Thro' thousand vents, impatient forth they flow,
 And rush in millions on the world below.
 Fame sits aloft, and points them out their course,
 Their date determines, and prescribes their force :
 Some to remain, and some to perish soon ; 485
 Or wane and wax alternate like the moon.
 Around, a thousand winged wonders fly,
 Born by the trumpet's blast, and scatter'd thro the sky.
 There, at one passage, * oft' you might survey
 A lye and truth contending for the way ; 490

Y 2

And

No, quoth he, tell me what ?

And then he told him this and that, &c.

— Thus north and south

Went every tiding fro mouth to mouth,

And that encreasing evermo,

As fire is wont to quicken and go

From a sparkle sprong amiss,

Till all the citie brent up is.

* There at one passage, &c.

And sometime I saw there at once,

A lesing and a sad sooth saw

That

And long 'twas doubtful, both so closely pent,
Which first should issue thro' the narrow vent :
At last agreed, together out they fly,
Inseparable now, the truth and lie ;
The strict companions are for ever join'd, 495
And this or that unmix'd, no mortal e'er shall find.

While thus I stood, intent to see and hear,
One came, methought, and whisper'd in my ear :
What could thus high thy rash ambition raise ?
Art thou, fond youth, a candidate for praise ? 500

'Tis true, said I, not void of hopes I came,
For who so fond as youthful bards of fame ?
But few, alas ! the casual blessing boast,
So hard to gain, so easy to be lost.

How vain that second life in others breath, 505
Th' estate which wits inherit after death !

Ease, health, and life, for this they must resign,
(Unsure the tenure, but how vast the fine !)
The great man's curse, without the gains, endure,
Be envy'd, wretched, and be flatter'd, poor ; 510

All luckless wits their enemies profess,
And all successful, jealous friends at best.
Nor fame I flight, nor for her favours call ;
She comes unlook'd for, if she comes at all.

But if the purchase costs so dear a price, 515
As soothing folly, or exalting vice :

Oh ! if the muse must flatter lawless sway,
And follow still where fortune leads the way ;
Or if no basis bear my rising name,
But the fall'n ruins of another's fame : 520

Then teach me, heav'n ! to scorn the guilty bays,
Drive from my breast that wretched lust of praise,
Unblemish'd let me live, or die unknown ;
Oh grant an honest fame, or grant me none !

That gonnem at adventure draw
Out of a window forth to pace —
And no man, be he ever so wrothe,
Shall have one of these two, but both, &c.

* J A N U A R Y
A N D
M A Y.

THERE liv'd in Lombardy, as authors write,
In days of old, a wise and worthy knight;
Of gentle manners, as of gen'rous race,
Bless'd with much sense, more riches, and some grace.
Yet led astray by Venus' soft delights, 5
He scarce could rule some idle appetites:
For long ago, let priests say what they cou'd,
Weak sinful laymen were but flesh and blood.
But in due time, when sixty years were o'er,
He vow'd to lead this vicious life no more; 10
Whether pure holiness inspir'd his mind,
Or dotage turn'd his brain, is hard to find;
But his high courage prick'd him forth to wed,
And try the pleasures of a lawful bed.
This was his nightly dream, his daily care, 15
And to the heavn'ly pow'r's his constant pray'r,
Once, e'er he dy'd, to taste the blisful life
Of a kind husband and a loving wife.
These thoughts he fortify'd with reasons still,
(For none want reasons to confirm their will) 20
Grave authors say, and witty poets sing,
That honest wedlock is a glorious thing:
But depth of judgment most in him appears,
Who wisely weds in his maturer years.

* This Tale, which is taken from Chaucer, was done at sixteen or seventeen years of age.

Then let him chuse a damsel young and fair, 25
 To bless his age, and bring a worthy heir;
 To sooth his cares, and free from noise and strife
 Conduct him gently to the verge of life.
 Let sinful bachelors their woes deplore,
 Full well they merit all they feel, and more: 30
 Unaw'd by precepts, human or divine,
 Like birds and beasts, promiscuously they join:
 Nor know to make the present blessing last,
 To hope the future, or esteem the past;
 But vainly boast the joys they never try'd, 35
 And find divulg'd the secrets they would hide.
 The marry'd man may bear his yoke with ease,
 Secure at once himself and heav'n to please;
 And pass his inoffensive hours away,
 In bliss all night, and innocence all day: 40
 Tho' fortune change, his constant spouse remains,
 Augments his joys, or mitigates his pains.
 But what so pure, which envious tongues will spare?
 Some wicked wits have libel'd all the fair.
 With matchless impudence they stile a wife 45
 The dear-bought curse, and lawful plague of life;
 A bosom-serpent, a domestic evil,
 A night-invasion, and a mid-day devil.
 Let not the wife these scandalous words regard,
 But curse the bones of ev'ry lying bard. 50
 All other goods by fortune's hand are giv'n,
 A wife is the peculiar gift of heav'n;
 Vain fortune's favours, never at a stay,
 Like empty shadows, pass, and glide away;
 One solid comfort, our eternal wife, 55
 Abundantly supplies us all our life:
 This blessing lasts, (if those who try, say true)
 As long as heart can wish—and longer too.
 Our grandfire Adam, ere of Eve possess'd,
 Alone, and ev'n in Paradise unblest'd, 60
 With mournful looks the blissful scenes survey'd,
 And wander'd in the solitary shade:

The

The Maker saw, took pity, and bestow'd
Woman, the last, the best reserve of God.

A wife ! ah gentle deities, can he
That has a wife, e'er feel adversity ? 65

Would men but follow what the sex advise,
All things would prosper, all the world grow wise.

'Twas by Rebecca's aid that Jacob won
His father's blessing from an elder son : 70

Abusive Nabal ow'd his forfeit life
To the wise conduct of a prudent wife :

Heroic Judith, as old Hebrews show,
Preserv'd the Jews, and slew th' Assyrian foe :

At Hester's suit, the persecuting sword
Was sheath'd, and Israel liv'd to bless the Lord. 75

These weighty motives, January the sage
Maturely ponder'd in his riper age ;

And charm'd with virtuous joys, and sober life,
Would try that christian comfort, call'd a wife. 80

His friends were summon'd on a point so nice,
To pass their judgment, and to give advice ;

But fix'd before, and well resolv'd was he ;
(As men that ask advice are wont to be.)

My friends, he cry'd, (and cast a mournful look
Around the room, and sigh'd before he spoke :) 85

Beneath the weight of threescore years I bend,
And worn with cares, am hast'ning to my end ;

How I have liv'd, alas ! you know too well,
In worldly follies, which I blush to tell ; 90

But gracious heav'n has ope'd my eyes at last,
With due regret I view my vices past,

And as the precept of the church decrees,
Will take a wife, and live in holy ease.

But since by counsel all things should be done,
And many heads are wiser still than one ;

Chuse you for me, who best shall be content
When my desire's approv'd by your consent.

One caution yet is needful to be told,
To guide your choice ; this wife must not be old ; 100

There

There goes a saying, and 'twas shrewdly said,
 Old fish at table, but young flesh in bed.
 My soul abhors the tasteless, dry embrace
 Of a stale virgin with a winter face ;
 In that cold season Love but treats his guest 105
 With bean-straw, and tough forage at the best.
 No crafty widows shall approach my bed ;
 Those are too wise for bachelors to wed ;
 As subtle clerks by many schools are made,
 Twice-marry'd dames are mistresses o'th' trade : 110
 But young and tender virgins, rul'd with ease,
 We form like wax, and mould them as we please.

Conceive me, Sirs, nor take my sense amiss ;
 'Tis what concerns my soul's eternal bliss ;
 Since if I found no pleasure in my spouse, 115
 As flesh is frail, and who (God help me) knows ?
 Then should I live in leud adultery,
 And sink downright to Satan when I die.
 Or were I curs'd with an unfruitful bed,
 The righteous end were lost, for which I wed ; 120
 To raise up seed to bless the pow'rs above,
 And not for pleasure only, or for love.
 Think not I doat ; 'tis time to take a wife,
 When vigorous blood forbids a chaster life :
 Those that are bless'd with store of grace divine, 125
 May live like saints, by heav'n's consent, and mine.

And since I speak of wedlock, let me say,
 (As, thank my stars, in modest truth I may)
 My limbs are active, still I'm sound at heart,
 And a new vigour springs in ev'ry part. 130
 Think not my virtue lost, tho' time has shed
 These rev'rend honours on my hoary head ;
 Thus trees are crown'd with blossoms white as snow,
 The vital sap then rising from below :
 Old as I am, my lusty limbs appear 135
 Like winter greens, that flourish all the year.
 Now, Sirs, you know to what I stand inclin'd,
 Let ev'ry friend with freedom speak his mind.

He

He said; the rest in diff'rent parts divide,
 The knotty point was urg'd on either side; 140
 Marriage, the theme on which they all declaim'd,
 Some prais'd with wit, and some with reason blam'd.
 Till, what with proofs, objections, and replies,
 Each wond'rous positive, and wond'rous wife,
 There fell between his brothers a debate, 145
 Placebo this was call'd, and Justin that.

First to the knight Placebo thus begun,
 (Mild were his looks, and pleasing was his tone)
 Such prudence, Sir, in all your words appears,
 As plainly proves, experience dwells with years! 150
 Yet you pursue sage Solomon's advice,
 To work by counsel when affairs are nice:
 But, with the wife man's leave, I must protest,
 So may my soul arrive at ease and rest,
 As still I hold your own advice the best. 155

Sir, I have liv'd a courtier all my days,
 And study'd men, their manners, and their ways:
 And have observ'd this useful maxim still,
 To let my betters always have their will.
 Nay, if my lord affirm'd that black was white, 160
 My word was this, Your honour's in the right.
 Th' assuming wit, who deems himself so wise
 As his mistaken patron to advise,
 Let him not dare to vent his dang'rous thought;
 A noble fool was never in a fault. 165
 This, Sir, affects not you, whose ev'ry word
 Is weigh'd with judgment, and befits a lord:
 Your will is mine; and is (I will maintain)
 Pleasing to God, and should be so to man;
 At least, your courage all the world must praise, 170
 Who dare to wed in your declining days,
 Indulge the vigour of your mounting blood,
 And let grey fools be indolently good,
 Who past all pleasure, damn the joys of sense,
 With rev'rend dullness, and grave impotence. 175

Justin, who silent sate, and heard the man,
 Thus, with a philosophic frown, began.

A heathen author, of the first degree,
 (Who, tho' not faith, had sense as well as we)
 Bids us be certain our concerns to trust 180
 To those of gen'rous principles, and just.
 The venture's greater, I'll presume to say,
 To give your person, than your goods away :
 And therefore, Sir, as you regard your rest,
 First learn your lady's qualities at least : 185
 Whether she's chaste or rampant, proud or civil ;
 Meek as a saint, or haughty as the devil ;
 Whether an easy, fond, familiar fool,
 Or such a wit as no man e'er can rule ?
 'Tis true, perfection none must hope to find 190
 In all this world, much less in woman-kind ;
 But if her virtues prove the larger share,
 Bless the kind fates, and think your fortune rare.
 Ah, gentle Sir, take warning of a friend,
 Who knows too well the state you thus commend ; 195
 And, spight of all its praises, must declare,
 All he can find is bondage, cost, and care.
 Heav'n knows, I shed full many a private tear,
 And sigh in silence, lest the world should hear :
 While all my friends applaud my blissful life, 200
 And swear no mortal's happier in a wife ;
 Demure and chaste as any vestal nun,
 The meekest creature that beholds the sun !
 But, by the immortal pow'rs, I feel the pain,
 And he that sinners has reason to complain. 205
 Do what you list, for me ; you must be sage,
 And cautious sure ; for wisdom is in age :
 But, at these years, to venture on the fair ?
 By him, who made the ocean, earth, and air,
 To please a wife, when her occasions call, 210
 Would busy the most vig'rous of us all.
 And trust me, Sir, the chastest you can chuse
 Will ask observance, and exact her dues.
 If what I speak my noble lord offend,
 My tedious sermon here is at an end. 215
 'Tis

'Tis well, 'tis wond'rous well, the knight replies,
 Most worthy kinsman, faith you're mighty wise !
 We, Sirs, are fools ; and must resign the cause
 To heath'nish authors, proverbs, and old saws.
 He spoke with scorn, and turn'd another way ;— 220
 What does my friend, my dear Placebo say ?

I say, quoth he, by heav'n the man's to blame,
 To slander wives, and wedlock's holy name.
 At this, the counsel rose, without delay ;
 Each, in his own opinion, went his way ; 225
 With full consent, that all disputes appeas'd,
 The knight should marry, when and where he pleas'd.

Who now but January exults with joy ?
 The charms of wedlock all his soul employ :
 Each nymph by turns his wav'ring mind possess'd, 230
 And reign'd the short-liv'd tyrant of his breast ;
 While fancy pictur'd ev'ry lively part,
 And each bright image wander'd o'er his heart.
 Thus, in some public Forum fix'd on high,
 A mirror shows the figures moving by ; 235
 Still one by one, in swift succession pass
 The gliding shadows o'er the polish'd glass.

This lady's charms the nicest could not blame,
 But vile suspicions had aspers'd her fame ;
 That was with sense, but not with virtue, blest ; 240
 And one had grace, that wanted all the rest.
 Thus doubting long what nymph he should obey,
 He fix'd at last upon the youthful May.
 Her faults he knew not, Love is always blind,
 But ev'ry charm revolv'd within his mind : 245
 Her tender age, her form divinely fair,
 Her easy motion, her attractive air,
 Her sweet behaviour, her enchanting face,
 Her moving softness, and majestic grace.

Much in his prudence did our knight rejoice, 250
 And thought no mortal could dispute his choice :
 Once more in haste he summon'd ev'ry friend,
 And told them all, their pains were at an end.

Heav'n, that (said he) inspir'd me first to wed,
Provides a consort worthy of my bed ; 255
Let none oppose th' election, since on this
Depends my quiet, and my future bliss.

A dame there is, the darling of my eyes,
Young, beauteous, artless, innocent and wise ;
Chaste, tho' not rich, and tho' not nobly born, 260
Of honest parents, and may serve my turn.
Her will I wed, if gracious heav'n so please ;
To pass my age in sanctity and ease :
And thank the pow'rs, I may possess alone
The lovely prize, and share my bliss with none ! 265
If you, my friends, this virgin can procure,
My joys are full, my happiness is sure.

One only doubt remains ; full oft' I've heard,
By casuists grave, and deep divines averr'd ;
That 'tis too much for human race to know 270
The bliss of heav'n above, and earth below.
Now should the nuptial pleasures prove so great,
To match the blessings of the future state,
Those endless joys were ill exchange'd for these ;
Then clear this doubt, and set my mind at ease. 275

This Justin heard, nor could his spleen controul,
Touch'd to the quick, and tickled at the soul.
Sir knight, he cry'd, if this be all you dread,
Heav'n put it past your doubt, whene'er you wed ;
And to my fervent pray'rs so far consent, 280
That ere the rites are o'er, you may repent !
Good heav'n no doubt the nuptial state approves,
Since it chastises still what best it loves.
Then be not, Sir, abandon'd to despair ;
Seek, and perhaps you'll find, among the fair, 285 }
One, that may do your business to a hair ;
Not even in wish, your happiness delay,
But prove the scourge to lash you on your way :
Then to the skies your mounting soul shall go,
Swift as an arrow soaring from the bow ! 290
Provided still, you moderate your joy,
Nor in your pleasures all your might employ,

Let

Let reason's rule your strong desires abate,
Nor please too lavishly your gentle mate.

Old wives there are, of judgment most acute, 295
Who solve these questions beyond all dispute;
Consult with those, and be of better cheer;
Marry, do penance, and dismiss your fear.

So said, they rose, nor more the work delay'd;
The match was offer'd, the proposals made. 300
The parents, you may think, would soon comply;
The old have int'rest ever in their eye.
Nor was it hard to move the lady's mind,
When fortune favours, still the fair are kind.

I pass each previous settlement and deed, 305
Too long for me to write, or you to read;
Nor will with quaint impertinence display
The pomp, the pageantry, the proud array.
The time approach'd, to church the parties went,
At once with carnal and devout intent: 310
Forth came the priest, and bade th' obedient wife
Like Sarah or Rebecca, lead her life:
Then pray'd the pow'rs the fruitful bed to bless,
And make all sure enough with holiness.

And now the palace-gates are open'd wide, 315
The guests appear in order, side by side,
And plac'd in state, the bridegroom and the bride.
The breathing flute's soft notes are heard around,
And the shrill trumpets mix their silver sound;
The vaulted roofs with echoing music ring, 320
These touch the vocal stops, and those the trembling string.
Not thus Amphion tun'd the warbling lyre,
Nor Joab the sounding clarion could inspire,
Nor fierce Theodamas, whose sprightly strain 324
Cou'd swell the soul to rage, and fire the martial train.

Bacchus himself, the nuptial feast to grace,
(So poets sing) was present on the place:
And lovely Venus, goddess of delight,
Shook high her flaming torch in open fight,
And danc'd around, and smil'd on ev'ry knight: 330
Pleas'd

Pleas'd her best servant wou'd his courage try,
 No less in wedlock, than in liberty.
 Full many an age old Hymen had not spy'd
 So kind a bridegroom, or so bright a bride.
 Ye bards! renown'd among the tuneful throng 335
 For gentle lays, and joyous nuptial song;
 Think not your softest numbers can display
 The matchless glories of this blissful day:
 The joys are such, as far transcend your rage,
 When tender youth has wedded stooping age, 340
 The beauteous dame sat smiling at the board,
 And darted am'rous glances at her lord.
 Not Hester's self, whose charms the Hebrews sing,
 E'er look'd so lovely on her Persian king:
 Bright as the rising sun, in summer's day, 345
 And fresh and blooming as the month of May!
 The joyful knight survey'd her by his side,
 Nor envy'd Paris with the Spartan bride:
 Still as his mind revolv'd with vast delight
 Th' enchanting raptures of th' approaching night: 350
 Restless he sat, invoking ev'ry pow'r,
 To speed his bliss, and haste the happy hour.
 Mean time the vig'rous dancers beat the ground,
 And songs were sung, and flowing bowls went round,
 With od'rous spices they perfum'd the place, 355
 And mirth and pleasure shone in ev'ry face,
 Damian alone, of all the menial train,
 Sad in the midst of triumphs, sigh'd for pain;
 Damian alone, the knight's obsequious squire,
 Consum'd at heart, and fed a secret fire. 360
 His lovely mistress all his soul possess'd,
 He look'd, he languish'd, and cou'd take no rest:
 His task perform'd, he sadly went his way,
 Fell on his bed, and loath'd the light of day:
 There let him lie; till his relenting dame 365
 Weep in her turn, and waste in equal flame.
 The weary sun, as learned poets write,
 Forsook th' horizon, and roll'd down the light;

While

While glitt'ring stars his absent beams supply,
 And night's dark mantle overspread the sky. 370
 Then rose the guests; and as the time requir'd,
 Each paid his thanks, and decently retir'd.

The foe once gone, our knight prepar'd t'undress,
 So keen he was, and eager to possess;
 But first thought fit th' assistance to receive, 375
 Which grave physicians scruple not to give;
 Satyrion near, with hot Eringos stood,
 Cantharides, to fire the lazy blood,
 Whose use old bards describe in luscious rhymes,
 And critics learn'd explain to modern times. 380

By this the sheets were spread, the bride undress'd,
 The room was sprinkled, and the bed was blest'd.
 What next ensu'd beseems not me to say;
 'Tis sung, he labour'd till the dawning day,
 Then briskly sprung from bed, with heart so light, 385
 As all were nothing he had done by night;
 And sipp'd his cordial as he sat upright:
 He kiss'd his balmy spouse with wanton play,
 And feebly sung a lusty roundelay:
 Then on the couch his weary limbs he cast; 390
 For every labour must have rest at last.

But anxious cares the pensive squire oppress'd,
 Sleep fled his eyes, and peace forsook his breast;
 The raging flames that in his bosom dwell,
 He wanted art to hide, and means to tell. 395
 Yet hoping time th' occasion might betray,
 Compos'd a sonnet to the lovely May;
 Which writ and folded with the nicest art,
 He wrapp'd in silk, and laid upon his heart.

When now the fourth revolving day was run, 400
 ('Twas June, and Cancer had receiv'd the sun)
 Forth from her chamber came the beauteous bride;
 The good old knight mov'd slowly by her side.
 High mass was sung; they feasted in the hall;
 The servants round stood ready at their call. 405
 The squire alone was absent from the board,
 And much his sickness griev'd his worthy lord,

Who pray'd his spouse, attended by her train,
 To visit Damian, and divert his pain.
 Th' obliging dames obey'd with one consent ; 410
 They left the hall, and to his lodging went.
 The female tribe surround him as he lay,
 And close beside him sate the gentle May :
 Where, as she try'd his pulse, he softly drew
 A heaving sigh, and cast a mournful view ; 415
 Then gave his bill, and brib'd the pow'rs divine
 With secret vows to favour his design.

Who studies now but discontented May ?
 On her soft couch uneasily she lay :
 The lumpish husband snor'd away the night, 420
 Till coughs awak'd him near the morning light.
 What then he did, I'll not presume to tell,
 Nor if she thought herself in heav'n or hell :
 Honest and dull, in nuptial bed they lay,
 Till the bell toll'd, and all arose to pray. 425

Were it by forceful destiny decreed,
 Or did from chance, or nature's pow'r proceed ;
 Or that some star, with aspect kind to love,
 Shed its selectest influence from above ;
 Whatever was the cause, the tender dame 430
 Felt the first motions of an infant flame ;
 Receiv'd the impressions of the love-sick squire,
 And wasted in the soft, infectious fire.

Ye fair, draw near, let May's example move
 Your gentle minds to pity those who love ! 435
 Had some fierce tyrant in her stead been found,
 The poor adorer sure had hang'd, or drown'd :
 But she, your sex's mirror, free from pride,
 Was much too meek to prove a homicide.

But to my tale : some sages have defin'd 440
 Pleasure the sov'reign bliss of human-kind :
 Our knight (who study'd much, we may suppose)
 Deriv'd this high philosophy from those ;
 For, like a prince, he bore the vast expence
 Of lavish pomp and proud magnificence : 445
 His

His house was stately, his retinue gay,
 Large was his train, and gorgeous his array.
 His spacious garden made to yield to none,
 Was compass'd round with walls of solid stone ;
 Priapus could not half describe the grace 450
 (Tho' god of gardens) of this charming place :
 A place to tire the rambling wits of France
 In long descriptions, and exceed romance ;
 Enough to shame the gentlest bard that sings
 Of painted meadows, and of purling springs. 455

Full in the centre of the flow'ry ground,
 A crystal fountain spread its streams around,
 The fruitful banks with verdant laurels crown'd : }
 About this spring (if ancient fame say true)
 The dapper elves their moon-light sports pursue : 460
 Their pigmy king, and little fairy queen,
 In circling dances gambol'd on the green,
 While tuneful sprites a merry consort made,
 And airy music warbled thro' the shade.

Hither the noble knight would oft' repair, 465
 (His scene of pleasure, and peculiar care)
 For this he held it dear, and always bore
 The silver key that lock'd the garden-door.
 To this sweet place, in summer's sultry heat,
 He us'd from noise and bus'ness to retreat ; 470
 And here in dalliance spend the live-long day,
Solus cum sola, with his sprightly May.

For whate'er work was undischarg'd a-bed,
 The duteous knight in this fair garden sped.
 But ah ! what mortal lives of bliss secure, 475

How short a space our worldly joys endure ?
 O fortune, fair, like all thy treach'rous kind,
 But faithless still, and wav'ring as the wind !
 O painted monster, form'd mankind to cheat,
 With pleasing poison, and with soft deceit ! 480

This rich, this am'rous, venerable knight,
 Amidst his ease, his solace, and delight,
 Struck blind by thee, resigns his days to grief,
 And calls on death, the wretch's last relief.

The rage of jealousy then seiz'd his mind, 485
 For much he fear'd the faith of woman-kind.
 His wife not suffer'd from his side to stray,
 Was captive kept, he watch'd her night and day, }
 Abridg'd her pleasures, and confin'd her sway.
 Full oft' in tears did hapless May complain, 490
 And sigh'd full oft'; but sigh'd and wept in vain;
 She look'd on Damian with a lover's eye,
 For oh, 'twas fix'd; she must possess or die!
 Nor less impatience vex'd her am'rous squire,
 Wild with delay, and burning with desire. 495
 Watch'd as she was, yet could he not refrain
 By secret writing to disclose his pain;
 The dame by signs reveal'd her kind intent,
 'Till both were conscious what each other meant.

Ah, gentle knight, what would thy eyes avail, 500
 Tho' they could see as far as ships can sail?
 'Tis better sure, when blind, deceiv'd to be,
 Than be deluded when a man can see!

Argus himself, so cautious and so wise,
 Was over-watch'd, for all his hundred eyes: 505
 So many an honest husband may, 'tis known,
 Who, wisely, never thinks the case his own.

The dame at last, by diligence and care,
 Procur'd the key her knight was wont to bear;
 She took the wards in wax before the fire, 510
 And gave th' impression to the trusty squire.
 By means of this, some wonder shall appear,
 Which in due place and season, you may hear.

Well sung sweet Ovid in the days of yore,
 What slight is that, which love will not explore? 515
 And Pyramus and Thisbe plainly show
 The feats true lovers, when they list, can do:
 Tho' watch'd and captive, yet in spite of all,
 They found the art of kissing thro' a wall.

But now no longer from our tale to stray; 520
 It happ'd, that once upon a summer's day,
 Our rev'rend knight was urg'd to am'rous play: }

He

He rais'd his spouse, e'er matin-bell was rung,
And thus his morning canticle he sung.

Awake, my love, disclose thy radiant eyes; 525
Arise, my wife, my beauteous lady, rise!

Hear how the doves with pensive notes complain,
And in soft murmurs tell the trees their pain;
The winter's past; the clouds and tempests fly;
The sun adorns the fields, and brightens all the sky. 530
Fair without spot, whose ev'ry charming part
My bosom wounds, and captivates my heart;
Come, and in mutual pleasures let's engage,
Joy of my life, and comfort of my age.

This heard, to Damian strait a sign she made, 535
To haste before; the gentle squire obey'd:
Secret, and undescry'd, he took his way,
And ambush'd close behind an arbour lay.

It was not long e'er January came,
And hand in hand with him his lovely dame; 540
Blind as he was, not doubting all was sure,
He turn'd the key, and made the gate secure.

Here let us walk, he said, observ'd by none,
Conscious of pleasures to the world unknown:
So may my soul have joy, as thou, my wife, 545
Art far the dearest solace of my life;
And rather wou'd I chuse, by heav'n above,
To die this instant, than to lose thy love.
Reflect what truth was in my passion shown,
When un-endow'd, I took thee for thy own, 550 }
And sought no treasure but thy heart alone.
Old as I am, and now depriv'd of sight, }
While thou art faithful to thy own true knight,
Nor age, nor blindness, rob me of delight. }
Each other loss with patience I can bear, 555
The loss of thee is what I only fear.

Consider then, my lady, and my wife,
The solid comforts of a virtuous life.
As first, the love of Christ himself you gain;
Next, your own honour undefil'd maintain; 560

And lastly, that which sure your mind must move,
 My whole estate shall gratify your love :
 Make your own terms, and e'er to-morrow's sun
 Displays his light, by heav'n it shall be done.
 I seal the contract with a holy kiss, 565
 And will perform, by this—my dear, and this.—

Have comfort, spouse, nor think thy lord unkind ;
 'Tis love, not jealousy that fires my mind.
 For when thy charms my sober thoughts engage,
 And join'd to them, my own unequal age ; 570
 From thy dear side I have no pow'r to part,
 Such secret transports warm my melting heart,
 For who that once possess'd those heav'nly charms,
 Cou'd live one moment absent from thy arms ?

He ceas'd, and May with modest grace reply'd ; 575
 (Weak was her voice, as while she spoke she cry'd.)
 Heav'n knows (with that a tender sigh she drew)

I have a soul to save as well as you :
 And, what no less you to my charge commend,
 My dearest honour, will to death defend. 580
 To you in holy church I gave my hand,
 And join'd my heart in wedlock's sacred band :
 Yet after this, if you distrust my care,
 Then hear, my Lord, and witness what I swear :

First may the yawning earth her bosom rend, 585
 And let me hence to hell alive descend ;
 Or die the death I dread no less than hell,
 Sow'd in a sack, and plung'd into a well ;
 E'er I my fame by one lewd act disgrace,
 Or once renounce the honour of my race. 590
 For know, Sir knight, of gentle blood I came,
 I loath a whore, and startle at the name.

But jealous men on their own crimes reflect,
 And learn from thence their ladies to suspect :
 Else why these needless cautions, Sir, to me ? 595
 These doubts and fears of female constancy ?
 This chime still rings in ev'ry lady's ear,
 The only strain a wife must hope to hear,

Thus

Thus while she spoke, a sidelong glance she cast,
 Where Damian, kneeling, worship'd as she past. 600
 She saw him watch the motions of her eye,
 And singled out a pear-tree planted nigh :
 'Twas charg'd with fruit, that made a goodly show,
 And hung with dangling pears was ev'ry bough.
 Thither th' obsequious squire address'd his pace, 605
 And climbing, in the summit took his place ;
 The knight and lady walk'd beneath in view,
 Where let us leave them, and our tale pursue.

'Twas now the season when the glorious sun
 His heav'nly progress thro' the twins had run ; 610
 And Jove, exalted, his mild influence yields,
 To glad the glebe, and paint the flow'ry fields.
 Clear was the day, and Phœbus rising bright,
 Had streak'd the azure firmament with light ;
 He pierc'd the glitt'ring clouds with golden streams, 615
 And warm'd the womb of earth with genial beams.

It so befel, in that fair morning-tide,
 The fairies sported on the garden's side,
 And, in the midst, their monarch and his bride. }
 So featly tripp'd the lightfoot ladies round, 620 }
 The knights so nimbly o'er the greensword bound, }
 That scarce they bent the flow'rs, or touch'd the ground. }
 The dances ended, all the fairy train
 For pinks and daisies search'd the flow'ry plain ;
 While on a bank reclin'd of rising green, 625
 Thus, with a frown, the king bespoke his queen.

'Tis too apparent, argue what you can,
 The treachery you women use to man :
 A thousand authors have this truth made out,
 And sad experience leaves no room for doubt. 630
 Heav'n rest thy spirit, noble Solomon,
 A wiser monarch never saw the fun :
 All wealth, all honours, the supreme degree
 Of earthly bliss, was well bestow'd on thee !
 For sagely hast thou said ; of all mankind, 635
 One only just, and righteous, hope to find ;

But

But should'st thou search the spacious world around,
Yet one good woman is not to be found.

Thus says the king who knew your wickedness;
The son of Sirach testifies no less,
So may some wildfire on your bodies fall, 640
Or some devouring plague consume you all;
As well you view the leacher in the tree,
And well this honourable knight you see:
But since he's blind and old, (a helpless case)
His squire shall cuckold him before your face. 645
Now by my own dread majesty I swear,
And by this awful sceptre which I bear,
No impious wretch shall 'scape unpunish'd long,
That in my presence offers such a wrong.
I will this instant undeceive the knight, 650
And, in the very act, restore his sight:
And set the strumpet here in open view,
A warning to these ladies, and to you,
And all the faithless sex, for ever to be true.

And will you so, reply'd the queen, indeed? 655
Now, by my mother's soul, it is decreed,
She shall not want an answer at her need.
For her, and for her daughters, I'll engage,
And all the sex in each succeeding age;
Art shall be theirs to varnish an offence, 660
And fortify their crimes with confidence.
Nay, were they taken in a strict embrace,
Seen with both eyes, and pinion'd on the place;
All they shall need is to protest, and swear,
Breath a soft sigh, and drop a tender tear; 664
'Till their wise husbands, gull'd by arts like these,
Grow gentle, tractable, and tame as geese.

What tho' this slanderous Jew, this Solomon,
Call'd women fools, and knew full many a one?
The wiser wits of later times declare, 670
How constant, chaste, and virtuous, women are:
Witness the martyrs, who resign'd their breath,
Serene in torments, unconcern'd in death;

And

And witness next what Roman authors tell,
How Arria, Portia, and Lucretia fell.

675

But since the sacred leaves to all are free,
And men interpret texts, why shou'd not we ?
By this no more was meant, than to have shown,
That sov'reign goodness dwells in him alone
Who only Is, and is but only One.

680

But grant the worst ; shall women then be weigh'd
By ev'ry word that Solomon has said ?

What tho' this king (as ancient story boasts)

Built a fair temple to the lord of hosts ;

He ceas'd at last his Maker to adore,

685

And did as much for idol gods, or more.

Beware what lavish praises you confer

On a rank leacher and idolater ;

Whose reign indulgent God, says holy writ,

Did but for David's righteous sake permit ;

690

David, the monarch after heav'n's own mind,

Who lov'd our sex, and honour'd all our kind.

Well, I'm a woman, and as such must speak ;

Silence would swell me, and my heart would break.

Know then, I scorn your dull authorities,

695

Your idle wits, and all their learned lies.

By heav'n, those authors are our sex's foes,

Whom, in our right, I must, and will oppose.

Nay (quoth the king) dear Madam, be not wroth ;

I yield it up ; but since I give my oath,

700

That this much-injur'd knight again shou'd see ;

It must be done—I am a king, said he,

And one, whose faith has ever sacred been.

And so has mine, (she said)—I am a queen :

Her answer she shall have, I undertake ;

705

And thus an end of all dispute I make :

Try when you list ; and you shall find, my Lord,

It is not in our sex to break our word.

We leave them here in this heroic strain,

And to the knight our story turns again ;

710

Who in the garden, with his lovely May,

Sung merrier than the cuckow or the jay :

This was his song ; “ Oh kind and constant be,
“ Constant and kind I’ll ever prove to thee.”

Thus singing as he went, at last he drew 715
By easy steps to where the pear-tree grew :
The longing dame look’d up, and spy’d her love
Full fairly perch’d among the boughs above.

She stopp’d, and sighing : Oh good gods, she cry’d,
What pangs, what sudden shoots distend my side ? 720
O for that tempting fruit, so fresh, so green ;
Help, for the love of heav’n’s immortal queen !
Help, dearest lord, and save at once the life
Of thy poor infant, and thy longing wife !

Sore sigh’d the knight to hear his lady’s cry, 725
But cou’d not climb, and had no servant nigh :
Old as he was, and void of eye-sight too,
What cou’d, alas ! a helpless husband do ?
And must I languish then, she said, and die,
Yet view the lovely fruit before my eye ? 730

At least, kind Sir, for charity’s sweet sake,
Vouchsafe the trunk between your arms to take ;
Then from your back I might ascend the tree ;
Do you but stoop, and leave the rest to me.

With all my soul, he thus reply’d again, 735
I’d spend my dearest blood to ease thy pain ;
With that, his back against the trunk he bent,
She seiz’d a twig, and up the tree she went.

Now prove your patience, gentle ladies all !
Nor let on me your heavy anger fall : 740
’Tis truth I tell, tho’ not in phrase refin’d ;
Tho’ blunt my tale, yet honest is my mind.
What feats the lady in the tree might do,
I pass, as gambols never known to you ;
But sure it was a merrier fit, she swore, 745
Than in her life she ever felt before.

In that nice moment, lo ! the wond’ring knight
Look’d out, and stood restor’d to sudden sight,
Strait on the tree his eager eyes he bent,
As one whose thoughts were on his spouse intent ; 750
But

But when he saw his bosom-wife so dress'd,
 His rage was such as cannot be express'd:
 Not frantic mothers when their infants die,
 With louder clamours rend the vaulted sky:
 He cry'd, he roar'd, he storm'd, he tore his hair; 755
 Death! hell! and furies! what dost thou do there?

What ails my lord? the trembling dame reply'd;
 I thought your patience had been better try'd:
 Is this your love, ungrateful and unkind,
 This my reward, for having cur'd the blind? 760
 Why was I taught to make my husband see,
 By struggling with a man upon a tree?
 Did I, for this, the pow'r of magic prove?

Unhappy wife, whose crime was too much love!
 If this be struggling, by this holy light, 765
 'Tis struggling with a vengeance, (quoth the knight)
 So heav'n preserve the fight it has restor'd,
 As with these eyes I plainly saw thee whor'd;
 Whor'd by my slave—perfidious wretch! may hell
 As surely seize thee, as I saw too well. 770

Guard me, good angels! cry'd the gentle May,
 Pray heav'n, this magic work the proper way!
 Alas, my love! 'tis certain, could you see,
 You ne'er had us'd these killing words to me:
 So help me fates, as 'tis no perfect fight, 775
 But some faint glimm'ring of a doubtful light.

What I have said, (quoth he) I must maintain,
 For by th' immortal pow'rs, it seem'd too plain—
 By all those pow'rs, some frenzy seiz'd your mind,
 (Reply'd the dame) are these the thanks I find? 780 }
 Wretch that I am, that e'er I was so kind!

She said; a rising sigh express'd her woe,
 The ready tears apace began to flow,
 And as they fell, she wip'd from either eye
 The drops, (for women, when they list, can cry.) 785

The knight was touch'd, and in his looks appear'd
 Signs of remorse, while thus his spouse he cheer'd.
 Madam, 'tis past, and my short anger o'er;
 Come down, and vex your tender heart no more:

Excuse me, dear, if aught amiss was said, 790
For, on my soul, amends shall soon be made:

Let my repentance your forgiveness draw,
By heav'n, I swore but what I *thought* I saw.

Ah my lov'd lord! 'twas much unkind (she cry'd)
On bare suspicion thus to treat your bride. 795

But till your sight's establish'd, for a while,
Imperfect objects may your sense beguile.

Thus when from sleep we first our eyes display,
The balls are wounded with the piercing ray,
And dusky vapours rise, and intercept the day. 800

So just recov'ring from the shades of night,
Your swimming eyes are drunk with sudden light,
Strange phantoms dance around, and skim before
your sight.

Then, Sir, be cautious, nor too rashly deem;
Heav'n knows how seldom things are what they seem! 805

Consult your reason, and you soon shall find
'Twas you were jealous, not your wife unkind:

Jove ne'er spoke oracle more true than this,
None judge so wrong as those who think amiss.

With that, she leap'd into her lord's embrace, 810
With well-dissembled virtue in her face.

He hug'd her close, and kiss'd her o'er and o'er,
Disturb'd with doubts and jealousies no more:

Both pleas'd and bless'd, renew'd their mutual vows,
A fruitful wife, and a believing spouse. 815

Thus ends our tale, whose moral next to make,
Let all wise husbands hence example take;

And pray, to crown the pleasure of their lives,
To be so well deluded by their wives.

T H E
W I F E of B A T H.

From CHAUCER.

BEHOLD the woes of matrimonial life,
And hear with rev'rence an experienc'd wife !
To dear-bought wisdom give the credit due,
And think, for once, a woman tells you true.
In all these trials I have born a part, 5
I was myself the scourge that caus'd the smart ;
For, since fifteen, in triumph have I led
Five captive husbands from the church to bed.

Christ saw a wedding once, the scripture says,
And saw but one, 'tis thought, in all his days ; 10
Whence some infer, whose conscience is too nice,
No pious christian ought to marry twice.

But let them read, and solve me, if they can,
The words address'd to the Samaritan :
Five times in lawful wedlock she was join'd ; 15
And sure the certain stint was ne'er defin'd.

Encrease and multiply was heav'n's command,
And that's a text I clearly understand.
This too, " Let men their fires and mothers leave,
" And to their dearer wives for ever cleave." 20
More wives than one by Solomon were try'd,
Or else the wisest of mankind's bely'd.
I've had myself full many a merry fit ;
And trust in heav'n I may have many yet.
For when my transitory spouse, unkind, 25
Shall die, and leave his woeful wife behind,
I'll take the next good christian I can find.

B b 2

Paul,

Paul, knowing one could never serve our turn,
 Declar'd 'twas better far to wed, than burn.
 There's danger in assembling fire and tow ; 30
 I grant 'em that, and what it means you know.
 The same apostle too has elsewhere own'd,
 No precept for virginity he found :
 'Tis but a counsel—and we women still
 Take which we like, the counsel, or our will. 35

I envy not their bliss, if he or she
 Think fit to live in perfect chastity ;
 Pure let them be, and free from taint of vice ;
 I, for a few slight spots, am not so nice.
 Heav'n calls us diff'rent ways, on these bestows 40
 One proper gift, another grants to those :
 Not ev'ry man's oblig'd to sell his store,
 And give up all his substance to the poor ;
 Such as are perfect, may, I can't deny ;
 But, by your leaves, divines, so am not I. 45

Full many a saint, since first the world began,
 Liv'd an unspotted maid, in spite of man :
 Let such (a God's name) with fine wheat be fed,
 And let us honest wives eat barley bread.
 For me, I'll keep the post assign'd by heav'n, 50
 And use the copious talent it has giv'n :
 Let my good spouse pay tribute, do me right,
 And keep an equal reck'ning ev'ry night :
 His proper body is not his, but mine ;
 For so said Paul, and Paul's a sound divine. 55

Know then, of those five husbands I have had,
 Three were just tolerable, two were bad.
 The three were old, but rich and fond beside,
 And toil'd most piteously to please their bride :
 But since their wealth (the best they had) was mine, 60
 The rest, without much loss, I could resign.
 Sure to be lov'd, I took no pains to please,
 Yet had more pleasure far than they had ease.

Presents flow'd in apace : with show'rs of gold,
 They made their court, like Jupiter of old. 65

If I but smil'd, a sudden youth they found,
And a new palsy seiz'd them when I frown'd.

Ye sov'reign wives! give ear, and understand;
Thus shall ye speak, and exercise command.

For never was it giv'n to mortal man, 70
To lie so boldly as we women can.

Forswear the fact, tho' seen with both his eyes,
And call your maids to witness how he lies.

Hark, old Sir Paul! ('twas thus I us'd to say)
Whence is our neighbour's wife so rich and gay? 75

Treated, caress'd, where'er she's pleas'd to roam—
I sit in tatters, and immur'd at home.

Why to her house dost thou so oft' repair?
Art thou so am'rous? and is she so fair?

If I but see a cousin, or a friend, 80
Lord! how you swell, and rage like any fiend!

But you reel home, a drunken beastly bear,
Then preach till midnight in your easy chair.

Cry, wives are false, and ev'ry woman evil,
And give up all that's female to the devil. 85

If poor (you say) she drains her husband's purse;
If rich, she keeps her priest, or something worse;

If highly born, intolerably vain,
Vapours and pride by turns possess her brain,

Now gayly mad, now sourly splenetic, 90
Freakish when well, and fretful when she's sick.

If fair, then chaste she cannot long abide,
By pressing youth attack'd on ev'ry side.

If foul, her wealth the lusty lover lures,
Or else her wit some fool-gallant procures, 95

Or else she dances with becoming grace,
Or shape excuses the defects of face.

There swims no goose so grey, but, soon or late,
She finds some honest gander for her mate.

Horses (thou say'st) and asses, men may try, 100
And ring suspected vessels e'er they buy:

But wives, a random choice, untry'd they take,
They dream in courtship, but in wedlock wake:

Then,

Then, nor till then, the veil's remov'd away,
And all the woman glares in open day. 135

You tell me, to preserve your wife's good grace,
Your eyes must always languish on my face,
Your tongue with constant flatt'ries feed my ear,
And tag each sentence with, my life ! my dear !
If, by strange chance, a modest blush be rais'd, 110
Be sure my fine complexion must be prais'd.
My garments always must be new and gay,
And feasts still kept upon my wedding-day.
Then must my nurse be pleas'd, and fav'rite maid ;
And endless treats, and endless visits paid, 115
To a long train of kindred, friends, allies ;
All this thou say'st, and all thou say'st are lies.

On Jenkin too you cast a squinting eye :
What ? can your 'prentice raise your jealousy ?
Fresh are his ruddy cheeks, his forehead fair, 120
And like the burnish'd gold his curling hair.
But clear thy wrinkled brow, and quit thy sorrow,
I'd scorn your 'prentice, should you die to-morrow.

Why are thy chests all lock'd ? on what design ?
Are not thy worldly goods and treasure mine ? 125
Sir, I'm no fool : nor shall you, by St. John,
Have goods and body to yourself alone.
One you shall quit, in spite of both your eyes—
I heed not I, the bolts, the locks, the spies.
If you had wit, you'd say, " Go where you will, 130
" Dear spouse, I credit not the tales they tell :
" Take all the freedoms of a married life ;
" I know thee for a virtuous, faithful wife."

Lord ! when you have enough, what need you care
How merrily soever others fare ? 135
Tho' all the day I give and take delight,
Doubt not, sufficient will be left at night,
'Tis but a just and rational desire,
To light a taper at a neighbour's fire.

There's danger too, you think, in rich array, 140
And none can long be modest that are gay :

The cat, if you but finge her tabby skin,
 The chimney keeps, and sits content within;
 But once grown sleek, will from her corner run,
 Sport with her tail, and wanton in the sun; 145
 She licks her fair round face, and frisks abroad,
 To show her furr, and to be catterwaw'd.

Lo thus, my friends, I wrought to my desires
 These three right ancient venerable fires.
 I told 'em, thus you say, and thus you do— 150
 And told 'em false, but Jenkin swore 'twas true.
 I, like a dog, could bite as well as whine,
 And first complain'd, whene'er the guilt was mine.
 I tax'd them oft' with wenching and amours,
 When their weak legs scarce dragg'd 'em out of doors; 155
 And swore the rambles that I took by night,
 Were all to spy what damsels they bedight.
 That colour brought me many hours of mirth;
 For all this wit is giv'n us from our birth.
 Heav'n gave to woman the peculiar grace 160
 To spin, to weep, and cully human race.
 By this nice conduct, and this prudent course,
 By murm'ring, wheedling, stratagem, and force,
 I still prevail'd, and would be in the right,
 Or curtain-lectures made a restless night. 165
 If once my husband's arm was o'er my side,
 What! so familiar with your spouse? I cry'd:
 I levied first a tax upon his need;
 Then let him—'twas a nicety indeed!
 Let all mankind this certain maxim hold, 170
 Marry who will, our sex is to be fold.
 With empty hands no tassels you can lure,
 But fulsome love for gain we can endure;
 For gold we love the impotent and old,
 And heave, and pant, and kiss, and cling, for gold. 175
 Yet with embraces, curses oft' I mixt,
 Then kiss'd again, and chid and rail'd betwixt.
 Well, I may make my will in peace, and die,
 For not one word in man's arrears am I.

To

To drop a dear dispute I was unable, 180
 Ev'n tho' the pope himself had set at table.
 But when my point was gain'd, then thus I spoke,
 " Billy, my dear, how sheepishly you look ?
 " Approach, my spouse, and let me kiss thy cheek ;
 " Thou should'st be always thus, resign'd and meek ! 185
 " Of Job's great patience since so oft' you preach,
 " Well should you practise, who so well can teach.
 " 'Tis difficult to do, I must allow,
 " But I, my dearest, will instruct you how.
 " Great is the blessing of a prudent wife, 190
 " Who puts a period to domestic strife.
 " One of us two must rule, and one obey ;
 " And since in man right reason bears the sway, }
 " Let that frail thing, weak woman, have her way. }
 " The wives of all my family have rul'd 195
 " Their tender husbands, and their passions cool'd.
 " Fye, 'tis unmanly thus to sigh and groan ;
 " What ! would you have me to yourself alone ?
 " Why take me, love ! take all and ev'ry part !
 " Here's your revenge ! you love it at your heart. 200
 " Would I vouchsafe to sell what nature gave,
 " You little think what custom I could have ?
 " But see ! I'm all your own—nay hold—for shame !
 " What means my dear—indeed—you are to blame."
 Thus with my first three lords I pass my life ; 205
 A very woman, and a very wife.
 What sums from these old spouses I could raise,
 Procur'd young husbands in my riper days.
 Tho' past my bloom, not yet decay'd was I,
 Wanton and wild, and chatter'd like a pye. 210
 In country dances still I bore the bell,
 And sung as sweet as evening Philomel.
 To clear my quail-pipe, and refresh my soul,
 Full oft' I drain'd the spicy nut-brown bowl ;
 Rich luscious wines, that youthful blood improve, 215
 And warm the swelling veins to seats of love :
 For 'tis as sure, as cold ingenders hail,
 A liqu'rish mouth must have a lech'rous tail ;

Wine lets no lover unrewarded go,
As all true gamesters by experience know. 220

But oh good gods ! whene'er a thought I cast
On all the joys of youth and beauty past,
To find in pleasures I have had my part,
Still warms me to the bottom of my heart.
This wicked world was once my dear delight; 225
Now all my conquests, all my charms, good night !
The flour consum'd, the best that now I can,
Is e'en to make my market of the bran.

My fourth dear spouse was not exceeding true ;
He kept, 'twas thought, a private miss or two : 230
But all that score I paid—as how ? you'll say,
Not with my body, in a filthy way :
But I so dress'd, and danc'd, and drank, and din'd ;
And view'd a friend, with eyes so very kind,
As stung his heart, and made his marrow fry 235
With burning rage, and frantic jealousy.

His soul, I hope, enjoys eternal glory,
For here on earth I was his purgatory.
Oft', when his shoe the most severely wrung,
He put on careless airs, and sat and sung. 240
How sore I gall'd him, only heav'n could know,
And he that felt, and I that caus'd the woe.
He dy'd, when last from pilgrimage I came,
With other gossips, from Jerusalem ;
And now lies buried underneath a rood, 245
Fair to be seen, and rear'd of honest wood.

A tomb, indeed; with fewer sculptures grac'd,
Than that Mausolus' pious widow plac'd,
Or where inshrin'd the great Darius lay ;
But cost on graves is merely thrown away,
The pit fill'd up, with turf we cover'd o'er ;
So bless the good man's soul, I say no more.

Now for my fifth lov'd lord, the last and best ;
(Kind heav'n afford him everlasting rest)
Full hearty was his love, and I can shew 255
The tokens on my ribs, in black and blue ;

Yet, with a knock, my heart he could have won,
 While yet the smart was shooting in the bone.
 How quaint an appetite in women reigns !
 Free gifts we scorn, and love what costs us pains : 260
 Let men avoid us, and on them we leap ;
 A glutted market makes provision cheap.

In pure good will I took this jovial spark,
 Of Oxford he, a most egregious clerk.
 He boarded with a widow in the town, 265
 A trusty gossip, one dame Alifon.
 Full well the secrets of my soul she knew,
 Better than e'er our parish priest could do.
 To her I told whatever could befall ;
 Had but my husband pifs'd against a wall, 270
 Or done a thing that might have cost his life,
 She—and my niece—and one more worthy wife,
 Had known it all : what most he would conceal,
 To these I made no scruple to reveal.
 Oft' has he blush'd from ear to ear for shame, 275
 That e'er he told a secret to his dame.

It so befel, in holy time of Lent,
 That oft' a day I to this gossip went ;
 (My husband, thank my stars, was out of town)
 From house to house we rambled up and down, 280
 This clerk, myself, and my good neighbour Alse,
 To see, be seen, to tell, and gather tales.
 Visits to ev'ry church we daily paid,
 And march'd in ev'ry holy masquerade,
 The Stations duly, and the Vigils kept ; 285
 Not much we fasted, but scarce ever slept.
 At sermons too I shone in scarlet gay ;
 The wasting moth ne'er spoil'd my best array,
 The cause was this, I wore it ev'ry day. }

'Twas when fresh May her early blossoms yields, 290
 This clerk and I were walking in the fields.
 We grew so intimate, I can't tell how,
 I pawn'd my honour, and engag'd my vow,
 If e'er I laid my husband in his urn,
 That he, and only he, should serve my turn. 295
 We

We strait struck hands, the bargain was agreed;
 I still have shifts against a time of need:
 The mouse that always trusts to one poor hole,
 Can never be a mouse of any soul.

I vow'd I scarce could sleep since first I knew him, 300
 And durst be sworn he had bewitch'd me to him;
 If e'er I slept, I dream'd of him alone,
 And dreams foretel, as learned men have shown;
 All this I said; but dream, firs, I had none:
 I follow'd but my crafty croney's lore, 305
 Who bid me tell this lye—and twenty more.

Thus day by day, and month by month we past;
 It pleas'd the lord to take my spouse at last.
 I tore my gown, I foil'd my locks with dust,
 And beat my breasts, as wretched widows—must. 310
 Before my face my handkerchief I spread,
 To hide the flood of tears I did—not shed.
 The good man's coffin to the church was born;
 Around, the neighbours, and my clerk too, mourn.
 But as he march'd, good gods! he show'd a pair 315
 Of legs and feet, so clean, so strong, so fair?
 Of twenty winters age he seem'd to be;
 I (to say truth) was twenty more than he;
 But vig'rous still, a lively buxom dame;
 And had a wond'rous gift to quench a flame. 320
 A conj'rer once, that deeply could divine,
 Assur'd me, Mars in Taurus was my sign.
 As the stars order'd, such my life has been:
 Alas, alas, that ever love was sin!
 Fair Venus gave me fire, and sprightly grace, 325
 And Mars assurance, and a dauntless face.
 By virtue of this pow'rful constellation,
 I follow'd always my own inclination.

But to my tale: A month scarce pass'd away,
 With dance and song we kept the nuptial day, 330
 All I possess'd I gave to his command,
 My goods and chattels, money, house, and land:
 But oft' repented, and repent it still;
 He prov'd a rebel to my sov'reign will:

Nay once by heav'n he struck me on the face ; 335
Hear but the fact, and judge yourselves the case.

Stubborn as any lions was I ;
And knew full well to raise my voice on high ;
As true a rambler as I was before,
And would be so, in spite of all he swore. 340

He, against this right sagely would advise,
And old examples set before my eyes ;
Tell how the Roman matrons led their life,
Of Gracchus' mother, and Duilius' wife ;
And close the sermon, as becom'd his wit, 345
With some grave sentence out of holy writ.

Oft' would he say, Who builds his house on sands,
Pricks his blind horse across the fallow lands,
Or lets his wife abroad with pilgrims roam,
Deserves a fool's-cap and long ears at home. 350

All this avail'd not ; for whoe'er he be
That tells my faults, I hate him mortally :
And so do numbers more, I'll boldly say,
Men, women, clergy, regular, and lay.

My spouse (who was, you know, to learning bred) 355
A certain treatise oft' at evening read,

Where divers authors (whom the devil confound
For all their lies) were in one volume bound.

Valerius, whole ; and of St. Jerome, part ;
Crysippus and Tertullian, Ovid's art, 360
Solomon's proverbs, Eloisa's loves ;

And many more than sure the church approves.
More legends were there here, of wicked wives,
Than good, in all the bible and saints-lives.

Who drew the lion vanquish'd ? 'Twas a man. 365

But cou'd we women write as scholars can,
Men should stand mark'd with far more wickedness,
Than all the sons of Adam could redress.

Love seldom haunts the breast where learning lies,
And Venus sets e'er Mercury can rise. 370

Those play the scholars who can't play the men,
And use that weapon which they have, their pen ;

When

When old, and past the relish of delight,
 Then down they sit, and in their dotage write,
 That not one woman keeps her marriage-vow. 375
 (This by the way, but to my purpose now.)

It chanc'd my husband, on a winter's night,
 Read in this book, aloud, with strange delight,
 How the first female (as the scriptures show)
 Brought her own spouse and all his race to woe. 380
 How Sampson fell; and he whom Dejanire
 Wrap'd in th' envenom'd shirt, and set on fire.
 How curs'd Eryphile her lord betray'd,
 And the dire ambush Clytemnestra laid.
 But what most pleas'd him was the Cretan dame, 385
 And husband-bull—oh monstrous! fie for shame!

He had by heart, the whole detail of woe
 Xantippe made her good man undergo;
 How oft' she scolded in a day, he knew,
 How many piss-pots on the sage she threw; 390
 Who took it patiently, and wip'd his head;
 Rain follows thunder, that was all he said.

He read, how Arius to his friend complain'd,
 A fatal tree was growing in his land,
 On which three wives successively had twin'd 395
 A sliding noose, and waver'd in the wind.
 Where grows this plant (reply'd the friend) oh where?
 For better fruit did never orchard bear.
 Give me some slip of this most blissful tree,
 And in my garden planted shall it be. 400

Then how two wives their lord's destruction prove,
 Thro' hatred one, and one thro' too much love;
 That for her husband mix'd a pois'nous draught,
 And this for lust an am'rous philtre bought,
 The nimble juice soon seiz'd his giddy head, 405
 Frantic at night, and in the morning dead.

How some with swords their sleeping lords have slain,
 And some have hammer'd nails into their brain,
 And some have drench'd them with a deadly potion;
 All this he read, and read with great devotion. 410

Long time I heard, and swell'd, and blush'd, and frown'd;
 But when no end of these vile tales I found,
 When still he read, and laugh'd, and read again,
 And half the night was thus consum'd in vain :
 Provok'd to vengeance, three large leaves I tore, 415
 And with one buffet fell'd him on the floor.
 With that, my husband in a fury rose,
 And down he settled me with hearty blows.
 I groan'd, and lay extended on my side ;
 Oh ! thou hast slain me for my wealth (I cry'd) 420
 Yet I forgive thee—take my last embrace—
 He wept, kind soul ! and stoop'd to kiss my face ;
 I took him such a box as turn'd him blue,
 Then sigh'd and cry'd, adieu, my dear adieu !
 But after many a hearty struggle past, 425
 I condescended to be pleas'd at last.
 Soon as he said, My mistress and my wife,
 Do what you list, the term of all your life :
 I took to heart the merits of the cause,
 And stood content to rule by wholesome laws ; 430
 Receiv'd the reins of absolute command,
 With all the government of house and land,
 And empire o'er his tongue, and o'er his hand. }
 As for the volume that revil'd the dames,
 'Twas torn to fragments, and condemn'd to flames. 435
 Now heav'n on all my husbands gone, bestow
 Pleasures above, for tortures felt below :
 That rest they wish'd for, grant them in the grave,
 And bless those souls my conduct help'd to save.

THE
FIRST BOOK
OF
STATIUS
HIS
THEBAIS.

Translated in the Year 1703.

A R G U M E N T.

OEDIPUS king of Thebes having by mistake slain his father Laius, and married his mother Jocasta, put out his own eyes, and resigned the realm to his sons, Eteocles and Polynices. Being neglected by them, he makes his prayer to the fury Tisiphone, to sow debate betwixt the brothers. They agree at last to reign singly, each a year by turns, and the first lot is obtained by Eteocles. Jupiter, in a council of the gods, declares his resolution of punishing the Thebans, and Argives also, by means of a marriage betwixt Polynices and one of the daughters of Adrastus, king of Argos. Juno opposes, but to no effect; and Mercury is sent on a message to the shades, to the ghost of Laius, who is to appear to Eteocles, and provoke him to break the agreement. Polynices, in the mean time, departs from Thebes by night, is overtaken by a storm, and arrives at Argos; where he meets with Tydeus, who had fled from Calydon, having killed his brother. Adrastus entertains them, having received an oracle from Apollo that his daughters should be married to a boar and a lion, which he understands to be meant of these strangers by whom the hides of those beasts were worn, and who arrived at the time when he kept an annual feast in honour of that god. The rise of this solemnity he relates to his guests, the loves of Phœbus and Psamathe, and the story of Chorcæbus. He enquires, and is made acquainted with their descent and quality: the sacrifice is renewed, and the book concludes with a hymn to Apollo.

THE

THE
FIRST BOOK
OF
STATIUS his THEBAIS.

FRATERNAL rage, the guilty Thebes alarms,
Th' alternate reign destroy'd by impious arms
Demand our song; a sacred fury fires
My ravish'd breast, and all the muse inspires.
O Goddess, say, shall I deduce my rhimes 5
From the dire nation in its early times,
Europa's rape, Agenor's stern decree,
And Cadmus searching round the spacious sea?
How with the serpent's teeth he sow'd the soil,
And reap'd an iron harvest of his toil? 10
Or how from joining stones the city sprung,
While to his harp divine Amphion sung?
Or shall I Juno's hate to Thebes resound,
Whose fatal rage th' unhappy monarch found
The fire against the son his arrow drew, 15
O'er the wide fields the furious mother flew,
And while her arms her second hope contain,
Sprung from the rocks and plung'd into the main.
But wave whate'er to Cadmus may belong,
And fix, O muse! the barrier of thy song 20
At Oedipus—From his disasters trace
The long confusions of his guilty race:
Nor yet attempt to stretch thy bolder wing,
And mighty Cæsar's conqu'ring eagles sing;

How twice he tam'd proud Ister's rapid flood, 25
 While Dacian mountains stream'd with barb'rous blood,
 Twice taught the Rhine beneath his laws to roll,
 And stretch'd his empire to the frozen pole,
 Or long before, with early valour strove
 In youthful arms t'assert the cause of Jove. 30
 And Thou, great heir of all thy father's fame,
 Encrease of glory to the Latian name !
 Oh bless thy Rome with an eternal reign,
 Nor let desiring worlds intreat in vain.
 What tho' the stars contract their heav'nly space, 35
 And croud their shining ranks to yield thee place ;
 Tho' all the skies, ambitious of thy sway,
 Conspire to court thee from our world away ;
 Tho' Phœbus longs to mix his rays with thine,
 And in thy glories more serenely shine ; 40
 Tho' Jove himself no less content would be,
 To part his throne and share his heav'n with thee ;
 Yet stay, great Cæsar ! and vouchsafe to reign
 O'er the wide earth, and o'er the watry main ;
 Resign to Jove his empire of the skies, 45
 And people heav'n with Roman deities.
 The time will come, when a diviner flame
 Shall warm my breast to sing of Cæsar's fame :
 Meanwhile permit, that my preluding muse
 In Theban wars an humbler theme may chuse : 50
 Of furious hate, surviving death, she sings,
 A fatal throne to two contending kings,
 And fun'ral flames, that parting wide in air
 Express the discord of the souls they bear :
 Of towns dispeopled, and the wand'ring ghosts 55
 Of kings unbury'd on the wasted coasts ;
 When Dirce's fountain blush'd with Grecian blood,
 And Thetis, near Ismenos' swelling flood,
 With dread beheld the rolling surges sweep
 In heaps, his slaughter'd sons into the deep. 60
 What hero, Clio ! wilt thou first relate ?
 The rage of Tydeus, or the prophet's fate ?

Or

Or how with hills of slain on ev'ry side,
Hippomedon repell'd the hostile tide?
Or how the youth with ev'ry grace adorn'd, 65
Untimely fell, to be for ever mourn'd?

Then to fierce Capaneus thy verse extend,
And sing, with horror, his prodigious end.

Now wretched Oedipus, depriv'd of sight,
Led a long death in everlasting night; 70

But while he dwells where not a chearful ray
Can pierce the darkness, and abhors the day;
The clear, reflecting mind, presents his sin
In frightful views, and makes it day within;
Returning thoughts in endless circles roll, 75

And thousand furies haunt his guilty soul,
The wretch then lifted to th' unpitying skies
Those empty orbs from whence he tore his eyes,
Whose wounds yet fresh, with bloody hands he strook,
While from his breast these dreadful accents broke. 80

Ye gods that o'er the gloomy regions reign,
Where guilty spirits feel eternal pain;
Thou, sable Styx! whose livid streams are roll'd
Thro' dreary coasts, which I tho' blind behold:
Tisiphone, that oft' hast heard my pray'r, 85
Assist, if Oedipus deserve thy care!

If you receiv'd me from Jocasta's womb,
And nurs'd the hope of mischiefs yet to come;
If leaving Polybus, I took my way
To Cyrrha's temple, on that fatal day, 90

When by the son the trembling father dy'd,
Where the three roads the Phocian fields divide:
If I the Sphynx's riddles durst explain,
Taught by thyself to win the promis'd reign:
If wretched I, by baleful furies led, 95

With monstrous mixture stain'd my mother's bed,
For hell and thee begot an impious brood,
And with full lust those horrid joys renew'd;
Then self-condemn'd to shades of endless night,
Forc'd from these orbs the bleeding balls of sight. 100

Oh hear, and aid the vengeance I require,
 If worthy thee, and what thou might'st inspire !
 My sons their old, unhappy fire despise,
 Spoil'd of his kingdom, and depriv'd of eyes ;
 Guideless I wander, unregarded mourn, 105
 While these exalt their sceptres o'er my urn ;
 These sons, ye gods ! who with flagitious pride,
 Insult my darkness, and my groans deride.
 Art thou a father, unregarding Jove !
 And sleeps thy thunder in the realms above ? 110
 Thou fury, then, some lasting curse entail,
 Which o'er their children's children shall prevail :
 Place on their heads that crown distain'd with gore,
 Which these dire hands from my slain father tore ;
 Go, and a parent's heavy curses bear ; 115
 Break all the bonds of nature, and prepare
 Their kindred souls to mutual hate and war.
 Give them to dare, what I might wish to see
 Blind as I am, some glorious villany !
 Soon shalt thou find, if thou but arm their hands, 120
 Their ready guilt preventing thy commands :
 Could'st thou some great, proportion'd mischief frame,
 They'd prove the father from whose loins they came.
 The fury heard, while on Cocytus' brink
 Her snakes unty'd, sulphureous waters drink ; 125
 But at the summons, roll'd her eyes around,
 And snatch'd the starting serpents from the ground,
 Not half so swiftly shoots along in air,
 The gliding light'ning, or descending star.
 Thro' crouds of airy shades she wing'd her flight, 130
 And dark dominions of the silent night ;
 Swift as she pass'd, the flitting ghosts withdrew,
 And the pale spectres trembled at her view :
 To th' iron gates of Tenebris she flies,
 There spreads her dusky pinions to the skies. 135
 The day beheld, and sickning at the sight,
 Veil'd her fair glories in the shades of night.
 Affrighted Atlas, on the distant shore,
 Trembled, and shook the heav'ns and gods he bore.

Now

Now from beneath Malea's airy height 140
 Aloft she sprung, and steer'd to Thebes her flight;
 With eager speed the well-known journey took,
 Nor here regrets the hell she late forsook.
 A hundred snakes her gloomy visage shade,
 A hundred serpents guard her horrid head, 145
 In her sunk eye-balls dreadful meteors glow,
 Such rays from Phoebe's bloody circles flow,
 When lab'ring with strong charms, she shoots from high
 A fiery gleam, and reddens all the sky. 149
 Blood stain'd her cheeks, and from her mouth there came
 Blue steaming poisons, and a length of flame;
 From ev'ry blast of her contagious breath,
 Famine and drought proceed, and plagues and death:
 A robe obscene was o'er her shoulders thrown,
 A dress by fates and furies worn alone: 155
 She toss'd her meagre arms; her better hand
 In waving circles whirl'd a fun'ral brand;
 A serpent from her left was seen to rear
 His flaming crest, and lash the yielding air.
 But when the fury took her stand on high, 160
 Where vast Cythæron's top salutes the sky,
 A hiss from all the snaky tire went round:
 The dreadful signal all the rocks rebound,
 And thro' th' Achaian cities send the sound. }
 Oete, with high Parnassus, heard the voice; 165
 Eurota's banks remurmur'd to the noise;
 Again Leucothoe shook at these alarms,
 And press'd Palæmon closer in her arms.
 Headlong from thence the glowing fury springs,
 And o'er the Theban palace spreads her wings, 170
 Once more invades the guilty dome, and shrouds
 Its bright pavillions in a veil of clouds.
 Strait with the rage of all their race possess'd,
 Stung to the soul, the brothers start from rest,
 And all the furies wake within their breast. 175
 Their tortur'd minds repining envy tears,
 And hate, engender'd by suspicious fears;

And

And sacred thirst of sway ; and all the ties
Of nature broke ; and royal perjuries ;
And impotent desire to reign alone,
That scorns the dull reversion of a throne ;
Each would the sweets of sov'reign rule devour,
While discord waits upon divided pow'r.

189

As stubborn steers by brawny plowmen broke,
And join'd reluctant to the galling yoke,
Alike disdain with servile necks to bear
Th' unwonted weight, or drag the crooked share,
But rend the reins, and bound a diff'rent way,
And all the furrows in confusion lay :
Such was the discord of the royal pair,

199

Whom fury drove precipitate to war.
In vain the chiefs contriv'd a specious way,
To govern Thebes by their alternate sway ;
Unjust decree ! while this enjoys the state,
That mourns in exile his unequal fate,
And the short monarch of a hasty year
Foresees with anguish his returning heir.
Thus did the league their impious arms restrain,
But scarce subsisted to the second reign.

195

Yet then, no proud aspiring piles were rais'd,
No fretted roof with polish'd metals blaz'd,
No labour'd columns in long order plac'd,
No Grecian stone the pompous arches grac'd ;
No nightly bands in glitt'ring armour wait
Before the sleepless tyrant's guarded gate :
No chargers then were wrought in burnish'd gold,
Nor silver vases took the forming mould,
Nor gems on bowls emboss'd were seen to shine,
Blaze on the brims, and sparkle in the wine—
Say, wretched rivals ! what provokes your rage ?
Say to what end your impious arms engage ?
Not all bright Phœbus views in early morn,
Or when his evening beams the west adorn,
When the south glows with his meridian ray,
And the cold north receives a fainter day ;

200

205

210

215

For

For crimes like these, not all those realms suffice,
Were all those realms the guilty victor's prize!

But fortune now (the lots of empire thrown)
Decrees to proud Eteocles the crown:
What joys, oh tyrant! swell'd thy soul that day, 220
When all were slaves thou could'st around survey,
Pleas'd to behold unbounded pow'r thy own,
And singly fill a fear'd and envy'd throne!

But the vile vulgar, ever discontent,
Their growing fears in secret murmurs vent; 225
Still prone to change, tho' still the slaves of state,
And sure the monarch whom they have, to hate;
New lords they madly make, then tamely bear,
And softly curse the tyrants whom they fear.
And one of those who groan beneath the sway 230
Of kings impos'd, and grudgingly obey,
(Whom envy to the great, and vulgar spight
With scandal arm'd, th' ignoble mind's delight,)
Exclaim'd—O Thebes! for thee what fates remain,

What woes attend this inauspicious reign? 235
Must we, alas! our doubtful necks prepare,
Each haughty master's yoke by turns to bear,
And still to change whom chang'd we still must fear?

These now controul a wretched people's fate,
These can divide, and these reverse the state: 240
Ev'n fortune rules no more:—O servile land,
Where exil'd tyrants still by turns command!

Thou fire of gods and men, imperial Jove!
Is this th' eternal doom decreed above?
On thy own offspring hast thou fix'd this fate, 245
From the first birth of our unhappy state;
When banish'd Cadmus wand'ring o'er the main,
For lost Europa search'd the world in vain,
And fated in Bæotian fields to found

A rising empire on a foreign ground, 250
First rais'd our walls on that ill-omen'd plain,
Where earth-born brothers were by brothers slain?
What lofty looks th' unrival'd monarch bears!
How all the tyrant in his face appears!

What

What sullen fury clouds his scornful brow ? 253
 Gods ! how his eyes with threatning ardour glow !
 Can this imperious lord forget to reign,
 Quit all his state, descend and serve again ?
 Yet, who, before, more popularly bow'd,
 Who more propitious to the suppliant croud, 260
 Patient of right, familiar in the throne ?
 What wonder then ? he was not then alone.
 Oh wretched we, a vile, submissive train,
 Fortune's tame fools, and slaves in ev'ry reign !
 As when two winds with rival force contend, 265
 This way and that, the wav'ring sails they bend,
 While freezing Boreas and black Eurus blow,
 Now here, now there, the reeling vessel throw :
 Thus on each side, alas ! our tott'ring state
 Feels all the fury of resistless fate, 270
 And doubtful still, and still distracted stands,
 While that prince threatens, and while this commands.
 And now th' almighty father of the gods
 Convenes a council in the blest abodes :
 Far in the bright recesses of the skies, 275
 High o'er the rolling heav'ns, a mansion lies,
 Whence, far below, the gods at once survey
 The realms of rising and declining day, }
 And all th' extended space of earth, and air, and sea. }
 Full in the midst, and on a starry throne, 280
 The majesty of heav'n superior shone ;
 Serene he look'd, and gave an awful nod,
 And all the trembling spheres confess'd the god.
 At Jove's assent, the deities around
 In solemn state the consistory crown'd : 285
 Next a long order of inferior pow'rs
 Ascend from hills, and plains, and shady bow'rs ;
 Those from whose urns the rolling rivers flow ;
 And those that give the wand'ring winds to blow ;
 Here all their rage, and ev'n their murmurs cease, 290
 And sacred silence reigns, and universal peace.
 A shining synod of majestic gods
 Gilds with new lustre the divine abodes,

Heav'n seems improv'd with a superior ray,
 And the bright arch reflects a double day. 295
 The monarch then his solemn silence broke,
 The still creation listen'd while he spoke,
 Each sacred accent bears eternal weight,
 And each irrevocable word is fate.

How long shall man the wrath of heav'n defy, 300
 And force unwilling vengeance from the sky !
 Oh race confed'rate into crimes, that prove
 Triumphant o'er th' eluded rage of Jove !

This weary'd arm can scarce the bolt sustain,
 And unregarded thunder rolls in vain : 305
 Th' o'erlabour'd Cyclops from his task retires ;
 Th' Æolian forge exhausted of its fires.

For this, I suffer'd Phœbus' steeds to stray,
 And the mad ruler to misguide the day,
 When the wide earth to heaps of ashes turn'd, 310
 And heav'n itself the wand'ring chariot burn'd.

For this, my brother of the wat'ry reign
 Releas'd th' impetuous sluices of the main :
 But flames consum'd, and billows rag'd in vain. }
 Two races now, ally'd to Jove, offend ; 315

To punish these, see Jove himself descend !
 The Theban kings their line from Cadmus trace,
 From godlike Perseus those of Argive race.
 Unhappy Cadmus' fate who does not know ?

And the long series of succeeding woe ; 320
 How oft' the Furies, from the deeps of night,
 Arose, and mix'd with men in mortal fight :

Th' exulting mother, stain'd with filial blood ;
 The savage hunter, and the haunted wood ;
 The direful banquet why should I proclaim, 325
 And crimes that grieve the trembling gods to name ?

E'er I recount the sins of these profane, }
 The sun would sink into the western main,
 And rising gild the radiant east again.
 Have we not seen (the blood of Laius shed) 330
 The murd'ring son ascend his parent's bed,

Thro' violated nature force his way,
 And stain the sacred womb where once he lay?
 Yet now in darkness and despair he groans,
 And for the crimes of guilty fate atones; 335
 His sons with scorn their eyeless father view,
 Insult his wounds, and make them bleed anew.
 Thy curse, Oh Oedipus, just heav'n alarms,
 And sets th' avenging thunderer in arms.
 I from the root thy guilty race will tear, 340
 And give the nations to the waste of war.
 Adrastus soon, with gods averse, shall join,
 In dire alliance with the Theban line;
 Hence strife shall rise, and mortal war succeed;
 The guilty realms of Tantalus shall bleed; 345
 Fix'd is their doom; this all-remembering breast
 Yet harbours vengeance for the tyrant's feast.
 He said; and thus the queen of heav'n return'd;
 (With sudden grief her lab'ring bosom burn'd)
 Must I whose cares Phoroneus' tow'rs defend, 350
 Must I, Oh Jove, in bloody wars contend?
 Thou know'st those regions my protection claim,
 Glorious in arms, in riches, and in fame:
 Tho' there the fair Ægyptian heifer fed,
 And there deluded Argus slept, and bled; 355
 Tho' there the braz'n tow'r was form'd of old,
 When Jove descended in almighty gold.
 Yet I can pardon those obscurer rapes,
 Those bashful crimes disguis'd in borrow'd shapes;
 But Thebes, where shining in celestial charms, 360
 Thou cam'st triumphant to a mortal's arms,
 When all my glories o'er her limbs were spread,
 And blazing light'nings danc'd around her bed;
 Curs'd Thebes the vengeance it deserves, may prove—
 Ah why should Argos feel the rage of Jove? 365
 Yet since thou wilt thy sister-queen controul,
 Since still the lust of discord fires thy soul,
 Go, raise my Samos, let Mycene fall,
 And level with the dust the Spartan wall;

No more let mortals Juno's pow'r invoke, 370 }
 Her fanes no more with eastern incense smoke,
 Nor victims sink beneath the sacred stroke;
 But to your Isis all my rights transfer,
 Let altars blaze and temples smoke for her;
 For her, thro' Ægypt's fruitful clime renown'd, 375
 Let weeping Nilus hear the timbrel sound.
 But if thou must reform the stubborn times,
 Avenging on the sons the father's crimes,
 And from the long records of distant age
 Derive incitements to renew thy rage; 380
 Say, from what period then has Jove design'd
 To date his vengeance; to what bounds confin'd?
 Begin from thence, where first Alpheus hides
 His wandring stream, and thro' the briny tides }
 Unmix'd, to his Sicilian river glides. 385
 Thy own Arcadians there the thunder claim,
 Whose impious rites disgrace thy mighty name;
 Who raise thy temples where the chariot stood
 Of fierce Oenomaus, defil'd with blood;
 Where once his steeds their savage banquet found, 390
 And human bones yet whiten all the ground.
 Say, can those honours please? and canst thou love
 Presumptuous Crete, that boasts the tomb of Jove?
 And shall not Tantalus his kingdoms share
 Thy wife and sister's tutelary care? 395
 Reverse, O Jove, thy too severe decree,
 Nor doom to war a race deriv'd from thee;
 On impious realms, and barb'rous kings, impose
 Thy plagues, and curse 'em with such sons as those.
 Thus, in reproach and pray'r, the queen express'd 400
 The rage and grief contending in her breast;
 Unmov'd remain'd the ruler of the sky,
 And from his throne return'd this stern reply.
 'Twas thus I deem'd thy haughty soul would bear
 The dire, tho' just, revenge which I prepare 405 }
 Against a nation thy peculiar care:
 No less Dione might for Thebes contend,
 Nor Bacchus less his native town defend,

Yet these in silence see the Fates fulfil
 Their work, and reverence our superior will. 410
 For by the black infernal Styx I swear,
 (That dreadful oath which binds the Thunderer)
 'Tis fix'd; th' irrevocable doom of Jove;
 No force can bend me, no persuasion move.
 Haste then, Cyllenius, thro' the liquid air; 415
 Go mount the winds, and to the shades repair;
 Bid hell's black monarch my commands obey,
 And give up Laius to the realms of day,
 Whose ghost yet shiv'ring on Cocytus' sand,
 Expects its passage to the farther strand: 420
 Let the pale fire revisit Thebes, and bear
 These pleasing orders to the tyrant's ear;
 That, from his exil'd brother, swell'd with pride
 Of foreign forces, and his Argive bride,
 Almighty Jove commands him to detain 425
 The promis'd empire, and alternate reign:
 Be this the cause of more than mortal hate;
 The rest, succeeding times shall ripen into fate.

The god obeys, and to his feet applies
 Those golden wings that cut the yielding skies; 430
 His ample hat his beamy locks o'erspread,
 And veil'd the starry glories of his head!
 He seiz'd the wand that causes sleep to fly,
 Or in soft slumbers seals the wakeful eye;
 That drives the dead to dark Tartarean coasts, 435
 Or back to life compels the wand'ring ghosts.
 Thus, thro' the parting clouds, the son of May
 Wings on the whistling winds his rapid way,
 Now smoothly steers thro' air his equal flight,
 Now springs aloft, and tow'rs th' ethereal height: 440
 Then wheeling down the steep of heav'n he flies,
 And draws a radiant circle o'er the skies.

Meantime the banish'd Polynices roves
 (His Thebes abandon'd) thro' th' Aonian groves,
 While future realms his wand'ring thoughts delight, 445
 His daily vision and his dream by night;

Forbidden Thebes appears before his eye,
 From whence he sees his absent brother fly,
 With transport views the airy rule his own,
 And swells on an imaginary throne. 450
 Fain would he cast a tedious age away,
 And live out all in one triumphant day.
 He chides the lazy progress of the sun,
 And bids the year with swifter motion run.
 With anxious hopes his craving mind is tost, 455
 And all his joys in length of wishes lost.

The hero then resolves his course to bend
 Where ancient Danaus' fruitful fields extend,
 And fam'd Mycene's lofty tow'rs ascend, }
 (Where late the sun did Atreus crimes detest, 460
 And disappear'd in horror of the feast.)
 And now by chance, by fate, or furies led,
 From Bacchus' consecrated caves he fled,
 Where the shrill cries of frantic matrons sound,
 And Pentheus' blood enrich'd the rising ground. 465
 Then sees Cythæron tow'ring o'er the plain,
 And thence declining gently to the main.
 Next to the bounds of Nisus' realm repairs,
 Where treach'rous Scylla cut the purple hairs :
 The hanging cliffs of Scyron's rock explores, 470
 And hears the murmurs of the diff'rent shores :
 Passes the strait that parts the foaming seas,
 And stately Corinth's pleasing site surveys.

'Twas now the time when Phœbus yields to night,
 And rising Cynthia sheds her silver light, 475
 Wide o'er the world in solemn pomp she drew
 Her airy chariot hung with pearly dew ;
 All birds and beasts lie hush'd ; sleep steals away
 The wild desires of men, and toils of day,
 And brings, descending thro' the silent air, 480
 A sweet forgetfulness of human care.
 Yet no red clouds, with golden borders gay,
 Promise the skies the bright returns of day ;
 No faint reflections of the distant light
 Streak with long gleams the scatt'ring shades of night : 485

From

From the damp earth impervious vapours rise,
 Encrease the darkness, and involve the skies.
 At once the rushing winds with roaring sound
 Burst from th' Æolian caves, and rend the ground,
 With equal rage their airy quarrel try,
 And win by turns the kingdom of the sky :
 But with a thicker night black Auster shrouds
 The heav'ns, and drives on heaps the rolling clouds,
 From whose dark womb a rattling tempest pours,
 Which the cold north congeals to haily show'rs. 495
 From pole to pole the thunder roars aloud,
 And broken lightnings flash from ev'ry cloud.
 Now smoaks with show'rs the misty mountain-ground,
 And floated fields lie undistinguish'd round :
 Th' Inachian streams with headlong fury run, 500
 And Erasinus rolls a deluge on :
 The foaming Lerna swells above its bounds,
 And spreads its ancient poisons o'er the grounds :
 Where late was dust, now rapid torrents play,
 Rush thro' the mounds, and bear the damms away : 505
 Old limbs of trees from crackling forests torn,
 Are whirl'd in air, and on the winds are born ;
 The storm the dark Lycæan groves display'd,
 And first to light expos'd the sacred shade.
 Th' intrepid Theban hears the bursting sky, 510
 Sees yawning rocks in massy fragments fly,
 And views astonish'd from the hills afar,
 The floods descending and the wat'ry war,
 That driv'n by storms, and pouring o'er the plain,
 Swept herds, and hinds, and houses to the main. 515
 Thro' the brown horrors of the night he fled,
 Nor knows, amaz'd, what doubtful path to tread,
 His brother's image to his mind appears,
 Inflames his heart with rage, and wings his feet with fears.
 So fares a sailor on the stormy main, 530
 When clouds conceal Boötes' golden wain,
 When not a star its friendly lustre keeps,
 Nor trembling Cynthia glimmers on the deeps ;

He

He dreads the rocks, and shoals, and seas, and skies,
While thunder roars, and light'ning round him flies. 525

Thus strove the chief on ev'ry side distress'd,
Thus still his courage, with his toils encreas'd ;
With his broad shield oppos'd, he forc'd his way
Thro' thickest woods, and rouz'd the beasts of prey.
'Till he beheld, where from Larissa's height 530
The shelving walls reflect a glancing light :
Thither with haste the Theban hero flies ;
On this side Lerna's pois'nous water lies, }
On that, Prosymna's grove and temple rise : }
He pass'd the gates which then unguarded lay, 535
And to the regal palace bent his way ;
On the cold marble spent with toil he lies,
And waits 'till pleasing slumbers seal his eyes.

Adrastus here his happy people sways,
Bless'd with calm peace in his declining days, 540
By both his parents of descent divine,
Great Jove and Phœbus grac'd his noble line ;
Heav'n had not crown'd his wishes with a son,
But two fair daughters heir'd his state and throne.
To him Apollo (wond'rous to relate ! 545
But who can pierce into the depths of fate ?)
Had sung—" Expect thy sons on Argos' shore,
" A yellow lion and a bristly boar."
This, long revolv'd in his paternal breast,
Sate heavy on his heart, and broke his rest ; 550
This, great Amphiaraus, lay hid from thee,
Tho' skill'd in fate, and dark futurity.
The father's care and prophet's art were vain,
For thus did the predicting god ordain.

Lo hapless Tydeus, whose ill-fated hand 555
Had slain his brother, leaves his native land,
And seiz'd with horror, in the shades of night,
Thro' the thick desarts headlong urg'd his flight :
Now by the fury of the tempests driv'n,
He seeks a shelter from th' inclement heav'n, 560
'Till led by fate, the Theban's steps he treads,
And to fair Argos' open court succeeds.

When

When thus the chiefs from diff'rent lands resort
 T' Adraftus' realms, and hospitable court ;
 The king surveys his guests with curious eyes, 565
 And views their arms and habit with surprize.
 Alion's yellow skin the Theban wears,
 Horrid his mane, and rough with curling hairs ;
 Such once employ'd Alcides' youthful toils,
 E'er yet adorn'd with Nemea's dreadful spoils. 570
 A boar's stiff hide, of Calydonian breed,
 Oenides' manly shoulders overspread,
 Oblique his tusks, erect his bristles stood,
 Alive, the pride and terror of the wood.

Struck with the sight, and fix'd in deep amaze, 575
 The king th' accomplish'd oracle surveys,
 Reverses Apollo's vocal caves, and owns
 The guiding godhead, and his future sons.
 O'er all his bosom secret transports reign,
 And a glad horror shoots thro' ev'ry vein. 580
 To heav'n he lifts his hands, erects his sight,
 And thus invokes the silent queen of night.

Goddeſs of ſhades, beneath whoſe gloomy reign
 Yon' ſpangled arch glows with the ſtarry train :
 You who the cares of heav'n and earth allay, 585
 'Till nature quicken'd by the inſpiring ray
 Wakes to new vigour with the riſing day. }
 Oh thou who freeſt me from my doubtful ſtate,
 Long loſt and wilder'd in the maze of fate !
 Be preſent ſtill, oh goddeſs ! in our aid ; 590
 Proceed, and firm thoſe omens thou haſt made.
 We to thy name our annual rites will pay,
 And on thy altars ſacrifices lay ;
 The ſable flock ſhall fall beneath the ſtroke,
 And fill thy temples with a grateful ſmoke. 595
 Hail, faithful Tripos ! hail, ye dark abodes
 Of awful Phœbus : I confeſs the gods !

Thus, ſeiz'd with ſacred fear, the monarch pray'd ;
 Then to his inner court the gueſts convey'd ;

Where

Where yet thin fumes from dying sparks arise, 600
 And dust yet white upon each altar lies,
 The relicks of a former sacrifice.
 The king once more the solemn rites requires,
 And bids renew the feasts, and wake the fires.
 His train obey, while all the courts around 605
 With noisy care and various tumult sound.
 Embroider'd purple clothes the golden beds ;
 This slave the floor, and that the table spreads ;
 A third dispels the darkness of the night,
 And fills depending lamps with beams of light ; 610
 Here loaves in canisters are pil'd on high,
 And there, in flames the slaughter'd victims fry.
 Sublime in regal state, Adrastus shone,
 Stretch'd on rich carpets, on his iv'ry throne ;
 A lofty couch receives each princely guest ; 615
 Around, at awful distance, wait the rest.

And now the king, his royal feast to grace,
 Acestis calls, the guardian of his race,
 Who first their youth in arts of virtue train'd,
 And their ripe years in modest grace maintain'd. 620
 Then softly whisper'd in her faithful ear,
 And bade his daughters at the rites appear.
 When from the close apartments of the night,
 The royal nymphs approach divinely bright ;
 Such was Diana's, such Minerva's face ; 625
 Nor shine their beauties with superior grace,
 But that in these a milder charm endears,
 And less of terror in their looks appears.
 As on the heroes first they cast their eyes,
 O'er their fair cheeks the glowing blushes rise, 630
 Their down-cast looks a decent shame confess'd,
 Then, on their father's rev'rend features rest.

The banquet done, the monarch gives the sign,
 To fill the goblet high with sparkling wine,
 Which Danaus us'd in sacred rites of old, 635
 With sculpture grac'd, and rough with rising gold.

Here to the clouds victorious Perseus flies ;
 Medusa seems to move her languid eyes,
 And ev'n in gold, turns paler as she dies. }
 There from the chace Jove's tow'ring eagle bears 640
 On golden wings, the Phrygian to the stars ;
 Still as he rises in th' æthereal height,
 His native mountains lessen to his fight ;
 While all his sad companions upward gaze,
 Fix'd on the glorious scene in wild amaze ; 645
 And the swift hounds, affrighted as he flies,
 Run to the shade, and bark against the skies.

This golden bowl with gen'rous juice was crown'd,
 The first libations sprinkled on the ground :
 By turns on each celestial pow'r they call ; 650
 With Phœbus' name resounds the vaulted hall.
 The courtly train, the strangers, and the rest,
 Crown'd with chaste laurel, and with garlands dress'd,
 While with rich gums the fuming altars blaze,
 Salute the god in num'rous hymns of praise. 655

Then thus the king : Perhaps my noble guests,
 These honour'd altars, and these annual feasts
 To bright Apollo's awful name design'd,
 Unknown, with wonder may perplex your mind.
 Great was the cause ; our old solemnities 660
 From no blind zeal or fond tradition rise ;
 But fav'd from death, our Argives yearly pay
 These grateful honours to the god of day.

When by a thousand darts the Python slain
 With orbs unroll'd lay covering all the plain, 665
 (Transfix'd as o'er Castalia's streams he hung,
 And suck'd new poisons with his triple tongue)
 To Argos' realms the victor god resorts,
 And enters old Crotopus' humble courts.
 This rural prince one only daughter blest, 670
 That all the charms of blooming youth possess'd ;
 Fair was her face, and spotless was her mind,
 Where filial love with virgin sweetness join'd.

Happy !

Happy ! and happy still she might have prov'd,
 Were she less beautiful, or less belov'd !
 But Phœbus lov'd, and on the flow'ry side
 Of Nemea's stream, the yielding fair enjoy'd ;
 Now, e'er ten moons their orb with light adorn,
 Th' illustrious offspring of the god was born.
 The nymph, her father's anger to evade, 680
 Retires from Argos to the sylvan shade,
 To woods and wilds the pleasing burden bears,
 And trusts her infant to a shepherd's cares.

How mean a fate, unhappy child ! is thine ?
 Ah how unworthy those of race divine ? 685
 On flow'ry herbs in some green covert laid,
 His bed the ground, his canopy the shade,
 He mixes with the bleating lambs his cries,
 While the rude swain his rural music tries,
 To call soft slumbers on his infant eyes. 690 }

Yet ev'n in those obscure abodes to live,
 Was more, alas ! than cruel fate would give,
 For on the grassy verdure as he lay,
 And breath'd the freshness of the early day,
 Devouring dogs the helpless infant tore, 695
 Fed on his trembling limbs, and lapp'd the gore.
 Th' astonish'd mother, when the rumour came,
 Forgets her father, and neglects her fame,
 With loud complaints she fills the yielding air,
 And beats her breast, and rends her flowing hair ; 700
 Then wild with anguish to her sire she flies ;
 Demands the sentence, and contented dies.

But touch'd with sorrow for the deed, too late,
 The raging god prepares t'avenge her fate.
 He sends a monster, horrible and fell, 705
 Begot by furies in the depths of hell.
 The pest a virgin's face and bosom bears ;
 High on her crown a rising snake appears, }
 Guards her black front, and hisses in her hairs :

About the realm she walks her dreadful round, 719
 When night with sable wings o'erspreads the ground,
 Devours young babes before their parent's eyes,
 And feeds and thrives on public miseries.

But gen'rous rage the bold Chorcebus warms,
 Chorcebus, fam'd for virtue, as for arms; 715
 Some few like him, inspir'd with martial flame,
 Thought a short life well lost for endless fame.

These, where two ways in equal parts divide,
 The direful monster from afar discry'd;
 Two bleeding babes depending at her side; 720 }
 Whose panting vitals, warm with life, she draws,
 And in their hearts embrues her cruel claws.

The youth surround her with extended spears;
 But brave Chorcebus in the front appears,
 Deep in her breast he plung'd his shining sword, 725
 And hell's dire monster back to hell restor'd.

Th' Inachians view the slain with vast surprize,
 Her twisting volumes, and her rolling eyes,
 Her spotted breast, and gaping womb embru'd
 With livid poison, and our children's blood. 730

The croud in stupid wonder fix'd appear,
 Pale ev'n in joy, nor yet forget to fear.
 Some with vast beams the squalid corps engage,
 And weary all the wild efforts of rage.

The birds obscene, that nightly flock'd to taste, 736
 With hollow screeches fled the dire repast;
 And ravenous dogs, allur'd by scented blood,
 And starving wolves, ran howling to the wood.

But fir'd with rage, from cleft Parnassus' brow
 Avenging Phœbus bent his deadly bow, 740 }
 And hissing flew the feather'd fates below;
 A night of sultry clouds involv'd around

The tow'rs, the fields, and the devoted ground:
 And now a thousand lives together fled,
 Death with his scythe cut off the fatal thread, 745 }
 And a whole province in his triumph led.

But

But Phœbus, ask'd why noxious fires appear,
And raging Sirius blasts the sickly year;
Demands their lives by whom his monster fell,
And dooms a dreadful sacrifice to hell. 759

Bless'd be thy dust, and let eternal fame
Attend thy manes, and preserve thy name;
Undaunted hero! who, divinely brave,
In such a cause disdain'd thy life to save;
But view'd the shrine with a superior look, 755
And its upbraided Godhead thus bespoke.

With piety, the soul's securest guard,
And conscious virtue, still its own reward,
Willing I come, unknowing how to fear;
Nor shalt thou, Phœbus, find a suppliant here. 760
Thy monster's death to me was ow'd alone,
And 'tis a deed too glorious to disown.

Behold him here, for whom, so many days,
Impervious clouds conceal'd thy fullen rays;
For whom, as man no longer claim'd thy care, 765
Such numbers fell by pestilential air!

But if th' abandon'd race of human kind
From gods above no more compassion find;
If such inclemency in heav'n can dwell,
Yet why must un-offending Argos feel 770
The vengeance due to this unlucky steel?

On me, on me, let all thy fury fall,
Nor err from me, since I deserve it all:
Unless our desert cities please thy fight,
Our fun'ral flames reflect a grateful light. 775

Discharge thy shafts, this ready bosom rend,
And to the shades a ghost triumphant send;
But for my country let my fate atone,
Be mine the vengeance, as the crime my own.

Merit distress'd, impartial heav'n relieves; 780
Unwelcome life relenting Phœbus gives;
For not the vengeful pow'r, that glow'd with rage,
With such amazing virtue durst engage.

The clouds dispers'd, Apollo's wrath expir'd,
 And from the wond'ring god th' unwilling youth retir'd.
 Thence we these altars in his temple raise, 786
 And offer annual honours, feasts, and praise;
 These solemn feasts propitious Phœbus please,
 These honours, still renew'd, his antient wrath appease.

But say, illustrious guest (adjoin'd the king) 790
 What name you bear, from what high race you spring?
 The noble Tydeus stands confess'd, and known
 Our neighbour prince, and heir of Calydon.
 Relate your fortunes, while the friendly night
 And silent hours to various talk invite. 795

The Theban bends on earth his gloomy eyes,
 Confus'd, and sadly thus at length replies:
 Before these altars how shall I proclaim
 (Oh gen'rous prince) my nation or my name,
 Or thro' what veins our ancient blood has roll'd? 800
 Let the sad tale for ever rest untold!

Yet if propitious to a wretch unknown,
 You seek to share in sorrows not your own;
 Know then, from Cadmus I derive my race,
 Jocasta's son, and Thebes my native place. 805

To whom the king, (who felt his gen'rous breast
 Touch'd with concern for his unhappy guest)
 Replies—Ah why forbears the son to name
 His wretched father, known too well by fame?
 Fame, that delights around the world to stray, 810
 Scorns not to take our Argos in her way.

Ev'n those who dwell where suns at distance roll,
 In northern wilds, and freeze beneath the pole;
 And those who tread the burning Libyan lands,
 The faithless Syrtes and the moving sands; 815
 Who view the western sea's extremest bounds,
 Or drink of Ganges in their eastern grounds;
 All these the woes of Oedipus have known,
 Your fates, your furies, and your haunted town.

If on the sons the parents crimes descend, 820
What prince from those his lineage can defend?

Be this thy comfort, that 'tis thine t' efface
With virtuous acts thy ancestors disgrace, }
And be thyself the honour of thy race.

But see! the stars begin to steal away, 825
And shine more faintly at approaching day;

Now pour the wine; and in your tuneful lays,
Once more resound the great Apollo's praise.

Oh father Phoebus! whether Lycia's coast
And snowy mountains, thy bright presence boast; 830

Whether to sweet Castalia thou repair,
And bathe in silver dews thy yellow hair;

Or pleas'd to find fair Delos float no more,
Delight in Cynthus, and the shady shore;

Or chuse thy seat in Ilion's proud abodes, 835
The shining structures rais'd by lab'ring gods.

By thee the bow and mortal shafts are born;
Eternal charms thy blooming youth adorn:

Skill'd in the laws of secret fate above,
And the dark counsels of almighty Jove, 840

'Tis thine the seeds of future war to know,
The change of scepters, and impending woe;

When direful meteors spread thro' glowing air
Long trails of light, and shake their blazing hair.

Thy rage the Phrygian felt, who durst aspire 845
T' excel the music of thy heav'nly lyre;

Thy shafts aveng'd leud Tityus' guilty flame,
Th' immortal victim of thy mother's fame;

Thy hand slew Python, and the dame who lost
Her num'rous offspring for a fatal boast. 850

In Phlegias' doom thy just revenge appears,
Condemn'd to furies and eternal fears;

He views his food, but dreads, with lifted eye,
The mouldring rock that trembles from on high.

Propitious hear our pray'r, O pow'r divine! 855
 And on thy hospitable Argos shine,
 Whether the stile of Titan please thee more,
 Whose purple rays th' Achæmenes adore;
 Or great Osyris, who first taught the swain
 In Pharian fields to sow the golden grain; 860
 Or Mitra, to whose beams the Persian bows,
 And pays, in hollow rocks, his awful vows;
 Mitra, whose head the blaze of light adorns,
 Who grasps the struggling heifer's lunar horns.

THE
F A B L E
OF
D R Y O P E.

From the NINTH Book of
OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

VOL. I.

Gg

THE
NINTH
BOOK
OF

D R Y O P E

FROM THE NINTH BOOK OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES

OF

VOL. I.

THE
F A B L E
O F
D R Y O P E.

Upon occasion of the death of Hercules, his mother Alcmena recounts her misfortunes to Iole, who answers with a relation of those of her own family; in particular the transformation of her sister Dryope, which is the subject of the ensuing fable.

SHE said, and for her lost Galanthis sighs,
When the fair consort of her son replies,
Since you a servant's ravish'd form bemoan,
And kindly sigh for sorrows not your own;
Let me, if tears and grief permit, relate
A nearer woe, a sister's stranger fate. 5
No nymph of all Oechalia could compare
For beauteous form with Dryope the fair,
Her tender mother's only hope and pride,
(My self the offspring of a second bride.) 19
This nymph compress'd by him who rules the day,
Whom Delphi and the Delian isle obey,
Andræmon lov'd; and blest'd in all those charms
That pleas'd a God, succeeded to her arms.

A lake there was, with shelving banks around, 15
Whose verdant summit fragrant myrtles crown'd;
These shades, unknowing of the fates, she sought,
And to the Naiads flow'ry garlands brought;

Her smiling babe (a pleasing charge) she prest
Within her arms, and nourish'd at her breast. 20

Not distant far, a wat'ry lotos grows,
The spring was new, and all the verdant boughs
Adorn'd with blossoms promis'd fruits that vie
In glowing colours with the Tyrian dye :
Of these she crop'd, to please her infant son, 25

And I myself the same rash act had done :
But lo ! I saw, as near her side I stood,
The violated blossoms drop with blood ;
Upon the tree I cast a frightful look ;
The trembling tree with sudden horror shook. 30

Lotis the nymph, if rural tales be true,
As from Priapus' lawless lust she flew,
Forsook her form ; and fixing here became
A flow'ry plant, which still preserves her name.

This change unknown, astonish'd at the sight, 35
My trembling sister strove to urge her flight,
And first the pardon of the nymphs implor'd,
And those offended sylvan pow'rs ador'd :

But when she backward wou'd have fled, she found
Her stiff'ning feet were rooted in the ground : 40

In vain to free her fasten'd feet she strove,
And as she struggles, only moves above ;
She feels th' encroaching bark around her grow
By quick degrees, and cover all below :

Surpriz'd at this, her trembling hand she heaves 45
To rend her hair ; her hand is fill'd with leaves ;
Where late was hair, the shooting leaves are seen
To rise, and shade her with a sudden green.

The child Amphifus, to her bosom prest,
Perceiv'd a colder and a harder breast, 50

And found the springs that ne'er till then deny'd
Their milky moisture, on a sudden dry'd.

I saw, unhappy ! what I now relate,
And stood the helpless witness of thy fate,

Embrac'd thy boughs, the rising bark delay'd, 55
There wish'd to grow, and mingle shade with shade.

Behold,

The FABLE of DRYOPE.

229

Behold Andraemon and th' unhappy fire
Appear, and for their Dryope enquire ;
A springing tree for Dryope they find,
And print warm kisses on the panting rind, 60
Prostrate, with tears their kindred plant bedew,
And close embrace, as to the roots they grew.
The face was all that now remain'd of thee,
No more a woman, nor yet quite a tree ;
Thy branches hung with humid pearls appear, 65
From ev'ry leaf distills a trickling tear,
And strait a voice while yet a voice remains,
Thus thro' the trembling boughs in sighs complains.

If to the wretched any faith be giv'n,
I swear by all th' un pitying pow'rs of heav'n, 70
No wilful crime this heavy vengeance bred ;
In mutual innocence our lives we led :
If this be false, let these new greens decay,
Let sounding axes lop my limbs away,
And crackling flames on all my honours prey. 75 }
But from my branching arms this infant bear,
Let some kind nurse supply a mother's care :
And to his mother let him oft' be led,
Sport in her shades, and in her shades be fed ;
Teach him, when first his infant voice shall frame 80
Imperfect words, and lisp his mother's name,
To hail this tree ; and say, with weeping eyes,
Within this plant my hapless parent lies :
And when in youth he seeks the shady woods,
Oh, let him fly the crystal lakes and floods, 85
Nor touch the fatal flow'rs ; but warn'd by me,
Believe a goddess shrin'd in ev'ry tree.
My fire, my sister, and my spouse farewell !
If in your breasts or love or pity dwell,
Protect your plant, nor let my branches feel 90
The browsing cattle or the piercing steel.
Farewell ! and since I cannot bend to join
My lips to yours, advance at least to mine.

My

My son, thy mother's parting kiss receive,
While yet thy mother has a kiss to give.

95

I can no more; the creeping rind invades
My closing lips, and hides my head in shades:
Remove your hands, the bark shall soon suffice
Without their aid to seal these dying eyes.

She ceas'd at once to speak, and ceas'd to be; 100
And all the nymph was lost within the tree:
Yet latent life thro' her new branches reign'd,
And long the plant a human heat retain'd.

V E R -

VERTUMNUS

AND

POMONA.

From the FOURTEENTH Book of

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

THE fair Pomona flourish'd in his reign ;
Of all the virgins of the sylvan train,
None taught the trees a nobler race to bear,
Or more improv'd the vegetable care.
To her the shady grove, the flow'ry field, 5
The streams and fountains, no delights could yield ;
'Twas all her joy the ripening fruits to tend,
And see the boughs with happy burthens bend.
The hook she bore, instead of Cynthia's spear,
To lop the growth of the luxuriant year, 10
To decent form the lawless shoots to bring,
And teach th' obedient branches where to spring.
Now the cleft rind inserted grafts receives,
And yields an offspring more than nature gives ;
Now sliding streams the thirsty plants renew, 15
And feed their fibres with reviving dew.

These cares alone her virgin breast employ,
Averse from Venus and the nuptial joy.
Her private orchards, wall'd on ev'ry side,
To lawless sylvans all access deny'd. 20

How oft' the satyrs and the wanton fawns,
 Who haunt the forests, or frequent the lawns,
 The God whose ensign scares the birds of prey,
 And old Silenus, youthful in decay,
 Employ'd their wiles, and unavailing care,
 To pass the fences, and surprize the fair?
 Like these, Vertumnus own'd his faithful flame,
 Like these, rejected by the scornful dame.

25

To gain her sight a thousand forms he wears,
 And first a reaper from the field appears,
 Sweating he walks, while loads of golden grain
 O'ercharge the shoulders of the seeming swain.
 Oft' o'er his back a crooked scythe is laid,

30

And wreaths of hay his sun-burnt temples shade:
 Oft' in his harden'd hand a goad he bears,
 Like one who late unyok'd the sweating steers.
 Sometimes his pruning-hook corrects the vines,
 And the loose stragglers to their ranks confines.

35

Now gath'ring what the bounteous year allows,
 He pulls ripe apples from the bending boughs.
 A soldier now, he with his sword appears;
 A fisher next, his trembling angle bears;
 Each shape he varies, and each art he tries,
 On her bright charms to feast his longing eyes.

A female form at last Vertumnus wears,
 With all the marks of rev'rend age appears,
 His temples thinly spread with silver hairs;
 Prop'd on his staff, and stooping as he goes,
 A painted mitre shades his furrow'd brows.

45 }

The god, in this decrepit form array'd,
 The gardens enter'd, and the fruits survey'd,
 And "Happy you! (he thus address'd the maid)
 " Whose charms as far all other nymphs out-shine,
 " As other gardens are excell'd by thine!"

50 }

Then kiss'd the fair; (his kisses warmer grow
 Than such as women on their sex bestow.)
 Then plac'd beside her on the flow'ry ground,
 Beheld the trees with autumn's bounty crown'd.

55

An

An elm was near, to whose embraces led;
 The curling vine her swelling clusters spread: 60
 He view'd their twining branches with delight,
 And prais'd the beauty of the pleasing sight.
 Yet this tall elm, but for his vine (he said)
 Had stood neglected, and a barren shade;
 And this fair vine, but that her arms surround, 65
 Her marry'd elm, had crept along the ground.
 Ah beauteous maid, let this example move
 Your mind, averse from all the joys of love.
 Deign to be lov'd, and ev'ry heart subdue!
 What nymph cou'd e'er attract such crouds as you? 70
 Not she whose beauty urg'd the Centaur's arms,
 Ulysses' queen, nor Helen's fatal charms,
 Ev'n now, when silent scorn is all they gain,
 A thousand court you, tho' they court in vain,
 A thousand sylvans, demi-gods, and gods, 75
 That haunt our mountains and our Alban woods.
 But if you'll prosper, mark what I advise,
 Whom age, and long experience render wise,
 And one whose tender care is far above
 All that these lovers ever felt of love, 80
 (Far more than e'er can by yourself be guest)
 Fix on Vertumnus, and reject the rest.
 For his firm faith I dare engage my own;
 Scarce to himself, himself is better known.
 To distant lands Vertumnus never roves; 85
 Like you, contented with his native groves;
 Nor at first sight, like most, admires the fair;
 For you he lives; and you alone shall share
 His last affection, as his early care. }
 Besides, he's lovely far above the rest, 90
 With youth immortal, and with beauty blest.
 Add, that he varies ev'ry shape with ease,
 And tries all forms that may Pomona please.
 But what should most excite a mutual flame,
 Your rural cares, and pleasures, are the same: 95
 To him your orchards early fruits are due,
 (A pleasing off'ring when 'tis made by you)

234 VERTUMNUS AND POMONA.

He values these; but yet, alas, complains,
 That still the best and dearest gift remains.
 Not the fair fruit that on yon' branches glows 100
 With that ripe red th' autumnal sun bestows;
 Nor tasteful herbs that in these gardens rise,
 Which the kind soil with milky sap supplies;
 You, only you, can move the god's desire:
 Oh crown so constant and so pure a fire! 105
 Let soft compassion touch your gentle mind;
 Think, 'tis Vertumnus begs you to be kind!
 So may no frost, when early buds appear,
 Destroy the promise of the youthful year;
 Nor winds, when first your florid orchard blows, 110
 Shake the light blossoms from their blasted boughs!

This when the various god had urg'd in vain,
 He strait assum'd his native form again;
 Such, and so bright an aspect now he bears,
 As when thro' clouds th' emerging sun appears, 115
 And thence exerting his refulgent ray,
 Disperses the darkness, and reveals the day.
 Force he prepar'd, but check'd the rash design;
 For when, appearing in a form divine,
 The nymph surveys him, and beholds the grace 120
 Of charming features, and a youthful face;
 In her soft breast consenting passions move,
 And the warm maid confess'd a mutual love.

IMITA-

IMITATIONS
OF
ENGLISH POETS.

Done by the AUTHOR in his Youth.

Hh 2

IMITATIONS

OF

ENGLISH POETS

Done by the AUTHOR in his Youth.

III

IMITATIONS

OF

ENGLISH POETS.

I.
CHAUCER.

WOMEN ben full of ragerie,
Yet swinken nat fans secrecie.
Thilke moral shall ye understond,
From schole-boy's tale of fayre Ireland:
Which to the fennes hath him betake,
To filch the gray ducke fro the lake.
Right then, there passen by the way
His aunt, and eke her daughters tway.
Ducke in his trowfers hath he hent,
Not to be spied of ladies gent.
“But ho! our nephew, (crieth one)
“Ho! quoth another, cozen John;”
And stoppen, and lough, and callen out,—
This fely clerk full low doth lout:
They asken that, and talken this,
“Lo here is Coz, and here is Miss.”
But, as he glozeth with speeches soote,
The ducke fore tickleth his lersé roote:
Fore-piece and buttons all-to-brest,
Forth thrust a white neck, and red crest.
Te-he cry'd ladies; clerke nought spake:
Miss star'd; and gray ducke crieth Quake.

“O moder,

" O moder, moder, (quoth the daughter)

" Be thilke same thing maids longer a'ter ?

" Bette is to pyne on coals and chalke,

25

" Then trust on mon, whose yerde can talke.

II.

S P E N S E R.

The ALLEY.

I.

IN ev'ry town, where Thamis rolls his tyde,

A narrow pass there is, with houses low ;

Where ever and anon, the stream is ey'd,

And many a boat soft sliding to and fro.

There oft' are heard the notes of infant woe,

5

The short thick sob, loud scream, and shriller squall :

How can ye, mothers, vex your children so ?

Some play, some eat, some cack against the wall,

And as they crouchen low, for bread and butter call.

II.

And on the broken pavement, here and there,

10

Doth many a stinking sprat and herring lie ;

A brandy and tobacco shop is near,

And hens, and dogs, and hogs are feeding by ;

And here a failor's jacket hangs to dry.

At ev'ry door are sun-burnt matrons seen,

15

Mending old nets to catch the scaly fry ;

Now singing shrill, and scolding eft between ;

Scolds answer foul-mouth'd scolds ; bad neighbourhood

I ween.

III.

The snappish cur, (the passengers annoy)

Closet at my heel with yelping treble flies ;

20

The whimp'ring girl, and hoarser-screaming boy,

Join to the yelping treble, shrilling cries ;

The

The scolding quean to louder notes doth rise,
And her full pipes those shrilling cries confound ;
To her full pipes the grunting hog replies ; 25
The grunting hogs alarm the neighbours round,
And curs, girls, boys, and scolds, in the deep base are
drown'd.

IV.

Hard by a sty, beneath a roof of thatch,
Dwelt Obloquy, who in her early days
Baskets of fish at Billingsgate did watch,
Cod, whiting, oyster, mackrel, sprat, or plaice : 30
There learn'd she speech from tongues that never cease.
Slander beside her, like a magpy, chatters,
With Envy, (spitting cat) dread foe to peace ;
Like a curs'd cur, Malice before her clatters, 35
And vexing ev'ry wight, tears cloaths and all to tatters.

V.

Her dugs were mark'd by ev'ry collier's hand,
Her mouth was black as bull-dogs at the stall :
She scratched, bit, and spar'd ne lace ne band,
And bitch and rogue her answer was to all : 40
Nay, e'en the parts of shame by name would call :
Yea when she pass'd by or lane or nook,
Would greet the man who turn'd him to the wall,
And by his hand obscene the porter took,
Nor ever did askance like modest virgin look. 45

VI.

Such place hath Deptford, navy-building town,
Woolwich and Wapping, smelling strong of pitch ;
Such Lambeth, envy of each hand and gown,
And Twick'nam such, which fairer scenes enrich 50
Grots, statues, urns and Jo——n's dog and bitch,
Ne village is without, on either side,
All up the silver Thames, or all adown ;
Ne Richmond's self, from whose tall front are ey'd
Vales, spires, meandring streams, and Windsor's tow'ry
pride.

III.

III.

WALLER.

Of a LADY singing to her LUTE.

FAIR charmer cease, nor make your voice's prize
 A heart resign'd the conquest of your eyes :
 Well might, alas ! that threatned vessel fail,
 Which winds and lightning both at once assail.
 We were too blest with these enchanting lays, 5
 Which must be heav'nly when an angel plays ;
 But killing charms your lover's death contrive,
 Lest heav'nly music shou'd be heard alive.
 Orpheus cou'd charm the trees, but thus a tree,
 Taught by your hand, can charm no less than he ; 10
 A poet made the silent wood pursue,
 This vocal wood had drawn the poet too.

IV.

COWLEY.

The GARDEN.

FAIN would my muse the flow'ry treasures sing,
 And humble glories of the youthful spring ;
 Where opening roses breathing sweets diffuse,
 And soft carnations show'r their balmy dews ;
 Where lillies smile in virgin robes of white, 5
 The thin undress of superficial light,
 And vary'd tulips show so dazzling gay,
 Blushing in bright diversities of day.
 Each painted flow'ret in the lake below
 Surveys its beauties, whence its beauties grow ; 10
 And pale narcissus on the bank, in vain
 Transformed, gazes on himself again.

Here aged trees cathedral walks compose,
 And mount the hill in venerable rows :
 There the green infants in their beds are laid, 15
 The garden's hope, and its expected shade.
 Here orange-trees with blooms and pendants shine,
 And vernal honours to their autumn join ;
 Exceed their promise in the ripen'd store,
 Yet in the rising blossom promise more. 20
 There in bright drops the crystal fountains play,
 By laurels shielded from the piercing day :
 Where Daphne, now a tree as once a maid,
 Still from Apollo vindicates her shade,
 Still turns her beauties from th' invading beam, 25
 Nor seeks in vain for succour to the stream.
 The stream at once preserves her virgin leaves,
 At once a shelter from her boughs receives,
 Where summer's beauty midst of winter stays,
 And winter's coolness spite of summer's rays. 30

W E E P I N G.

W H I L E Celia's tears make sorrow bright,
 Proud grief sits swelling in her eyes ;
 The sun, next those the fairest light,
 Thus from the ocean first did rise :
 And thus thro' mists we see the sun, 35
 Which else we durst not gaze upon.

These silver drops, like morning dew,
 Foretell the fervour of the day :
 So from one cloud soft show'rs we view,
 And blasting light'nings burst away. 40
 The stars that fall from Celia's eye,
 Declare, our doom is drawing nigh.

The baby in that sunny sphere
 So like a Phaeton appears,
 That heav'n, the threaten'd world to spare, 45
 Thought fit to drown him in her tears :

Else might th' ambitious nymph aspire,
To set, like him, heav'n too on fire.

V.

E. of ROCHESTER.

ON SILENCE.

I.

SILENCE! coeval with eternity;
Thou wert, 'ere nature's self began to be,
'Twas one vast nothing, all, and all slept fast in thee.

II.

Thine was the sway, 'ere heav'n was form'd, or earth,
'Ere fruitful thought conceiv'd creation's birth, 5
Or midwife word gave aid, and spoke the infant forth.

III.

Then various elements, against thee join'd,
In one more various animal combin'd,
And fram'd the clam'rous race of busy human-kind.

IV.

The tongue mov'd gently first, and speech was low, 10
'Till wrangling science taught it noise and show,
And wicked wit arose, thy most abusive foe.

V.

But rebel wit deserts thee oft' in vain;
Lost in the maze of words, he turns again,
And seeks a surer state, and courts thy gentler reign. 15

VI.

Afflicted sense thou kindly dost set free,
Oppress'd with argumental tyranny,
And routed reason finds a safe retreat in thee.

VII.

With thee in private modest dulness lies,
And in thy bosom lurks in thought's disguise; 20
Thou varnisher of fools, and cheat of all the wise!

VIII.

Yet thy indulgence is by both confest;
Folly by thee lies sleeping in the breast,
And 'tis in thee at last that wisdom seeks for rest.

IX.

Silence, the knave's repute, the whore's good name, 25
The only honour of the wishing dame;
Thy very want of tongue makes thee a kind of fame.

X.

But could'st thou seize some tongues that now are free,
How church and state would be oblig'd to thee?
At senate, and at bar, how welcome would'st thou be? 30

XI.

Yet speech ev'n there, submissively withdraws
From rights of subjects, and the poor man's cause:
Then pompous silence reigns, and stills the noisy laws.

XII.

Past services of friends, good deeds of foes,
What fav'rites gain, and what the nation owes, 35
Fly the forgetful world, and in thy arms repose.

XIII.

The country wit, religion of the town,
The courtier's learning, policy o'th' gown,
Are best by thee express'd, and shine in thee alone.

XIV.

The parson's cant, the lawyer's sophistry, 40
Lord's quibble, critic's jest; all end in thee,
All rest in peace at last, and sleep eternally,

VI.

E. of DORSET.

ARTIMESIA.

TH O' Artimesia talks, by fits,
 Of councils, classics, fathers, wits;
 Reads Malbranche, Boyle, and Locke;
 Yet in some things methinks she fails,
 'Twere well if she would pare her nails,
 And wear a cleaner smock. 5

Haughty and huge as High-Dutch bride,
 Such nastiness, and so much pride
 Are oddly join'd by fate:
 On her large squab you find her spread, 10
 Like a fat corpse upon a bed,
 That lies and stinks in state.

She wears no colours (sign of grace)
 On any part except her face;
 All white and black beside:
 Dauntless her look, her gesture proud,
 Her voice theatrically loud,
 And masculine her stride.

So have I seen, in black and white
 A prating thing, a magpie hight, 20
 Majestically stalk;
 A stately, worthless animal,
 That plies the tongue, and wags the tail,
 All flutter, pride, and talk.

P H R Y N E.

PHR YNE had talents for mankind,
 Open she was, and unconfin'd,
 Like some free port of trade:
 Merchants unloaded here their freight,
 And agents from each foreign state, 5
 Here first their entry made,

Her

Her learning and good breeding such,
 Whether th' Italian or the Dutch,
 Spaniard or French came to her ;
 To all obliging she'd appear : 10
 'Twas si Signior, 'twas yaw Mynheer,
 'Twas s'il vous plait, Monsieur.

Obscure by birth, renown'd by crimes,
 Still changing names, religions, climes,
 At length she turns a bride : 15
 In di'monds, pearls, and rich brocades,
 She shines the first of batter'd jades,
 And flutters in her pride.

So have I known those insects fair,
 Which curious Germans hold so rare, 20
 Still vary shapes and dyes ;
 Still gain new titles with new forms :
 First grubs obscene, then wriggling worms,
 Then painted butterflies.

VII.

Dr. S W I F T.

The Happy Life of a COUNTRY PARSON.

PARSON, these things in thy possessing
 Are better than the bishop's blessing.
 A wife that makes conserves ; a steed
 That carries double when there's need ;
 Oötober, store, and best virginia, 5
 Tythe-pig, and mortuary guinea :
 Gazettes sent gratis down, and frank'd,
 For which thy patron's weekly thank'd :
 A large concordance, bound long since ;
 Sermons to Charles the First, when prince ; 10

A chro-

A chronicle of ancient standing ;
 A Chrysoftom to smoothe thy band in.
 The Polyglott—three parts—my text,
 Howbeit—likewise—now to my next,
 Lo here the Septuagint—and Paul,
 To sum the whole—the close of all.

15

He that has these, may pass his life,
 Drink with the 'squire, and kiss his wife ;
 On Sunday's preach, and eat his fill ;
 And fast on Fridays—if he will ;
 Toast church and queen, explain the news,
 Talk with church-wardeps about pews,
 Pray heartily for some new gift,
 And shake his head at Doctor Swift.

20

A N

A N

E S S A Y on M A N.

T O

H E N R Y St. J O H N,

Ld. B O L I N G B R O K E.

Written in the Year 1732.

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ESSAYS ON

HENRY J. OCHS

LA. BOLIVIA

WILSON

T H E
D E S I G N.

HAVING proposed to write some pieces on Human Life and Manners, such as (to use my Lord Bacon's expression) *come home to men's business and bosoms*, I thought it more satisfactory to begin with considering *man* in the abstract, his *nature* and his *state*: since to prove any moral duty, to enforce any moral precept, or to examine the perfection or imperfection of any creature whatsoever, it is necessary first to know what *condition* and *relation* it is placed in, and what is the proper *end* and *purpose* of its *being*.

The science of human nature is, like all other sciences, reduced to a *few, clear points*: there are not *many certain truths* in this world. It is therefore in the anatomy of the mind, as in that of the body; more good will accrue to mankind by attending to the large, open, and perceptible parts, than by studying too much such finer nerves and vessels as will for ever escape our observation. The *disputes* are all upon these last, and I will venture to say, they have less sharpened the *wits* than the *hearts* of men against each other, and have diminished the practice, more than advanced the theory, of morality. If I could flatter myself that this Essay has any merit, it is in steering betwixt doctrines seemingly opposite, in passing over terms utterly unintelligible, and in forming out of all, a *temperate* yet not *inconsistent*, and a *short* yet not *imperfect* System of Ethics.

This I might have done in prose; but I chose verse, and even rhyme, for two reasons. The one will appear

obvious ; that principles, maxims, or precepts so written, both strike the reader more strongly at first, and are more easily retained by him afterwards. The other may seem odd, but is true ; I found I could express them more *shortly* this way than in prose itself ; and nothing is truer than that much of the *force* as well as *grace* of arguments or instructions depends on their *conciseness*. I was unable to treat this part of my subject more in *detail*, without becoming dry and tedious : or more *poetically*, without sacrificing perspicuity to ornament, without wandering from the precision, or breaking the chain of reasoning. If any man can unite all these without diminution of any of them, I freely confess he will compass a thing above my capacity.

What is now published, is only to be considered as a *general Map* of *MAN*, marking out no more than the *greater parts*, their *extents*, their *limits*, and their *connection*, but leaving the particular to be more fully delineated in the charts which are to follow. Consequently, these Epistles in their progress (if I have health and leisure to make any progress) will become less dry, and more susceptible of ornament. I am here only opening the *fountains*, and clearing the passage ; to deduce the *rivers*, to follow them in their course, and to observe their effects, would be a task more agreeable.

THE

A N
E S S A Y on M A N,
I N
F O U R E P I S T L E S,
T O
H. St. John, Lord B O L I N G B R O K E.

A R G U M E N T O F
E P I S T L E I.

Of the NATURE and STATE of MAN, with Respect
to the UNIVERSE.

OF *Man*, in the abstract.—That we can judge only
with regard to our *own system*, being ignorant of the
relations of systems and things, VER. 17, &c. to 69. That
man is not to be deemed *imperfect*, but a being suited to
his *place* and *rank* in the creation, agreeable to the *general*
order of things, and conformable to *ends* and *relations* to
him unknown, 69, &c. That it is partly upon his *igno-*
rance of *future* events, and partly upon the *hope* of a *fu-*
ture state, that all his happiness in the present depends,
73, &c. The *pride* of aiming at more knowledge, and
pretending to more perfection, the cause of man's error
and misery, The *impiety* of putting himself in the place

of God, and judging of the fitness or unfitness, perfection or imperfection, justice or injustice of his dispensations, 109 to 120. The *absurdity* of conceiving himself the *final cause* of the creation, or expecting that perfection in the *moral* world which is not in the *natural*, 127 to 164. The *unreasonableness* of his complaints against providence, while on the one hand he demands the perfections of the angels, on the other the bodily qualifications of the brutes, 165. That to possess any of the *sensitive faculties* in a higher degree, would render him miserable, 181 to 198. That throughout the whole visible world, an universal *order* and *gradation* in the sensual and mental faculties is observed, which causes a *subordination* of creature to creature, and of all creatures to man. The gradations of *sense, instinct, thought, reflection, reason*; that reason alone countervails all the other faculties, 199 to 224. How much farther this *order* and *subordination* of living creatures may extend, above and below us; were any part of which broken, not that part only, but the whole connected *creation* must be destroyed. The extravagance, madness, and pride of such a desire, 225 to 260. The consequence of all, the *absolute submission* due to providence, both as to our *present* and *future* state, 273, &c.

EPISTLE I.

AWAKE! my ST. JOHN! leave all meaner things
To low ambition and the pride of kings.

Let us (since life can little more supply
Than just to look about us, and to die)

Expatriate free o'er all this scene of man;

5

A mighty maze! but not without a plan:

A wild, where weeds and flow'rs promiscuous shoot,
Or garden, tempting with forbidden fruit.

Together let us beat this ample field,

Try what the open, what the covert yield,

10

The latent tracts, the giddy heights explore

Of all who blindly creep, or sightless soar,

Eye nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,

And catch the manners living as they rise,

Laugh where we must, be candid where we can,

15

But vindicate the ways of God to man.

Say first, of God above, or Man below,

What can we reason, but from what we know?

Of man, what see we but his station here,

From which to reason, or to which refer?

20

Thro' worlds unnumber'd tho' the god be known,

'Tis ours to trace him, only in our own.

He who thro' vast immensity can pierce,

See worlds on worlds compose one universe,

Observe how system into system runs,

25

What other planets circle other suns?

What vary'd being peoples every star?

May tell, why heav'n made all things as they are.

But of this frame the bearings, and the ties,

The strong connections, nice dependencies,

30

Gradations just, has thy pervading soul

Look'd thro'? or can a part contain the whole?

Is the great chain that draws all to agree,

And drawn supports, upheld by God, or thee?

Presumptuous man ! the reason would'st thou find 35
 Why form'd so weak, so little, and so blind ?
 First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess
 Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no less ?
 Ask of thy mother earth, why oaks are made
 Taller or stronger than the weeds they shade ?
 Or ask of yonder argent fields above,
 Why Jove's satellites are less than Jove ?

Of systems possible, if 'tis confess
 That wisdom infinite must form the best,
 Where all must fall or not coherent be, 45
 And all that rises, rise in due degree ;
 Then, in the scale of life and sense, 'tis plain
 There must be, some where, such a rank as man ;
 And all the question (wrangle e're so long)
 Is only this, if God has plac'd him wrong ? 59

Respecting man whatever wrong we call,
 May, must be right, as relative to all.
 In human works, though labour'd on with pain,
 A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain ;
 In God's, one single can its end produce, 55
 Yet serves to second too some other use,
 So man, who here seems principal alone,
 Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,
 Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal ;
 'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole. 60

When the proud steed shall know, why man restrains
 His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains ;
 When the dull ox, why now he breaks the clod,
 Now wears a garland, an Ægyptian god ;
 Then shall man's pride and dulness comprehend 65
 His actions, passions, beings, use and end ;
 Why doing, suff'ring, check'd, impell'd ; and why
 This hour a slave, the next a deity ?

Then say not man's imperfect, heav'n in fault ;
 Say rather, man's as perfect as he ought ; 70
 His being measur'd to his state and place,
 His time a moment, and a point his space,

Heav'n





HOPE humbly then, with trembling Pinions soar.
Wait the great teacher Death, and God adore.

Essay on Man Ep I.

Heav'n from all creatures hides the book of fate,
 All but the page prescrib'd, their present state,
 From brutes what men, from men what spirits know, 75
 Or who could suffer being here below ?
 The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
 Had he thy reason, would he skip and play ?
 Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flow'ry food,
 And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood. 80
 Oh blindness to the future ! kindly giv'n,
 That each may fill the circle mark'd by heav'n,
 Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
 A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
 Atoms, or systems, into ruin hurl'd, 85
 And now a bubble burst, and now a world !

Hope humbly then, with trembling pinions soar ;
 Wait the great teacher, Death, and God adore !
 What future bliss he gives not thee to know,
 But gives that hope to be thy blessing now. 90
 Hope springs eternal in the human breast ;
 Man never *is*, but always to *be* blest ;
 The soul uneasy, and confin'd at home,
 Rests, and expatiates, in a life to come.

Lo ! the poor Indian, whose untutor'd mind 95
 Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind ;
 His soul, proud science never taught to stray
 Far as the solar walk, or milky way ;
 Yet simple nature to his hope has giv'n
 Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heav'n, 100
 Some safer world, in depth of woods embrac'd,
 Some happier island in the wat'ry waste,
 Where slaves once more their native land behold,
 No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
 To *be*, contents his natural desire, 105
 He asks no angel's wing, or seraph's fire,
 But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
 His faithful dog shall bear him company.
 Go, wiser thou ! and in thy scale of sense
 Weigh thy opinion against providence : 110

Call imperfection what thou fancy'st such,
 Say, here he gives too little, there too much ;
 Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,
 Yet cry, if man's unhappy, God's unjust,
 If man, alone, engross not heav'n's high care, 115
 Alone made perfect here, immortal there ;
 Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
 Re-judge his justice, by the God of God !

In reas'ning Pride (my friend) our error lies ;
 All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies. 120
 Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes,
 Men would be angels, angels would be gods.
 Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,
 Aspiring to be angels, men rebel ;
 And who but wishes to invert the laws 125
 Of Order, sins against th' eternal cause.

Ask for what end the heav'nly bodies shine ?
 Earth for whose use ? Pride answers, "'Tis for mine :
 " For me kind nature wakes her genial pow'r,
 " Suckles each herb, and spreads out every flow'r ; 130
 " Annual for me, the grape, the rose renew
 " The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew ;
 " For me, the mine a thousand treasures brings ;
 " For me, health gushes from a thousand springs ;
 " Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise ; 135
 " My footstool earth, my canopy the skies."

But errs not nature from this gracious end,
 From burning suns when livid deaths descend,
 When earthquakes swallow, or when tempests sweep
 Towns to one grave, or nations to the deep ? 140
 " No, ('tis reply'd) the first almighty cause
 " Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws ;
 " Th' exceptions few ; some change since all began,
 " And what created, perfect ?" Why then man ?
 If the great end be human happiness, 145
 Then nature deviates, and can man do less ?
 As much that end a constant course requires
 Of show'rs and sunshine, as of man's desires,

As much eternal springs and cloudless skies,
As men for ever temp'rate, calm, and wise. 150

If plagues or earthquakes break not heav'n's design,
Why then a Borgia or a Catiline?

From pride, from pride, our very reas'ning springs;

Account for moral, as for nat'ral things:

Why charge we heav'n in those, in these acquit? 155

In both, to reason right, is to submit.

Better for us, perhaps it might appear,

Were there all harmony, all virtue here;

That never air nor ocean felt the wind;

That never passion discompos'd the mind: 160

But all subsists by elemental strife;

And passions are the elements of life.

The gen'ral order, since the whole began

Is kept in nature, and is kept in man.

What would this man? now upward will he soar, 165

And little less than angel, would be more;

Now looking downward, just as griev'd appears

To want the strength of bulls, the fur of bears.

Made for his use all creatures if he call,

Say what their use, had he the pow'rs of all? 170

Nature to these, without profusion kind,

The proper organs, proper pow'rs assign'd;

Each seeming want compensated of course

Here, with degrees of swiftness, there, of force;

All in exact proportion to the state, 175

Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.

Each beast, each insect, happy in its own,

Is heav'n unkind to man, and man alone?

Shall he alone, whom rational we call,

Be pleas'd with nothing, if not blest'd with all? 180

The bliss of man (could pride that blessing find)

Is, not to act, or think, *beyond* mankind;

No pow'rs of body or of soul to share,

But what his nature and his state can bear.

Why has not man a microscopic eye? 185

For this plain reason, man is not a fly.

Say what the use, were finer optics giv'n,
 T' inspect a mite, not comprehend the heav'n?
 The touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
 To smart and agonize at ev'ry pore? 190
 Or quick effluvia darting thro' the brain,
 Die of a rose in aromatic pain?
 If nature thunder'd in his opening ears,
 And stunn'd him with the music of the spheres,
 How would he wish, that heav'n had left him still 195
 The whispering zephyr, and the purling rill?
 Who finds not providence all-good and wise,
 Alike in what it gives, and what denies?
 Far as creation's ample rage extends,
 The scale of sensual, mental pow'rs ascends: 200
 Mark how it mounts, to man's imperial race
 From the green myriads in the peopled grass!
 What modes of sight, betwixt each wide extreme,
 The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam:
 Of smell, the headlong lioness between, 205
 And hound sagacious on the tainted green:
 Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,
 To that which warbles through the vernal wood:
 The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine,
 Feels at each thread, and lives along the line: 210
 In the nice bee, what sense so subtly true
 From pois'nous herbs extracts the healing dew.
 How instinct varies, in the groveling swine,
 Compar'd, half-reas'ning elephant! with thine;
 'Twixt that, and reason, what a nice barrier, 215
 For ever sep'rate, yet for ever near;
 Remembrance and reflection, how ally'd;
 What thin partitions sense from thought divide:
 And middle natures, how they long to join,
 Yet never pass th' insuperable line! 220
 Without this just gradation could they be
 Subjected these to those, or all to thee?
 The pow'rs of all subdu'd by thee alone,
 Is not thy reason all those pow'rs in one?

ETHIC EPISTLES. 259

See, thro' this air, this ocean, and this earth, 225

All matter quick, and bursting into birth.

Above, how high progressive life may go ?

Around how wide ? how deep extend below ?

Vast chain of being ! which from God began,

Natures æthereal, human, angel, man, 230

Beast, bird, fish, insect ! what no eye can see,

No glass can reach ! from infinite to thee,

From thee to nothing ! on superior pow'rs

Were we to press, inferior might on ours :

Or in the full creation leave a void, 235

Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroy'd ;

From nature's chain whatever link you strike,

Ten or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.

And if each system in gradation roll,

Alike essential to th' amazing whole ; 240

The least confusion but in one, not all

That system only, but the whole must fall.

Let earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,

Planets and suns rush lawless thro' the sky,

Let ruling angels from their spheres be hurl'd, 245

Being on being wreck'd, and world on world,

Heav'n's whole foundations to their centre nod,

And nature tremble, to the throne of God !

All this dread order break !—For whom ? For thee ?

Vile worm !—O madness ! pride ! impiety ! 250

What if the foot, ordain'd the dust to tread,

Or hand to toil, aspir'd to be the head ?

What if the head, the eye, or ear repin'd

To serve mere engines to the ruling mind ?

Just as absurd, for any part to claim 255

To be another, in this gen'ral frame :

Just as absurd, to mourn the tasks or pains,

The great directing MIND of ALL ordains.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,

Whose body nature is, and God the soul ; 260

That, chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the same,

Great in the earth, as in th' æthereal frame,

Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
 Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
 Lives thro' all life, extends thro' all extent, 265
 Spreads undivided, operates unspent,
 Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
 As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart,
 As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
 As the rapt seraph that adores and burns ; 270
 To him, no high, no low, no great, no small :
 He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

Cease then, nor order imperfection name :
 Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
 Know thy own point : this kind, this due degree 275
 Of blindness, weakness, heav'n bestows on thee.
 Submit—in this, or any other sphere,
 Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear :
 Safe in the hand of one disposing pow'r,
 Or in the natal, or the mortal hour. 280
 All nature is but art, unknown to thee ;
 All chance, direction which thou canst not see :
 All discord, harmony not understood :
 All partial evil, universal good :
 And spight of pride, in erring reason's spight, 285
 One truth is clear; " Whatever is, is RIGHT."

ARGUMENT OF
EPISTLE II.

Of the NATURE and STATE of MAN, with Respect
to HIMSELF as an Individual

THE business of man is not to pry into *God*, but to study *himself*. His *middle nature*; his *powers* and *frailties*, and the limits of his *capacity*, 43. The two principles of man, *self-love* and *reason*, both necessary; *self-love* the *stronger*, and why? their *end* the same, 83. The PASSIONS, and their *use*, 83 to 120. The *predominant passion*, and its *force*, 122 to 150; its *necessity*, in directing men to different purposes, 153, &c. its *providential use*, in fixing our *principle* and ascertaining our *virtue*, 167. *Virtue* and *vice* joined in our *mixt nature*; the limits *near*, yet the things *separate*, and *evident*. What is the office of *reason*? 187, &c. How odious *vice* in itself, and how we deceive ourselves into it, 209. That however, the *ends* of *providence* and *general good* are answered in our *passions*, and *imperfections*, 230, &c. How usefully they are distributed to all *orders of men*, 233. How useful they are to *society*, 241, and to the *individuals*, 253. In every *state*, and in every *age* of life, 263, &c.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE II.

KNOW then thyself, presume not God to scan ;
The proper study of mankind is Man.

Plac'd on this isthmus of a middle state,
A being darkly wise, and rudely great :
With too much knowledge for the sceptic side, 5
With too much weakness for the Stoic's pride,
He hangs between ; in doubt to act, or rest,
In doubt to deem himself a god, or beast ;
In doubt, his mind or body to prefer,
Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err ; 10
Alike in ignorance, his reason such,
Whether he thinks too little, or too much :
Chaos of thought and passion, all confus'd ;
Still by himself abus'd, or dis-abus'd ;
Created half to rise, and half to fall ; 15
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all ;
Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurl'd :
The glory, jest, and riddle, of the world !

Go wond'rous creature ! mount where science guides,
Go measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides, 20
Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,
Correct old time, and regulate the sun ;
Go soar with Plato to th' empyreal sphere,
To the first good, first perfect, and first fair ;
Or tread the mazy round his follow'rs trod, 25
And quitting sense call imitating God,
As eastern priests in giddy circles run,
And turn their heads to imitate the sun.
Go, teach eternal wisdom how to rule—
Then drop into thyself, and be a fool ! 30

Superior beings, when of late they saw
A mortal man unfold all nature's law,

Admir'd



The proper Study of Mankind is MAN.
Essay on Man.



Admir'd such wisdom in an earthly shape,
And shew'd a NEWTON as we shew an ape.

Could He, whose rules the rapid comet, bind, 35
Describe, or fix, one movement of his mind?

Who saw its fires here rise, and there descend,
Explain his own beginning, or his end?

Alas what wonder! man's superior part
Uncheck'd may rise, and climb from art to art; 40

But when his *own* great work is but begun,
What reason weaves, by passion is undone.

Trace science then, with modesty thy guide;
First strip off all her equipage of pride;

Deduct but what is vanity or dress, 45
Or learning's luxury, or idleness;

Or tricks to shew the stretch of human brain,
Mere curious pleasure or ingenious pain;

Expunge the whole, or lop th' excrescent parts
Of all our vices have created arts; 50

Then see how little the remaining sum,
Which serv'd the past, and must the times to come!

Two principles in human nature reign;
Self-love, to urge, and reason, to restrain;

Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call, 55
Each works its end, to move, or govern all:

And to their proper operation still
Ascribe all good, to their improper ill.

Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the soul;
Reason's comparing balance rules the whole. 60

Man but for that, no action could attend,
And but for this, were active to no end.

Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar spot,
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot;

Or meteor-like, flame lawless thro' the void, 65
Destroying others, by himself destroy'd.

Most strength the moving principle requires;
Active its task, it prompts, impels, inspires:

Sedate and quiet the comparing lies,
Form'd but to check, delib'rate, and advise. 70

Self-

Self-love still stronger, as its object's nigh ;
 Reason's at distance, and in prospect lie ;
 That sees immediate good, by present sense,
 Reason, the future, and the consequence ;
 Thicker than arguments, temptations throng, 75
 At best more watchful this, but that more strong.
 The action of the stronger to suspend,
 Reason still use, to reason still attend :
 Attention, habit and experience gains,
 Each strengthens reason, and self-love restrains. 80

Let subtle schoolmen teach these friends to fight,
 More studious to divide, than to unite,
 And grace and virtue, sense and reason split,
 With all the rash dexterity of wit.
 Wits, just like fools, at war about a name, 85
 Have full as oft, no meaning, or the same.
 Self-love and reason to one end aspire,
 Pain their aversion, pleasure their desire :
 But greedy that its object would devour,
 This taste the honey, and not wound the flower : 90
 Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood,
 Our greatest evil, or our greatest good.

Modes of self-love the Passions we may call ;
 'Tis real good, or seeming, moves them all :
 But since not every good we can divide, 95
 And reason bids us for our own provide ;
 Passions tho' selfish, if their means be fair,
 List under reason, and deserve her care :
 Those that imparted, court a nobler aim,
 Exalt their kind, and take some virtue's name. 100

In lazy apathy let Stoics boast
 Their virtue fix'd ; tis fix'd as in a frost,
 Contracted all, retiring to the breast ;
 But strength of mind is exercise, not rest :
 The rising tempest puts in act the soul, 105
 Parts it may ravage, but preserves the whole.
 On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
 Reason the card, but passion is the gale :

Nor



Self Love still stronger as its Objects nigh.



Nor God alone in the still calm we find ;
He mounts the storm, and walks upon the wind. 110

Passions, like elements, tho' born to fight,
Yet mix'd and soft'ned, in his work unite :
These, 'tis enough to temper and employ ;
But what composes man can man destroy ;
Suffice that reason keep to nature's road, 115
Subject, compound them, follow her and God.

Love, hope, and joy, fair pleasure's smiling train,
Hate, fear, and grief, the family of pain,
These mix'd with art, and to due bounds confin'd,
Make, and maintain, the balance of the mind : 120
The lights and shades, whose well-accorded strife
Gives all the strength and colour of our life.

Pleasures are ever in our hands or eyes,
And when in act they cease, in prospect rise ;
Present to grasp, and future still to find, 125
The whole employ of body and of mind.
All spread their charms, but charm not all alike ;
On diff'rent senses diff'rent objects strike ;
Hence diff'rent passions more or less inflame,
As strong or weak, the organs of the frame ; 130
And hence one master passion in the breast,
Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.

As man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
Receives the lurking principle of death ;
The young disease that must subdue at length, 135
Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength :
So, cast and mingled with his very frame,
The mind's disease, its ruling passion came :
Each vital humour which should feed the whole,
Soon flows to this, in body and in soul ; 140
Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,
As the mind opens, and its functions spread,
Imagination plies her dang'rous art,
And pours it all upon the peccant part.

Nature its mother, Habit is its nurse ; 145
Wit, Spirit, Faculties, but make it worse ;

Reason itself but gives it edge and pow'r,
 As heav'n's blest beam turns vinegar more sour;
 We, wretched subjects, tho' to lawful sway,
 In this weak queen, some fav'rite still obey. 150
 Ah! if she lend not arms, as well as rules,
 What can she more, than tell us we are fools?
 Teach us to mourn our nature, not to mend,
 A sharp accuser, but a helpless friend!
 Or from a judge turn pleader, to persuade 155
 The choice we make, or justify it made:
 Proud of an easy conquest all along,
 She but removes weak passions for the strong;
 So, when small humours gather to a gout,
 The doctor fancies he has driv'n 'em out. 160

Yes, nature's road must ever be prefer'd;
 Reason is here no guide, but still a guard;
 'Tis her's to rectify, not overthrow,
 And treat this passion more as friend than foe: 165
 A mightier Pow'r the strong direction sends,
 And sev'ral men impels to sev'ral ends.
 Like varying winds, by other passions tost,
 This drives them constant to a certain coast.
 Let pow'r or knowledge, gold or glory please.
 Or (oft more strong than all) the love of ease: 170
 Thro' life 'tis follow'd, ev'n at life's expence:
 The merchant's toil, the sage's indolence,
 The monk's humility, the hero's pride,
 All, all alike, find reason on their side.

Th' Eternal Art, educing good from ill, 175
 Grafts on this passion our best principle;
 'Tis thus, the Mercury of man is fix'd,
 Strong grows the virtue with his nature mix'd,
 The dross cements what else were too refin'd,
 And in one int'rest body acts with mind. 180

As fruits ungrateful to the planter's care,
 On savage stocks inserted, learn to bear,
 The surest virtues thus from passions shoor,
 Wild nature's vigour working at the root.

What

What crops of wit and honesty appear, 185

From spleen, from obstinacy, hate, or fear !

See anger, zeal and fortitude supply ;

Ev'n av'rice, prudence ; sloth, philosophy :

Lust, thro' some certain strainers well refin'd,

Is gentle love, and charms all womankind : 190

Envy, to which th' ignoble mind's a slave,

Is emulation in the learn'd or brave :

Nor virtue, male or female, can we name,

But what will grow on pride, or grow on shame.

Thus nature gives us (let it check our pride) 195

The virtue nearest to our vice ally'd ;

Reason the bias turns to good from ill,

And Nero reigns a Titus, if he will.

The fiery soul abhor'd in Catiline,

In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine. 200

The same ambition can destroy or save,

And makes a patriot, as it makes a knave.

This light and darkness in our chaos join'd,

What shall divide ? The God within the mind.

Extremes in nature equal ends produce, 205

In man, they join to some mysterious use :

Tho' each by turns the others bounds invade,

As in some well-wrought picture, light and shade,

And oft' so mixt, the diff'rence is too nice

Where ends the virtue, or begins the vice. 210

Fools ! who from hence into the notion fall,

That vice or virtue there is none at all.

If white and black blend, soften, and unite

A thousand ways, is there no black or white ?

Ask your own heart ; and nothing is so plain ; 215

'Tis to mistake them, costs the time and pain.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,

As, to be hated, needs but to be seen ;

Yet seen too oft', familiar with her face,

We first endure, then pity, then embrace. 220

But where th' Extreme of vice, was ne'er agreed :

Ask, where's the north ? at York 'tis on the Tweed,

In Scotland at the Orcades, and there
 At Greenland, Zembla, or the lord knows where.
 No creature owns it in the first degree, 225
 But thinks his neighbour further gone than he.
 Ev'n those who dwell beneath its very zone,
 Or never feel the rage, or never own;
 What happier natures shrink at with affright,
 The hard inhabitant contends is right. 230

Virtuous and vicious ev'ry man must be,
 Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree;
 The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wise,
 And e'en the best by fits what they despise.
 'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill, 235
 For, vice or virtue, Self directs it still;
 Each individual seeks a sev'ral goal:
 But Heav'n's great view is *one*, and that the Whole;
 That counter-works each folly and caprice;
 That disappoints th' effect of ev'ry vice: 240
 That, happy frailties to all ranks apply'd,
 Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride,
 Fear to the statesman, rashness to the chief,
 To kings presumption, and to crowds belief.
 That, virtue's ends from vanity can raise, 245
 Which seeks to int'rest, no reward but praise;
 And build on wants, and on defects of mind,
 The joy, the peace, the glory of mankind.

Heav'n, forming each on other to depend,
 A master, or a servant, or a friend, 250
 Bids each on other for assistance call,
 Till one man's weakness grows the strength of all.
 Wants, frailties, passions, closer still ally
 The common int'rest, or endear the tie:
 To these we owe true friendship, love sincere, 255
 Each home-felt joy that life inherits here;
 Yet from the same we learn, in its decline,
 Those joys, those loves, those int'rests to resign;
 Taught half by reason, half by mere decay,
 To welcome death, and calmly pass away. 260

Whate'er





*See some fit Passion every Age supply
Hope travels through nor quits us when we die*

Essay on Man Ep. III.

ETHIC EPISTLES.

269

Whate'er the passion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,
Not one will change his neighbour with himself:

The learn'd is happy, nature to explore;

The fool is happy, that he knows no more;

The rich is happy in the plenty given;

265

The poor contents him with the care of heaven.

See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,

The sot a hero, lunatic a king;

The starving chymist in his golden views

Supremely blest, the poet in his muse.

270

See! some strange comfort ev'ry state attend,

And pride bestow'd on all, a common friend;

See! some fit passion ev'ry age supply,

Hope travels thro', nor quits us when we die.

Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,

275

Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a straw:

Some livelier play-thing gives his youth delight,

A little louder, but as empty quite;

Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,

And beads and pray'r-books are the toys of age:

280

Pleas'd with this bauble still, as that before;

'Till tir'd he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.

Mean while Opinion gilds with varying rays

Those painted clouds that beautify our days;

Each want of happiness by hope supply'd,

285

And each vacuity of sense by pride:

These build as fast as knowledge can destroy:

In folly's cup still laughs the bubble, joy;

One prospect lost, another still we gain;

And not a vanity is giv'n in vain;

290

E'en mean Self-love becomes, by force divine,

The scale to measure others wants by thine.

See! and confess, one comfort still must rise,

'Tis this, tho' *man's a fool*, yet GOD IS WISE.

ARGU-

ARGUMENT of

E P I S T L E III.

Of the NATURE and STATE of MAN, with Respect
to SOCIETY.

THE *whole universe* one system of *society*, ver. 7, &c.
Nothing is made wholly for *itself*, nor yet wholly
for *another*, 27. The happiness of animals *mutual*, 49.
Reason or *instinct* operate alike to the good of each *individual*, 79. *Reason* or *instinct* operate alike to *society*, in all
animals, 109. How far *society* carried by instinct, 115;
how much farther by reason, 128. Of that which is
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stinct in the invention of *arts*, 166; and in the *forms* of
society, 176. Origin of *political societies*, 196. Origin of
monarchy, 207. *Patriarchal* government, 212. Origin of
true religion and *government*, from the same principle, of
love, 231, &c. Origin of *superstition* and *tyranny*, from the
same principle, of *fear*, 237, &c. The influence of *self-*
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tion of true religion and government on their first prin-
ciple, 285. *Mixt government*, 288. Various *forms* of
each, and the *true end of all*, 300. 8-

E P I S T L E III.

HERE then we rest; "The universal cause
"Acts to one end, but acts by various laws."
In all the madness of superfluous health,
The trim of pride, the impudence of wealth,
Let this great truth be present night and day,
But most be present, if we preach or pray. 5

Look round our world; behold the chain of love
Combining all below and all above.
See plastic nature working to this end,
The single atoms each to other tend. 10
Attract, attracted to, the next in place
Form'd and impell'd its neighbour to embrace.
See matter next, with various life endu'd,
Press to one center still, the gen'ral good.
See dying vegetables life sustain, 15
See life dissolving vegetate again:
All forms that perish, other forms supply,
By turns we catch the vital breath, and die;
Like bubbles on the sea of matter borne,
They rise, they break, and to that sea return. 20
Nothing is foreign; parts relate to whole;
One all-extending, all-preserving soul
Connects each being, greatest with the least;
Made beast in aid of man, and man of beast;
All serv'd, all serving: nothing stands alone; 25
The chain holds on, and where it ends, unknown.

Has God, thou fool! work'd solely for thy good,
Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food!
Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
For him as kindly spread the flow'ry lawn. 30
Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings?
Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.

Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat ?
 Loves of his own, and raptures swell the note.
 The bounding steed you pompously bestride, 35
 Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride.
 Is thine alone the seed that strews the plain ?
 The birds of heav'n shall vindicate their grain.
 Thine the full harvest of the golden year ?
 Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer: 40
 The hog that plows not, nor obeys thy call;
 Lives on the labours of this lord of all.
 Know, nature's children shall divide her care ;
 The fur that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear.
 While man exclaims, " see all things for my use ! " 45
 " See man for mine," replies a pamper'd goose ;
 And just as short of reason He must fall,
 Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.
 Grant that the pow'rful still the weak controul ;
 Be man the wit and tyrant of the whole ; 50
 Nature that tyrant checks ; he only knows,
 And helps, another's creature's wants and woes.
 Say, will the falcon, stooping from above,
 Smit with her varying plumage, spare the dove ?
 Admires the jay the insects gilded wings ? 55
 Or hears the hawk when Philomela sings ?
 Man cares for all : to birds he gives his woods,
 To beasts his pastures, and to fish his floods ;
 For some his int'rest prompts him to provide,
 For more his pleasure, yet for more his pride : 60
 All feed on one vain patron, and enjoy
 Th' extensive blessing of his luxury,
 That very life his learned hunger craves,
 He saves from famine, from the savage saves :
 Nay, feasts the animal he dooms his feast, 65
 And, till he ends the being, makes it blest ;
 Which sees no more the stroke, or feels the pain,
 Than favour'd man by touch ethereal slain.
 The creature had his feast of life before ;
 Thou too must perish, when thy feast is o'er ! 70

To each unthinking being, Heav'n a friend,
 Gives not the useleſs knowledge of it's end :
 To man imparts it ; but with ſuch a view
 As, while he dreads it, makes him hope it too :
 The hour conceal'd, and ſo remote the fear, 75
 Death ſtill draws nearer, never ſeeming near.
 Great ſtanding miracle ! that Heav'n aſſign'd
 Its only thinking thing this turn of mind.

Whether with reaſon, or with inſtinct bleſt,
 Know, all enjoy that pow'r which ſuits them beſt ; 80
 To bliſs alike by that direction tend,
 And find the means proportion'd to their end.
 Say, where full inſtinct is th' unerring guide,
 What pope or council can they need beſide ?
 Reaſon, however able, cool at beſt, 85
 Cares not for ſervice, or but ſerves when preſt,
 Stays 'till we call, and then not often near ;
 But honeſt inſtinct comes a volunteer,
 Sure never to o'erſhoot, but juſt to hit ;
 While ſtill too wide or ſhort is human wit ; 90
 Sure by quick nature happineſs to gain,
 Which heavier reaſon labours at in vain.
 This too ſerves always, reaſon never long ;
 One muſt go right, the other may go wrong.
 See then the acting and comparing pow'rs, 95
 One in their nature, which are two in ours !
 And reaſon raiſe o'er inſtinct as you can,
 In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis man.

Who taught the nations of the field and wood
 To ſhun their poiſon, and to chuſe their food ? 100
 Preſcient, the ties or tempeſts to withſtand,
 Build on the wave, or arch beneath the ſand ?
 Who made the ſpider parallels deſign,
 Sure as De Moivre, without rule or line ?
 Who bid the ſtork, Columbus-like, explore 105
 Heav'ns not his own, and worlds unknown before ?
 Who calls the council, ſtates the certain day,
 Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way ?

God, in the nature of each being, founds
 Its proper bliss, and sets its proper bounds : 110
 But as he fram'd a whole, the whole to bless,
 On mutual wants built mutual happiness :
 So from the first, eternal ORDER ran,
 And creature link'd to creature, man to man.
 Whate'er of life all-quick'ning æther keeps, 115
 Or breaths thro' air, or shoots beneath the deeps,
 Or pours profuse on earth, one nature feeds
 The vital flame, and swells the genial seeds.
 Not man alone, but all that roam the wood,
 Or wing the sky, or roll along the flood, 120
 Each loves itself, but not itself alone,
 Each sex desires alike, 'till two are one.
 Nor ends the pleasure with the fierce embrace ;
 They love themselves, a third time, in their race.
 Thus beast and bird their common charge attend, 125
 The mothers nurse it, and the fires defend ;
 The young dismiss'd to wander earth or air,
 There stops the instinct, and there ends the care ;
 The link dissolves, each seeks a fresh embrace,
 Another love succeeds, another race. 130
 A longer care man's helpless kind demands ;
 That longer care contracts more lasting bands :
 Reflection, reason, still the ties improve,
 At once extend the int'rest, and the love :
 With choice we fix, with sympathy we burn ; 135
 Each virtue in each passion takes its turn ;
 And still new needs, new helps, new habits rise,
 That graft benevolence on charities.
 Still as one brood, and as another rose,
 These nat'ral love maintain'd, habitual those : 140
 The last, scarce ripen'd into perfect man,
 Saw helpless him from whom their life began :
 Mem'ry and forecast just returns engage,
 That pointed back to youth, this on to age ;
 While pleasure, gratitude, and hope, combin'd, 145
 Still spread the int'rest and preserv'd the kind.

Nor

Nor think, in NATURE'S STATE they blindly trod ;
 The State of Nature was the reign of God :
 Self-love and social at her birth began, 150
 Union the bond of all things, and of man.
 Pride then was not ; nor arts, that pride to aid ;
 Man walk'd with beast, joint tenant of the shade :
 The same his table, and the same his bed ;
 No murder cloath'd him, and no murder fed.
 In the same temple, the resounding wood, 155
 All vocal beings hymn'd their equal God :
 The shrine with gore unstain'd, with gold undrest,
 Unbrib'd, unbloody, stood the blameless priest :
 Heav'n's attribute was universal care,
 And man's prerogative, to rule, but spare. 160
 Ah ! how unlike the man of times to come !
 Of half that live the butcher and the tomb ;
 Who, foe to nature, hears the gen'ral groan,
 Murders their species, and betrays his own.
 But just disease to luxury succeeds, 165
 And ev'ry death its own avenger breeds ;
 The fury-passions from that blood began,
 And turn'd on man, a fiercer savage, man.

See him from nature rising flow to art !
 To copy instinct then was reason's part ; 170
 Thus then to man the voice of nature spake—
 " Go, from the creatures thy instruction take :
 " Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield ;
 " Learn from the beasts the physic of the field ;
 " Thy arts of building from the bee receive ; 175
 " Learn of the mole to plow, the worm to weave ;
 " Learn of the little nautilus to sail,
 " Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.
 " Here too all forms of social union find,
 " And hence let reason, late, instruct mankind : 180
 " Here subterranean works and cities see ;
 " There towns aerial on the waving tree.
 " Learn each small people's genius, policies,
 " The ant's republic, and the realm of bees ;

" How those in common all their wealth bestow, 185
 " And anarchy without confusion know ;
 " And these for ever, tho' a monarch reign,
 " Their sep'rate cells and properties maintain.
 " Mark what unvary'd laws preserve each state,
 " Laws wise as nature, and as fix'd as fate. 190
 " In vain thy reason finer webs shall draw,
 " Entangle justice in her net of law,
 " And right, too rigid, harden into wrong ;
 " Still for the strong too weak, the weak too strong.
 " Yet go ! and thus o'er all the creatures sway, 195
 " Thus let the wiser make the rest obey ;
 " And for those arts mere instinct could afford,
 " Be crown'd as monarchs, or as gods ador'd."
 Great nature spoke ; observant man obey'd ;
 Cities were built, societies were made : 200
 Here rose one little state ; another near
 Grew by like means, and join'd, thro' love or fear.
 Did here the trees with ruddier burthens bend,
 And there the streams in purer rills descend ?
 What war could ravish, commerce could bestow, 205
 And he return'd a friend, who came a foe.
 Converse and love, mankind might strongly draw,
 When love was liberty, and nature law.
 Thus states were form'd ; the name of king unknown,
 'Till common int'rest plac'd the sway in one. 210
 'Twas VIRTUE ONLY (or in arts or arms,
 Diffusing blessings, or averting harms)
 The same which in a fire the sons obey'd,
 A prince the father of a people made.
 'Till then, by nature crown'd, each patriarch fate, 215
 King, priest, and parent, of his growing state ;
 On him their second providence, they hung,
 Their law his eye, their oracle his tongue.
 He from the wond'ring furrow call'd the food,
 Taught to command the fire, controul the flood, 220
 Draw forth the monsters of th' abyss profound,
 Or fetch th' aerial eagle to the ground,
 'Till

'Till drooping, sick'ning, dying they began
 Whom they rever'd as God to mourn as man:
 Then, looking up from fire to fire, explor'd 225
 One great First Father, and that first ador'd.
 Or plain tradition that this All begun,
 Convey'd unbroken faith from fire to son;
 The worker from the work distinct was known,
 And simple reason never sought but one: 230
 Ere wit oblique had broke that steady light,
 Man, like his Maker, saw that all was right;
 To virtue, in the paths of pleasure trod,
 And own'd a father when he own'd a God.
 Love all the faith, and all th' allegience then; 235
 For nature knew no right divine in men,
 No ill could fear in God; and understood
 A sov'reign being, but a sov'reign good.
 True faith, true policy, united ran,
 That was but love of God, and this of man. 240

Who first taught souls enslav'd, and realms undone,
 Th' enormous faith of many made for one;
 That proud exception to all nature's laws,
 T' invert the world, and counter-work its cause?
 Force first made conquest, and that conquest, law; 245
 'Till superstition taught the tyrant awe,
 Then shar'd the tyranny, then lent it aid,
 And gods of conqu'rors, slaves of subjects made:
 She, 'midst the light'ning's blaze, and thunder's sound,
 When rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd the ground,
 She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray,
 To pow'r unseen, and mightier far than they;
 She, from the rending earth, and bursting skies,
 Saw gods descend, and fiends infernal rise:
 Here fix'd the dreadful, there the blest abodes; 255
 Fear made her devils, and weak hope her gods;
 Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,
 Whose attributes were rage, revenge, or lust;
 Such as the souls of cowards might conceive,
 And, form'd like tyrants, tyrants would believe. 260

Zeal,

278 E T H I C E P I S T L E S.

Zeal then, not charity, became the guide ;
 And hell was built on spite, and heav'n on pride.
 Then sacred seem'd th' ethereal vault no more ;
 Altars grew marble then, and reek'd with gore ;
 Then first the Flamen tasted living food ; 265
 Next his grim idol smear'd with human blood ;
 With heav'n's own thunders shook the world below,
 And play'd the God an engine on his foe.

So drives self-love, thro' just, and thro' unjust,
 To one man's pow'r, ambition, lucre, lust : 270
 The same self-love, in all, becomes the cause
 Of what restrains him, government and laws.
 For, what one likes, if others like as well,
 What serves one will, when many wills rebel ?
 How shall he keep, what, sleeping or awake, 275
 A weaker may surprize, a stronger take ?
 His safety must his liberty restrain :
 All join to guard what each desires to gain.
 Forc'd into virtue thus, by self-defence,
 Ev'n kings learn'd justice and benevolence : 280
 Self-love forsook the path it first pursu'd,
 And found the private in the public good.

'Twas then the studious head or gen'rous mind,
 Follow'r of God, or friend of human kind,
 Poet or patriot, rose but to restore 215
 The faith and moral, nature gave before ;
 Re-lum'd her ancient light, not kindled new ;
 If not God's image, yet his shadow drew :
 Taught pow'r's due use to people and to kings,
 Taught nor to slack, nor strain its tender strings, 290
 The less, or greater, set so justly true,
 That touching one must strike the other two ;
 'Till jarring int'rest, of themselves create
 Th' according music of a well-mix'd state.
 Such is the world's great harmony, that springs 295
 From Order, Union, full consent of things :
 Where small and great, where weak and mighty, made
 To serve, not suffer, strengthen, not invade ;

More pow'rful each as needful to the rest,
 And, in proportion as it blesses, blest; 300
 Draw to one point, and to one centre bring
 Beast, man, or angel, servant, lord, or king.

For forms of government let fools contest;
 Whate'er is best administer'd is best:
 For modes of faith, let graceless zealots fight; 305

His can't be wrong whose life is in the right:
 In faith and hope the world will disagree,
 But all mankind's concern is charity;

All must be false that thwart this One great end:
 And all of God, that bless mankind, or mend. 310

Man, like the gen'rous vine, supported lives:
 The strength he gains is from th' embrace he gives.
 On their own axis as the planets run,
 Yet make at once their circle round the sun;
 So two consistent motions act the soul;
 And one regards itself, and one the whole.

Thus God and Nature link'd the gen'ral frame;
 And bad Self-love and Social be the same.

ARGU-

ARGUMENT OF
EPISTLE IV.

Of the NATURE and STATE of MAN, with Respect
to HAPPINESS.

FALSE notions of happiness, philosophical and popular, answered from ver. 19 to 27. It is the end of all men; and attainable by all, 30. God intends happiness to be *equal*; and to be so, it must be *social*, since all particular happiness depends on general, and since he governs by *general*, not *particular laws*, 37. As it is necessary for *order*, and the peace and welfare of *society*, that *external goods* should be *unequal*, happiness is not made to consist in these, 51. But notwithstanding that inequality, the *balance* of happiness among mankind is kept even by providence, by the two passions of *hope* and *fear*, 70. What the happiness of *individuals* is, as far as it is consistent with the constitution of this world; and that the *good man* has here the advantage, 77. The error of imputing to *virtue* what are only the calamities of *nature* or *fortune*, 94. The folly of expecting that God should alter his general laws in favour of particulars, 121. That we are not judges who are good; but that whoever they are, they must be happiest, 133, &c. That *external goods* are not the proper rewards, but often inconsistent with, or destructive of *virtue*, 167. That even these can make no man happy without *virtue*: instanced in *riches*, 185. *Honours*, 139. *Nobility*, 205. *Greatness*, 217. *Fame*, 237. *Superior Talents*, 259, &c. With pictures of human infelicity in men possessed of them all, 269, &c. That *virtue* only constitutes a happiness, whose object is *universal*, and whose prospect *eternal*, 309. That the *perfection* of *virtue* and *happiness* consists in a *conformity* to the ORDER of PROVIDENCE here, and a *resignation* to it here and hereafter, 326, &c.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE IV.

O HAPPINESS! our being's end and aim!
Good, pleasure, ease, content! whate'er thy name:
That something still which prompts th' eternal sigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die,
Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies, 5
O'erlook'd, seen double, by the fool and wise.
Plant of celestial seed! if dropt below,
Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow?
Fair op'ning to some court's propitious shine,
Or deep with di'monds in the flaming mine? 10
Twin'd with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,
Or reap'd in iron harvests of the field?
Where grows? where grows it not? If vain our toil,
We ought to blame the culture, not the soil:
Fix'd to no spot is happiness sincere, 15
'Tis no where to be found, or ev'ry where:
'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
And fled from monarchs, St. John! dwells with thee.

Ask of the learn'd the way? The learn'd are blind:
This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind; 20
Some place the bliss in action, some in ease,
Those call it pleasure, and contentment these;
Some sunk to beasts, find pleasure end in pain;
Some swell'd to gods, confess e'en virtue vain;
Or indolent, to each extreme they fall, 25
To trust in ev'ry thing, or doubt of all.

Who thus define it, say they more or less
Than this, that Happiness is Happiness?

Take nature's path, and mad opinion's leave;
All states can reach it, and all heads conceive; 30
Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell;
There needs but thinking right, and meaning well;

And mourn our various portions as we please,
Equal is common sense, and common ease.

Remember, man, "the universal cause" 35
"Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws ;"

And makes what happiness we justly call
Subsist not in the good of one, but all.

There's not a blessing individuals find,
But some way leans and hearkens to the kind : 40

No bandit fierce, no tyrant mad with pride,
No cavern'd hermit, rests self-satisfy'd :

Who most to shun or hate mankind pretend,
Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend :

Abstract what others feel, what others think, 45
All pleasures sicken, and all glories sink :

Each has his share ; and who would more obtain,
Shall find, the pleasure pays not half the pain.

ORDER is heav'n's first law ; and this confess,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest, 50

More rich, more wise ; but who infers from hence
That such are happier, shocks all common sense.

Heav'n to mankind impartial we confess,
If all are equal in their happiness :

But mutual wants this happiness increase ; 55
All nature's difference keeps all nature's peace.

Condition, circumstance is not the thing ;
Bliss is the same in subject or in king,

In who obtain defence, or who defend, 60
In him who is, or him who finds a friend :

Heav'n breathes thro' ev'ry member of the whole
One common blessing, as one common soul.

But fortune's gifts if each alike possess,
And each were equal, must not all contest ?

If then to all men happiness was meant, 65
God in externals could not place content.

Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,
And these be happy call'd, unhappy those ;

But heav'n's just balance equal will appear,
While those are plac'd in hope, and these in fear : 70

Not

Not present good or ill, the joy or curse,
But future views of better, or of worse.

Oh sons of earth ! attempt ye still to rise,
By mountains pil'd on mountains, to the skies ?
Heav'n still with laughter the vain toil surveys, 75
And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.

Know, all the good that individuals find,
Or God and Nature meant to mere mankind,
Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words, Health, Peace, and Competence. 80
But health consists with temperance alone ;
And peace, oh virtue ! peace is all thy own.

The good or bad the gifts of fortune gain ;
But these less taste them, as they worse obtain.
Say, in pursuit of profit or delight, 85

Who risk the most, that take wrong means, or right ?
Of vice or virtue, whether blest or curst,
Which meets contempt, or which compassion first ?

Count all th' advantage prosp'rous vice attains,
'Tis but what virtue flies from and disdains : 90
And grant the bad what happiness they wou'd,
One they must want, which is, to pass for good.

Oh blind to truth, and God's whole scheme below,
Who fancy bliss to vice, to virtue woe !
Who sees and follows that great scheme the best, 95
Best knows the blessing, and will most be blest.
But fools, the good alone, unhappy call,
For ills or accidents that chance to all.

See Falkland dies, the virtuous and the just ?
See godlike Turenne prostrate on the dust ! 100
See Sidney bleeds amid the martial strife !

Was this their virtue, or contempt of life ?
Say, was it virtue, more tho' heav'n ne'er gave,
Lamented Digby ! sunk thee to the grave ?

Tell me, if virtue made the son expire, 105
Why, full of days and honour lives, the fire ?
Why drew Marseilles' good bishop purer breath,
When nature sicken'd, and each gale was death ?

Or why so long (in life if long can be)
Lent heav'n a parent to the poor and me? 110

What makes all physical or moral ill?

There deviates nature, and here wanders will.
God sends not ill; if rightly understood,
Or partial ill is universal good,
Or change admits, or nature lets it fall 115

Short, and but rare, 'till man improv'd it all.

We just as wisely might of heav'n complain

That righteous Abel was destroy'd by Cain,

As that the virtuous son is ill at ease

When his lewd father gave the dire disease. 120

Think we, like some weak prince, th' eternal cause,

Prone for his fav'rites to reverse his laws?

Shall burning Ætna, if a sage requires,

Forget to thunder, and recall her fires?

On air or sea new motions be imprest, 125

Oh blameless Bethel! to relieve thy breast?

When the loose mountain trembles from on high,

Shall gravitation cease, if you go by?

Or some old temple, nodding to its fall,

For Chartres' head reserve the hanging wall? 130

But still this world (so fitted for the knave)

Contents us not. A better shall we have?

A kingdom of the just then let it be:

But first consider how those just agree.

The good must merit God's peculiar care! 135

But who, but God, can tell us who they are?

One thinks on Calvin heav'n's own spirit fell;

Another deems him instrument of hell;

If Calvin feel heav'n's blessing, or its rod,

This cries there is, and that, there is no God. 140

What shocks one part will edify the rest,

Nor with one system can they all be blest.

The very best will variously incline,

And what rewards your virtue, punish mine.

WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.—This world, 'tis true, 145

Was made for Cæsar—but for Titus too;

And

And which more blest ? who chain'd his country, say,
Or he whose virtue figh'd to lose a day ?

“ But sometimes virtue starves, while vice is fed.”

What then ? Is the reward of virtue bread ? 150

That, vice may merit, 'tis the price of toil ;

The knave deserves it, when he tills the soil,

The knave deserves it, when he tempts the main,

Where folly fights for kings, or dives for gain.

The good man may be weak, be indolent ; 155

Nor is his claim to plenty, but content.

But grant him riches, your demand is o'er ?

“ No—shall the good want health, the good want pow'r ?”

Add health and pow'r, and ev'ry earthly thing,

“ Why bounded pow'r ? why private ? why no king ?”

Nay, why external for internal giv'n ? 161

Why is not man a god, and earth a heav'n ?

Who ask and reason thus, will scarce conceive

God gives enough, while he has more to give ;

Immense the pow'r, immense were the demand ; 165

Say, at what part of nature will they stand ?

What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,

The soul's calm sun-shine, and the heart-felt joy,

Is virtue's prize : a better would you fix ?

Then give Humility a coach and fix, 170

Justice a conqueror's sword, or Truth a gown,

Or Public Spirit its great cure, a crown.

Weak, foolish man ! will heav'n reward us there

With the same trash mad mortals wish for here ?

The boy and man an individual makes, 175

Yet figh'ft thou now for apples and for cakes ?

Go, like the Indian, in another life

Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife ;

As well as dream such trifles are assign'd,

As toys and empires, for a godlike mind. 180

Rewards, that either would to virtue bring

No joy, or be destructive of the thing :

How oft' by these at sixty are undone

The virtues of a saint at twenty-one !

To whom can riches give repute, or trust, 185
 Content, or pleasure, but the good and just ?
 Judges and senates have been bought for gold,
 Esteem and love were never to be sold.
 Oh fool ! to think God hates the worthy mind,
 The lover and the love of human-kind, 190
 Whose life is healthful, and whose conscience clear,
 Because he wants a thousand pounds a year.

Honour and shame from no condition rise ;
 Act well your part, there all the honour lies.
 Fortune in men has some small difference made, 195
 One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade ;
 The cobbler apron'd, and the parson gown'd,
 The friar hooded, and the monarch crown'd.
 " What differ more (you cry) than crown and cowl ! "

I'll tell you, friend ! a wise man and a fool. 200
 You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
 Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk,
 Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow :
 The rest is all but leather or prunella. 204

Stuck o'er with titles and hung round with strings,
 That thou may'st be by kings, or whores of kings.
 Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race,
 In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece :
 But by your father's worth if your's you rate,
 Count me those only who were good and great. 210
 Go ! if your ancient, but ignoble blood
 Has crept thro' scoundrels ever since the flood,
 Go ! and pretend your family is young ;
 Nor own your fathers have been fools so long.
 What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards ? 215
 Alas ! not all the blood of all the Howards.

Look next on greatness ; say where greatness lies,
 Where, but among the heroes and the wise ?
 Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,
 From Macedonia's madman to the Swede ; 220
 The whole strange purpose of their lives, to find
 Or make, an enemy of all mankind !

Not

Not one looks backward, onward still he goes,
 Yet ne'er looks forward further than his nose.
 No less alike the politic and wise ; 225
 All fly slow things, with circumspective eyes :
 Men in their loose unguarded hours they take,
 Not that themselves are wise, but others weak.
 But grant that those can conquer, these can cheat ;
 'Tis phrase absurd to call a villain great ; 230
 Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
 Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
 Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
 Or failing, smiles in exile or in chains,
 Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed 235
 Like Socrates, that man is great indeed.

What's fame ? a fancy'd life in others breath,
 A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death.
 Just what you hear, you have, and what's unknown
 The same (my lord) if Tully's, or your own. 240
 All that we feel of it begins and ends
 In the small circle of our foes or friends ;
 To all beside as much an empty shade
 An Eugene living, as a Cæsar dead ;
 Alike or when, or where they shone, or shine, 245
 Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.
 A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod ;
 An honest man's the noblest work of God.
 Fame but from death a villain's name can save,
 As justice tears his body from the grave ; 250
 When what t'oblivion better were resign'd,
 Is hung on high, to poison half mankind.
 All fame is foreign, but of true desert ;
 Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart :
 One self-approving hour whole years out-weighs 255
 Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas ;
 And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels,
 Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.

In parts superior what advantage lies ?
 Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise ? 260

'Tis

'Tis but to know how little can be known ;
 To see all others faults, and feel our own ;
 Condemn'd in bus'ness, or in arts to drudge,
 Without a second, or without a judge :
 Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land ? 265
 All fear, none aid you, and few understand.
 Painful preheminance ! yourself to view
 Above life's weakness, and its comforts too.

Bring then these blessings to a strict account ;
 Make fair deductions ; see to what they mount : 270
 How much of other each is sure to cost ;
 How each for other oft' is wholly lost ;
 How inconsistent greater goods with these ;
 How sometimes life is risqu'd, and always ease :
 Think, and if still the things thy envy call, 275
 Say, would'st thou be the man to whom they fall ?
 To sigh for ribbands if thou art so silly,
 Mark how they grace Lord Umbra, or Sir Billy.
 Is yellow dirt the passion of thy life ?
 Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife. 280
 If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd,
 The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind :
 Or ravish'd with the whistling of a name,
 See Cromwell, damn'd to everlasting fame !
 If all, united, thy ambition call, 285
 From ancient story, learn to scorn them all.
 There, in the rich, the honour'd, fam'd and great,
 See the false scale of happiness complete !
 In hearts of kings, or arms of queens who lay,
 How happy those to ruin, these betray. 290
 Mark by what wretched steps their glory grows,
 From dirt and sea-weed as proud Venice rose ;
 In each how guilt and greatness equal ran,
 And all that rais'd the hero, sunk the man :
 Now Europe's laurels on their brows behold, 295
 But stain'd with blood, or ill exchang'd for gold :
 Then see them broke with toils, or sunk in ease,
 Or infamous for plunder'd provinces.

Oh





*Know then this Truth (enough for Man to know)
Virtue alone is Happiness below.*

Essay on Man Ep. IV.

Oh wealth ill-fated ! which no act of fame
 E'er taught to shine, or sanctify'd from shame ! 300
 What greater bliss attends their close of life ?
 Some greedy minion, or imperious wife,
 The trophy'd arches, story'd halls invade,
 And haunt their slumbers in the pompous shade.
 Alas ! not dazzled with their noon-tide ray, 305
 Compute the morn and ev'ning to the day ;
 The whole amount of that enormous fame,
 A tale, that blends their glory with their shame !
 Know then this truth (enough for man to know)
 " Virtue alone is happiness below." 310
 The only point where human bliss stands still,
 And tastes the good without the fall to ill ;
 Where only merit constant pay receives,
 Is blest in what it takes, and what it gives ;
 The joy unequal'd, if its end it gain, 315
 And if it lose, attended with no pain :
 Without satiety, tho' e'er so bless'd,
 And but more relish'd as the more distress'd :
 The broadest mirth unfeeling folly wears,
 Less pleasing far than virtue's very tears : 320
 Good, from each object, from each plac'd acquir'd,
 For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd ;
 Never elated, while one man's oppress'd ;
 Never dejected, while another's bless'd ;
 And where no wants, no wishes can remain, 325
 Since but to wish more virtue, is to gain.
 See the sole bliss heav'n could on all bestow !
 Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can know :
 Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
 The bad must miss, the good, untaught, will find ; 330
 Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
 But looks through nature, up to nature's God ;
 Pursues that chain which links th' immense design,
 Joins heav'n and earth, and mortal and divine ;
 Sees, that no being any bliss can know, 335
 But touches some above, and some below ;

Learns, from this union of the rising whole,
 The first, last purpose of the human soul;
 And knows where faith, law, morals, all began,
 All end, in LOVE OF GOD, and LOVE OF MAN. 340
 For him alone, Hope leads from goal to goal,
 And opens still, and opens on his soul;
 'Till lengthen'd on to Faith, and unconfin'd,
 It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind.

He sees, why nature plants in man alone 345
 Hope of known bliss, and faith in bliss unknown:
 (Nature, whose dictates to no other kind
 Are giv'n in vain, but what they seek they find)
 Wise is her present; she connects in this
 His greatest virtue with his greatest bliss; 350
 At once his own bright prospect to be blest,
 And strongest motive to assist the rest.

Self-love thus push'd to social, to divine,
 Gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessing thine.
 Is this too little for the boundless heart? 355
 Extend it, let thy enemies have part:
 Grasp the whole worlds of reason, life, and sense,
 In one close system of benevolence:
 Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
 And height of bliss but height of charity. 360

God loves from whole to parts: but human soul
 Must rise from individual to the whole.
 Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
 As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;
 The centre mov'd, a circle strait succeeds, 365
 Another still, and still another spreads;
 Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace;
 His country next; and next all human race:
 Wide and more wide, th' o'erflowings of the mind
 Take ev'ry creature in, of ev'ry kind; 370
 Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,
 And heav'n beholds its image in his breast.

Come then, my friend! my genius! come along;
 Oh master of the poet, and the song!

And

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And while the muse now stoops, or now ascends, 375
 To man's low passions, or their glorious ends,
 Teach me, like thee, in various nature wise,
 To fall with dignity, with temper rise ;
 Form'd by thy converse, happily to steer
 From grave to gay, from lively to severe ; 380
 Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease,
 Intent to reason, or polite to please.
 Oh ! while along the stream of time thy name
 Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame ;
 Say, shall my little bark attendant fail, 385
 Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale ?
 When statesmen, heroes, kings, in dust repose,
 Whose sons shall blush their fathers were thy foes,
 Shall then this verse to future age pretend
 Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend ? 390
 That, urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art,
 From sounds to things, from fancy to the heart ;
 For wit's false mirror held up nature's light ;
 Shew'd erring pride, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT ;
 That Reason, Passion, answer one great aim ; 395
 That true Self-love and Social are the same ;
 That Virtue only makes our bliss below ;
 And all our knowledge is, OURSELVES TO KNOW.

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And while the world now sleeps, or now stands
To man's low passions, or their agonies end,
I teach me, like thee, in various nature wild,
The fall with dignity, with temperance
Learn'd by thy converse, happily to thee
From grave to gay, from lively to severe;
Concord with spirit, eloquent with tale,
Learn to reason, or polite to please,
And while along the stream of time thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its name;
Say, shall my little bark attend or sail;
I trust the triumph, and partake the gain;
When fate's men, heroes, kings, in dust repose,
Whose loss shall death their fathers were thy
Shall then this verse to future age be read
That wert my guide, philosopher, and friend;
That, wad by me, I turn'd the sensual art
From goods to things, from flesh to the heart;
I for my sake, and for my name's light;
Shew'd living right, and that is right;
That Reason, Passion, and the great aim;
That true Bel-love and Social are the same;
That Virtue only makes our bliss below,
And all our knowledge is Ourselves to know.

THE

UNIVERSAL

PRAYER.

DEO OPT. MAX.

UNIVERSITY OF

THE

UNIVERSITY

P R A Y R

DEO OPT MA X

THE
UNIVERSAL PRAYER*.
DEO OPT. MAX.

FATHER of All! in ev'ry age,
In ev'ry clime ador'd,
By faint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou Great First Cause, least understood:
Who all my sense confin'd
To know but this, that Thou art Good,
And that myself am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill;
And binding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than hell to shun,
That, more than heav'n pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives,
Let me not cast away;
For God is paid when man receives,
T'enjoy is to obey.

* It may be proper to observe, that some passages, in the preceding Essay, having been unjustly suspected of a tendency towards Fate and Naturalism, the author composed this Prayer as the sum of all, to shew that his system was founded in Free-will, and terminated in piety: that the first cause was as well the lord and governor of the universe as the creator of it; and that, by submission to his will (the great principle enforced throughout the Essay) was not meant the suffering ourselves to be carried along by a blind determination, but the resting in a religious acquiescence, and confidence full of Hope and Immortality. To give all this the greater weight, the poet chose for his model the LORD'S PRAYER, which, of all others, best deserves the title prefixed to his paraphrase.

Yet

Yet not to earth's contracted span
 Thy goodness let me bound,
 Or think thee lord alone of man,
 When thousand worlds are round:

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
 Presume thy bolts to throw,
 And deal damnation round the land,
 On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
 Still in the right to stay:
 If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
 To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride,
 Or impious discontent,
 At aught thy wisdom has deny'd,
 Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
 To hide the fault I see;
 That mercy I to others show,
 That mercy show to me.

Mean tho' I am, not wholly so,
 Since quicken'd by thy breath;
 O lead me wherefoe'er I go,
 Thro' this day's life or death.

This day, be bread and peace my lot:
 All else beneath the sun,
 Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,
 And let thy will be done.

To thee, whose temple is all space,
 Whose altar, earth, sea, skies!
 One chorus let all being raise!
 All nature's incense rise!

MORAL ESSAYS,

I N

F O U R E P I S T L E S,

T O

S E V E R A L P E R S O N S.

Est brevitæ opus, ut currat sententia, neu se
Impediat verbis lassas onerantibus aures :
Et sermone opus est modo tristi, sæpe jocosæ,
Defendente vicem modo Rhetoris atque Poetæ,
Interdum urbani, parentis viribus, atque,
Extenuantis eas consulto

HOR.

VOL. I.

Qq

Yet not to earth's contracted span
 Thy goodness let me bound,
 Or think thee lord alone of man,
 When thousand worlds are round:

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
 Presume thy bolts to throw,
 And deal damnation round the land,
 On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
 Still in the right to stay:
 If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
 To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride,
 Or impious discontent,
 At aught thy wisdom has deny'd,
 Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
 To hide the fault I see;
 That mercy I to others show,
 That mercy show to me.

Mean tho' I am, not wholly so,
 Since quicken'd by thy breath;
 O lead me wheresoe'er I go,
 Thro' this day's life or death.

This day, be bread and peace my lot:
 All else beneath the sun,
 Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,
 And let thy will be done.

To thee, whose temple is all space,
 Whose altar, earth, sea, skies!
 One chorus let all being raise!
 All nature's incense rise!

MORAL ESSAYS,

I N

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T O

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Impediat verbis lassas onerantibus aures :
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HOR.

VOL. I.

Qq

THE
MORAL

AND
MORAL

IN

FOUR FIRST

TO

SEVERAL PERSONS

Est praevident opus, ut quidam homines, non
impediant velis talis operatio fieri :
Ita ratione opus est modo talis, ipso facto
Deficiente viam modo rationis
interdum utitur, pariterque
Extenuantia et confuso

Q

Vol. I.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE ESSAY ON MAN was intended to have been comprised in Four Books.

The First of which, the author has given us under that title, in four epistles.

The Second was to have consisted of the same number:
1. Of the extent and limits of human reason. 2. Of those arts and sciences, and of the parts of them, which are useful, and therefore attainable, together with those which are unuseful, and therefore unattainable. 3. Of the nature, ends, use, and application of the different capacities of men. 4. Of the use of learning, of the science of the world, and of wit; concluding with a satire against a misapplication of them, illustrated by pictures, characters, and examples.

The Third Book regarded civil regimen, or the science of politics, in which the several forms of a republic were to be examined and explained; together with the several modes of religious worship, as far forth as they affect society; between which the author always supposed there was the most interesting relation and closest connection; so that this part would have treated of civil and religious society in their full extent.

The Fourth and last Book concerned private ethics, or practical morality, considered in all the circumstances, orders, professions, and stations of human life.

The scheme of all this had been maturely digested, and communicated to L. Bolingbroke, Dr. Swift, and one or two more, and was intended for the only work of his riper years: but was, partly through ill health, partly through discouragements from the depravity of the times, and partly on prudential and other considerations, interrupted, postponed, and, lastly, in a manner laid aside.

But as this was the author's favourite work, which more exactly reflected the image of his strong capacious mind, and as we can have but a very imperfect idea of it from the *disiecta membra Poetæ* that now remain, it may

not be amiss to be a little more particular concerning each of these projected books.

The First, as it treats of man in the abstract, and considers him in general under every of his relations, becomes the foundation, and furnishes out the subjects of the *three* following; so that

The Second Book was to take up again the First and Second epistles of the First Book, and treats of man in his intellectual capacity at large, as has been explained above. Of this only a small part of the conclusion (which, as we said, was to have contained a satire against the misapplication of wit and learning) may be found in the Fourth Book of the Dunciad, and up and down, occasionally, in the other Three.

The Third Book, in like manner, was to reassume the subject of the Third epistle of the First, which treats of man in his social, political, and religious capacity. But this part the poet afterwards conceived might be best executed in an Epic Poem; as the action would make it more animated, and the fable less invidious; in which all the great principles of true and false governments and religions should be chiefly delivered in feigned examples.

The Fourth and last Book was to pursue the subject of the Fourth Epistle of the First, and treats of Ethics, or practical morality; and would have consisted of many members; of which the four following epistles were detached portions: the two first, on the Characters of Men and Women, being the introductory part of this concluding book.

M O R A L

MORAL ESSAYS.

EPISTLE I.

TO

SIR RICHARD TEMPLE, L. COBHAM.

ARGUMENT.

Of the KNOWLEDGE and CHARACTERS of MEN.

I. **T**HAT it is not sufficient for this knowledge to consider man in the *abstract*: *books* will not serve the purpose, nor yet our own *experience* singly, ver. 1. General maxims, unless they be formed upon *both*, will be but notional, 10. Some peculiarity in every man, characteristic to himself, yet varying from himself, 15. Difficulties arising from our own passions, fancies, faculties, &c. 31. The shortness of life to observe it, and the uncertainty of the *principles of action* in men to observe by, 37, &c. Our own principle of action often hid from ourselves, 41. Some few characters plain, but in general confounded, dissembled, or inconsistent, 51. The same man utterly different in different places and seasons, 71. Unimaginable weaknesses in the greatest, 70, &c. Nothing constant and certain but *God* and *nature*, 95. No judging of the *motives* from the actions; the same actions proceeding

A R G U M E N T.

proceeding from contrary motives, and the same motives influencing contrary actions, 100. II. Yet to form *characters*, we can only take the *strongest actions* of a man's life, and try to make them agree: The utter uncertainty of this, from *nature* itself, and from *policy*, 120. *Characters* given according to the *rank* of men of the world, 135. And some reason for it, 140. Education alters the *nature*, or at least *character*, of many, 149. *Actions*, *passions*, *opinions*, *manners*, *humours* or *principles*, all subject to change. No judging by *nature*, from 158 to 178. III. It only remains to find (if we can) his *RULING PASSION*: that will certainly influence all the rest, and can reconcile the seeming or real inconsistency of all his actions, 175. Instanced in the extraordinary character of *Clodio*, 179. A caution against mistaking *second qualities* for *first*, which will destroy all possibility of the knowledge of mankind, 210. Examples of the strength of the *ruling passion*, and its continuation to the last breath, 222, &c.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE I.

YES, you despise the man to books confin'd,
Who from his study rails at human kind ;
Tho' what he learns he speaks, and may advance
Some gen'ral maxims, or be right by chance.
The coxcomb bird, so talkative and grave, 5
That from his cage cries cuckold, whore, and knave,
Tho' many a passenger he rightly call,
You hold him no philosopher at all.

And yet the fate of all extremes is such,
Men may be read, as well as books, too much. 10
To observations which ourselves we make,
We grow more partial for th' observer's sake ;
To written wisdom, as another's less ;
Maxims are drawn from notions, these from guess.
There's some peculiar in each leaf and grain, 15
Some unmark'd fibre, or some varying vein ;
Shall only man be taken in the gross ?
Grant but as many sorts of mind as moss.

That each from other differs, first confess ;
Next, that he varies from himself no less ; 20
Add nature's, custom's, reason's, passion's strife,
And all opinion's colours cast on life.

Our depths who fathoms, or our shallows finds,
Quick whirls, and shifting eddies, of our minds ?
On human actions reason tho' you can, 25
It may be reason, but it is not man :
His principle of action once explore,
That instant 'tis his principle no more.
Like following life thro' creatures you dissect,
You lose it in the moment you detect. 30
Yet

Yet more; the difference is as great between
The optics seeing, as the objects seen.

All manners take a tincture from our own;
Or come discolour'd thro' our passions shown.
Or fancy's beam enlarges, multiplies,
Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thousand dyes. 35

Nor will life's stream for observation stay,
It hurries all too fast to mark their way:
In vain sedate reflections we would make,
When half our knowledge we must snatch, not take. 40
Oft' in the passion's wild rotation tost,
Our spring of action to ourselves is lost:
Tir'd, not determin'd, to the last we yield,
And what comes then is master of the field.
As the last image of that troubled heap, 45
When sense subsides, and fancy sports in sleep,
(Tho' past the recollection of the thought)
Becomes the stuff of which our dream is wrought:
Something as dim to our internal view,
Is thus, perhaps, the cause of most we do. 50

True, some are open, and to all men known;
Others so very close, they're hid from none;
(So darkness strikes the sense no less than light)
Thus gracious Chandos is belov'd at sight;
And ev'ry child hates Shylock, tho' his soul 55
Still fits at squat, and peeps not from its hole.
At half mankind when gen'rous Manly raves,
All know 'tis virtue, for he thinks them knaves;
When universal homage Umbra pays,
All see 'tis vice, and itch of vulgar praise, 60
When flatt'ry glares, all hate it in a queen,
While one there is who charms us with his spleen.

But these plain characters we rarely find:
Tho' strong the bent, yet quick the turns of mind:
Or puzzling contraries confound the whole; 65
Or affectations quite reverse the soul.
The dull, flat falsehood serves for policy,
And in the cunning, truth itself's a lie;

Unthought-of frailties cheat us in the wise ;
The fool lies hid in inconsistencies. 70

See the same man, in vigour, in the gout ;
Alone, in company ; in place, or out ;
Early at bus'ness, and at hazard late ;
Mad at a fox-chase, wise at a debate ;
Drunk at a borough, civil at a ball ; 75
Friendly at Hackney, faithless at Whitehall.

Catius is ever moral, ever grave,
Thinks who endures a knave, is next a knave,
Save just at dinner—then prefers, no doubt,
A rogue with ven'son to a saint without. 80

Who would not praise Patricio's high desert,
His hand unstain'd, his uncorrupted heart,
His comprehensive head ! all int'rest weigh'd,
All Europe fav'd, yet Britain not betray'd.
He thanks you not, his pride is in picquette, 85
Newmarket-fame, and judgment at a bet.

What made (say Montagne, or more sage Charron !)
Otho a warrior, Cromwell a buffoon ?
A perjur'd prince * a leaden saint revere,
A godless regent tremble at a star † ? 90
The throne a bigot keep, a genius quit §,
Faithless through piety, and dup'd thro' wit ?
Europe a woman, child, or dotard rule,
And just her wisest monarch made a fool ‡ ?
Know, God and Nature only are the same : 95
In man, the judgment shoots at flying game ;
A bird of passage ! gone as soon as found,
Now in the moon perhaps, now under ground.

* Louis XI. of France wore in his hat a leaden image of the Virgin Mary, which when he swore by, he feared to break his oath.

† Philip, duke of Orleans, regent of France, in the minority of Louis XV. superstitious in judicial astrology, though an unbeliever in all religion.

§ Philip V. of Spain, who after renouncing the throne for religion, resumed it to gratify his queen ; and Victor Amadeus II. king of Sardinia, who resigned the crown, and trying to reassume it, was imprisoned 'till his death.

‡ The Czarina, the king of France, the Pope and the above-mentioned king of Sardinia.

In vain the sage, with retrospective eye,
 Would from th' apparent What conclude the Why, 100
 Infer the motive from the deed, and shew,
 That what we chanc'd was what we meant to do.
 Behold if fortune or a mistress frowns,
 Some plunge in bus'ness, others shave their crowns :
 To ease the soul of one oppressive weight, 105
 This quits an empire, that embroils a state :
 The same adust complexion has impell'd
 Charles to the convent, Philip to the field*.

Not always actions shew the man : we find
 Who does a kindness, is not therefore kind : 110
 Perhaps prosperity becalm'd his breast,
 Perhaps the wind just shifted from the east :
 Not therefore humble he who seeks retreat,
 Pride guides his steps, and bids him shun the great :
 Who combats bravely is not therefore brave, 115
 He dreads a death-bed like the meanest slave ;
 Who reasons wisely is not therefore wise,
 His pride in reas'ning, not in acting lies.

But grant that actions best discover man ;
 Take the most strong, and sort them as you can. 120
 The few that glare, each character must mark,
 You balance not the many in the dark.
 What will you do with such as disagree ?
 Suppress them, or miscall them policy ?
 Must then at once (the character to save) 125
 The plain rough hero turn a crafty knave ?
 Alas ! in truth the man but chang'd his mind,
 Perhaps was sick, in love, or had not din'd.

* The atrabilious complexion of Philip II. is well known, but not so well that he derived it from his father Charles V. whose health, the historians of his life tell us, was frequently disordered by bilious fevers. But what the author meant principally to observe here was, that this humour made both these princes act contrary to their character ; Charles, who was an active man, when he retired into a convent ; Philip, who was a man of the closet, when he gave the battle of St. Quintin.

Ask why from Britain Cæsar would retreat ?
Cæsar * himself might whisper he was beat. 130

Why risk the world's great empire for a punk ? †

Cæsar perhaps might answer he was drunk.

But sage historians ! 'tis your task to prove

One action conduct ; one heroic love.

'Tis from high life high characters are drawn ; 135

A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn ;

A judge is just, a chanc'lor juster still ;

A gownman, learn'd ; a bishop, what you will ;

Wise, if a minister ; but, if a king,

More wise, more learn'd, more just, more ev'ry thing.

Court-virtues bear, like gems, the highest rate, 141

Born where heav'n's influence scarce can penetrate :

In life's low vale, the soil the virtues like,

They please as beauties, here as wonders strike.

Tho' the same sun with all-diffusive rays 145

Blush in the rose, and in the di'mond blaze.

We prize the stronger effort of his pow'r,

And justly set the gem above the flow'r.

'Tis education forms the common mind,

Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclin'd. 150

Boastful and rough, your first son is a 'squire ;

The next a tradesman, meek, and much a liar ;

Tom struts a soldier, open, bold and brave ;

Will sneaks a scriv'ner, an exceeding knave :

Is he a churchman ? then he's fond of pow'r : 155

A quaker ? sly : a presbyterian ? sour :

A smart free-thinker ? all things in an hour.

* Cæsar wrote his Commentaries, in imitation of the Greek Generals, for the entertainment of the world : But had his friends asked him, in his ear, the reason of his sudden retreat from Britain, after so many pretended victories, we have cause to suspect, even from his own public relation of the matter, that he would have Whisper'd he was beat.

† After the battle of Pharsalia, Cæsar pursued his enemy to Alexandria, where he became infatuated with the charms of Cleopatra, and instead of pushing his advantages, and dispersing the relicks of the Pharsalian quarrel, (after narrowly escaping the violence of an enraged populace) brought upon himself an unnecessary war, at a time his arms were most wanted elsewhere.

Ask men's opinions : Scoto now shall tell
 How trade increaseth, and the world goes well ;
 Strike off his pension, by the setting sun, 160
 And Britain, if not Europe, is undone.

That gay free-thinker, a fine talker once,
 What turns him now a stupid silent dunce ?
 Some God, or spirit, he has lately found ;
 Or chanc'd to meet a minister that frown'd. 165

Judge we by nature ? habit can efface,
 Int'rest o'ercome, or policy take place :
 By actions ? those uncertainty divides :
 By passions ? these dissimulation hides :
 Opinions ? they still take a wider range : 170
 Find, if you can, in what you cannot change.

Manners with fortunes, humours turn'd with climes,
 Tenets with books, and principles with times.

Search then the RULING PASSION : * there, alone,
 The wild are constant, and the cunning known ; 175
 The fool consistent, and the false sincere ;
 Priests, princes, women, no dissemblers here.
 This clue once found, unravels all the rest,
 The prospect clears, and Wharton stands confest.

Wharton, the scorn and wonder of our days, 180
 Whose ruling passion was the lust of praise :
 Born with whate'er could win it from the wise,
 Women and fools must like him or he dies :
 Tho' wond'ring senates hung on all he spoke,
 The club must hail him master of the joke. 185

Shall parts so various aim at nothing new ?
 He'll shine a Tully, and a Wilmot † too.
 Then turns repentant, and his God adores
 With the same spirit that he drinks and whores ;
 Enough if all around him but admire, 190
 And now the punk applaud, and now the frier.

* See Essay on Man, ep. ii. ver. 133. et seq.

† John Wilmot, E. of Rochester, famous for his wit and extravagancies in the time of Charles II.

Thus with each gift of nature and of art,
 And wanting nothing but an honest heart;
 Grown all to all, from no one vice exempt;
 And most contemptible, to shun contempt; 195
 His passion still, to covet gen'ral praise,
 His life, to forfeit it a thousand ways;

A constant bounty which no friend has made;
 An angel tongue, which no man can persuade;
 A fool, with more of wit than half mankind, 200
 Too rash for thought, for action too refin'd;
 A tyrant to the wife his heart approves;
 A rebel to the very king he loves;
 He dies, sad outcast of each church and state,
 And, harder still! flagitious, yet not great. 205
 Ask you why Wharton broke thro' ev'ry rule?
 'Twas all for fear the knaves should call him fool.

Nature well known, no prodigies remain,
 Comets are regular, and Wharton plain.

Yet, in this search, the wisest may mistake, 210
 If second qualities for first they take.
 When Catiline by rapine swell'd his store;
 When Cæsar made a noble dame a whore;
 In this the lust, in that the avarice
 Were means, not ends; ambition was the vice. 215
 That very Cæsar born in Scipio's days,
 Had aim'd, like him, by chastity, at praise.
 Lucullus, when frugality could charm,
 Had roasted turnips in the Sabine farm.
 In vain th' observer eyes the builder's toil, 220
 But quite mistakes the scaffold for the pile.

In this one passion man can strength enjoy,
 As fits give vigour, just when they destroy.
 Time, that on all things lays his lenient hand,
 Yet tames not this; it sticks to our last sand. 225
 Consistent in our follies and our sins,
 Here honest nature ends as she begins.

Old politicians chew on wisdom past,
 And tetter on in bus'ness to the last;

As weak, as earnest ; and as gravely out, 230
As sober Laneſb'row * dancing in the gout.

Behold a rev'rend fire, whom want of grace
Has made the father of a nameleſs race,
Shov'd from the wall perhaps, or rudely preſs'd
By his own ſon, that paſſes by unbleſs'd : 235
Still to his wench he crawls on knocking knees,
And envies ev'ry ſparrow that he ſees.

A falmon's belly, Helluo, was thy fate ;
The doctor call'd, declares all help too late :
“ Mercy ! cries Helluo, mercy on my ſoul ! 240
“ Is there no hope ?—Alas !—then bring the jowl.”

The frugal crone, whom praying prieſts attend,
Still ſtrives to ſave the hallow'd taper's end,
Collects her breath, as ebbing life retires,
For one puff more, and in that puff expires. 245

“ Odious ! in woollen ! 'twould a faint provoke,
(Where the laſt words that poor Narciffa ſpoke)
“ No let a charming Chintz, and Bruffels lace
“ Wrap my cold limbs, and ſhade my lifeleſs face :
“ One would not, ſure, be frightful when one's dead—
“ And—Betty—give this cheek a little red.” 251

The courtier ſmooth, who forty years had ſhin'd
An humble ſervant to all human-kind,
Juſt brought out this, when ſcarce his tongue could ſtir,
“ If—where I'm going—I could ſerve you Sir ?” 255

“ I give and I deviſe (old Euclio ſaid,
And ſigh'd) “ my lands and tenements to Ned.”
Your money, Sir ?—“ My money, Sir, what all ?
“ Why,—if I muſt—(then wept) I give it Paul.”
The manor, Sir ?—“ The manor ! hold, he cry'd, 260
“ Not that,—I cannot part with that”—and dy'd.

And you ! brave Cobham, to the laſteſt breath,
Shall feel your ruling paſſion ſtrong in death :
Such in thoſe moments as in all the paſt,
“ Oh, ſave my country, heav'n !” ſhall be your laſt.

* An ancient nobleman, who continued this practice long after his legs were diſabled by the gout. Upon the death of Prince George of Denmark, he demanded an audience of the queen, to adviſe her to preſerve her health, and diſpel her grief by Dancing.

MORALESSAYS.

EPISTLE II.

TO

A L A D Y.

Of the CHARACTERS of WOMEN.

NOTHING so true as what you once let fall,
“Most women have no characters at all.”

Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,
And best distinguish'd by black, brown, or fair.

How many pictures of one nymph we view,
All how unlike each other, all how true!

Arcadia's countess, here, in ermin'd pride,
Is there, Pastora by a fountain side.

Here Fannia, leering on her own good man,
And there, a naked Leda with a swan.

Let then the fair one beautifully cry,
In Magdalene's loose hair and lifted eye,

Or drest in smiles of sweet Cecilia shine,
With simp'ring angels, palms, and harps divine;

Whether the charmer sinner it, or saint it,
If folly grow romantic, I must paint it.

Come then, the colours and the ground prepare!
Dip in the rainbow, trick her off in air;

Chuse

Chuse a firm cloud, before it fall, and in it
Catch, ere she change, the Cynthia of this minute. 20

Rufa, whose eye quick glancing o'er the Park,
Attracts each light gay meteor of a spark,
Agrees as ill with Rufa studying Locke,
As Sappho's di'monds with her dirty smock;
Or Sappho at her toilet's greazy task, 25
With Sappho fragrant at an ev'ning mask:
So morning insects that in muck begun,
Shine, buzz, and fly-blow in the setting-sun.

How soft is Silia! fearful to offend;
The frail one's advocate, the weak one's friend. 30
To her, Calista prov'd her conduct nice;
And good Simplicius asks of her advice.
Sudden, she storms! she raves! You tip the wink,
But spare your censure: Silia does not drink.
All eyes may see from what the change arose, 35
All eyes may see—a pimple on her nose.

Papillia, wedded to her am'rous spark,
Sighs for the shades—"How charming is a park!"
A park is purchas'd, but the fair he sees
All bath'd in tears—"Oh odious, odious trees!" 40

Ladies, like variegated tulips, shew;
'Tis to their changes half their charms we owe;
Fine by defect, and delicately weak,
Their happy spots the nice admirer take.
'Twas thus Calypso once each heart alarm'd, 45
Aw'd without virtue, without beauty charm'd;
Her tongue bewitch'd as oddly as her eyes,
Less wit than mimic, more a wit than wise;
Strange graces still, and stranger flights she had,
Was just not ugly, and was just not mad; 50
Yet ne'er so sure our passion to create,
As when she touch'd the brink of all we hate.

Narcissa's nature, tolerably mild,
To make a wash, would hardly stew a child;
Has ev'n been prov'd to grant a lover's pray'r, 55
And paid a tradesman once to make him stare;

Give alms at Easter, in a christian trim,
 And made a widow happy, for a whim.
 Why then declare good-nature is her scorn,
 When 'tis by that alone she can be borne? 60
 Why pique all mortals, yet affect a name?
 A fool to pleasure, yet a slave to fame:
 Now deep in Taylor and the Book of Martyrs,
 Now drinking citron with his Grace and Chartres:
 Now conscience chills her, and now passion burns; 65
 And atheism and religion take their turns;
 A very Heathen in the carnal part,
 Yet still a sad, good Christian at her heart.
 See sin in state, majestically drunk;
 Proud as a peeress, prouder as a punk; 70
 Chaste to her husband, frank to all beside,
 A teeming mistress, but a barren bride.
 What then? let blood and body bear the fault,
 Her head's untouch'd, that noble seat of thought:
 Such this day's doctrine—in another fit 75
 She sins with poets thro' pure love of wit.
 What has not fir'd her bosom or her brain?
 Cæsar and Tall-boy, Charles and Charlema'ne.
 As Helluo, late dictator of the feast,
 The nose of haut-gout, and the tip of taste, 80
 Critiqu'd your wine, and analyz'd your meat,
 Yet on plain pudding deign'd at home to eat:
 So Philomede, lect'ring all mankind
 On the soft passion, and the taste refin'd,
 Th' address, the delicacy—stoops at once, 85
 And makes her hearty meal upon a dunce.
 Flavia's a wit, has too much sense to pray;
 To toast our wants and wishes, is her way;
 Nor asks of God, but of her stars, to give
 The mighty blessing, "while we live, to live." 90
 Then all for death, that opiate of the soul!
 Lucretia's dagger, Rosamonda's bowl.
 Say, what can cause such impotence of mind?
 A spark too fickle, or a spouse too kind.

Wife wretch ! with pleasures too refin'd to please ; 95
 With too much spirit to be e'er at ease ;
 With too much quickness ever to be taught ;
 With too much thinking to have common thought :
 You purchase pain with all that joy can give,
 And die of nothing but a rage to live. 100

Turn then from wits ; and look on Simo's mate,
 No ass so meek, no ass so obstinate.
 Or her, that owns her faults, but never mends,
 Because she's honest, and the best of friends.
 Or her, whose life the church and scandal share, 105
 For ever in a passion, or a pray'r.
 Or her, who laughs at hell, but (like her Grace)
 Cries, " Ah ! how charming, if there's no such place !"
 Or who in sweet vicissitude appears
 Of mirth and opium, ratasie and tears,
 The daily anodyne, and nightly draught,
 To kill those foes to fair ones, time and thought.
 Woman and fool are two hard things to hit ;
 For true no-meaning puzzles more than wit.

But what are these to great Atossa's mind ? 115
 Scarce once herself, by turns all womankind !
 Who, with herself, or others, from her birth
 Finds all her life one warfare upon earth ;
 Shines, in exposing knaves, and painting fools,
 Yet is, whate'er she hates and ridicules. 120
 No thought advances, but her eddy brain
 Whisks it about, and down it goes again.
 Full sixty years the world has been her trade,
 The wisest fool much time has ever made.
 From loveless youth to unrespected age, 125
 No passion gratify'd, except her rage,
 So much the fury still out-ran the wit,
 The pleasure miss'd her, and the scandal hit.
 Who breaks with her, provokes revenge from hell,
 But he's a bolder man who dares be well. 130
 Her ev'ry turn with violence pursu'd,
 Not more a storm her hate than gratitude :

To

To that each passion turns, or soon or late ;
 Love, if it makes her yield, must make her hate :
 Superiors ? death ! and equals ? what a curse ! 135
 But an inferior not dependant ? worse.
 Offend her, and she knows not to forgive ;
 Oblige her, and she'll hate you while you live :
 But die, and she'll adore you—Then the bust
 And temple rise—then fall again to dust. 140
 Last night, her lord was all that's good and great ;
 A knave this morning, and his will a cheat.
 Strange ! by the means defeated of the ends,
 By spirit robb'd of pow'r, by warmth of friends.
 By wealth of follow'rs ! without one distress 145
 Sick of herself thro' very selfishness !
 Atossa, curs'd with ev'ry granted pray'r,
 Childless with all her children, wants an heir.
 To heirs unknown descends th' unguarded store,
 Or wanders, heav'n-directed, to the poor. 150
 Pictures like these, dear madam, to design,
 Asks no firm hand, and no unerring line ;
 Some wand'ring touches, some reflected light,
 Some flying stroke alone can hit 'em right :
 For how should equal colours do the knack ? 155
 Chameleons who can paint in white and black ?
 “ Yet Chloe sure was form'd without a spot.”—
 Nature in her then err'd not, but forgot,
 “ With ev'ry pleasing, ev'ry prudent part,
 “ Say, what can Chloe want ?”—She wants a heart.
 She speaks, behaves, and acts just as she ought, 161
 But never, never, reach'd one gen'rous thought.
 Virtue she finds too painful an endeavour,
 Content to dwell in decencies for ever.
 So very reasonable, so unmov'd, 165
 As never yet to love, or to be lov'd.
 She, while her lover pants upon her breast,
 Can mark the figures on an Indian chest ;
 And when she sees her friend in deep despair,
 Observes how much a chintz exceeds mohair. 170

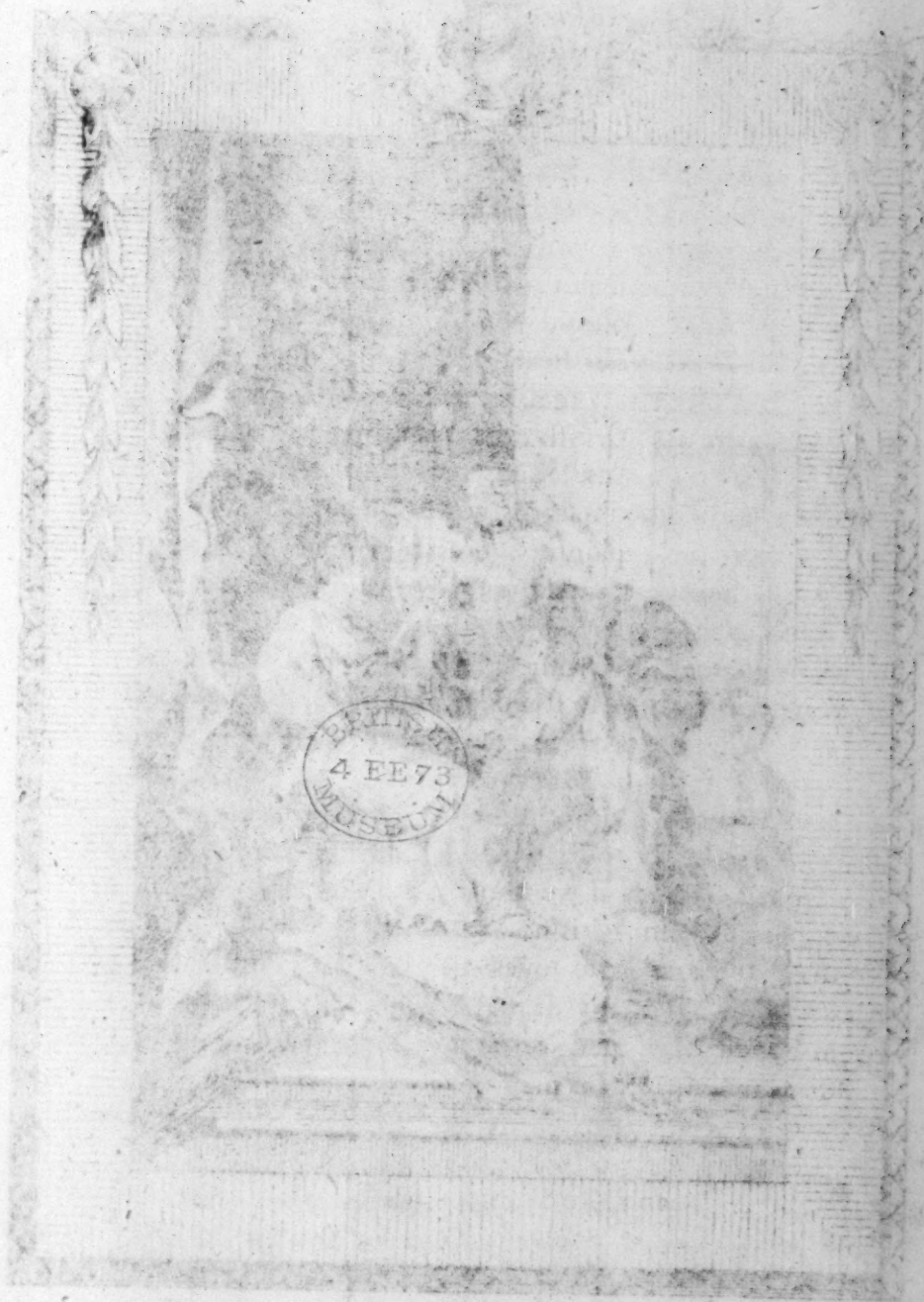
Forbid it heav'n a favour or a debt
 She e'er should cancel—but she may forget.
 Safe is your secret still in Chloe's ear;
 But none of Chloe's shall you ever hear.
 Of all her dears she never slander'd one, 175
 But cares not if a thousand are undone.
 Would Chloe know if you're alive or dead?
 She bids her footman put it in her head,
 Chloe is prudent—Would you too be wise?
 Then never break your heart when Chloe dies. 180

One certain portrait may (I grant) be seen,
 Which heav'n has varnish'd out, and made a Queen:
 THE SAME FOR EVER! and describ'd by all
 With truth and goodness, as with crown and ball.
 Poets heap virtues, painters gems at will, 185
 And shew their zeal, and hide their want of skill.
 'Tis well—but, artists! who can paint or write,
 To draw the naked is your true delight.
 That robe of quality so struts and swells,
 None see what parts of nature it conceals: 190
 Th' exactest traits of body or of mind,
 We owe to models of an humble kind.
 If QUEENSBERRY to strip there's no compelling,
 'Tis from a handmaid we must take a Helen.
 From peer or bishop 'tis no easy thing 195
 To draw the man who loves his god, or king:
 Alas! I copy, (or my draught would fail)
 From honest Mah'met, or plain parson Hale.

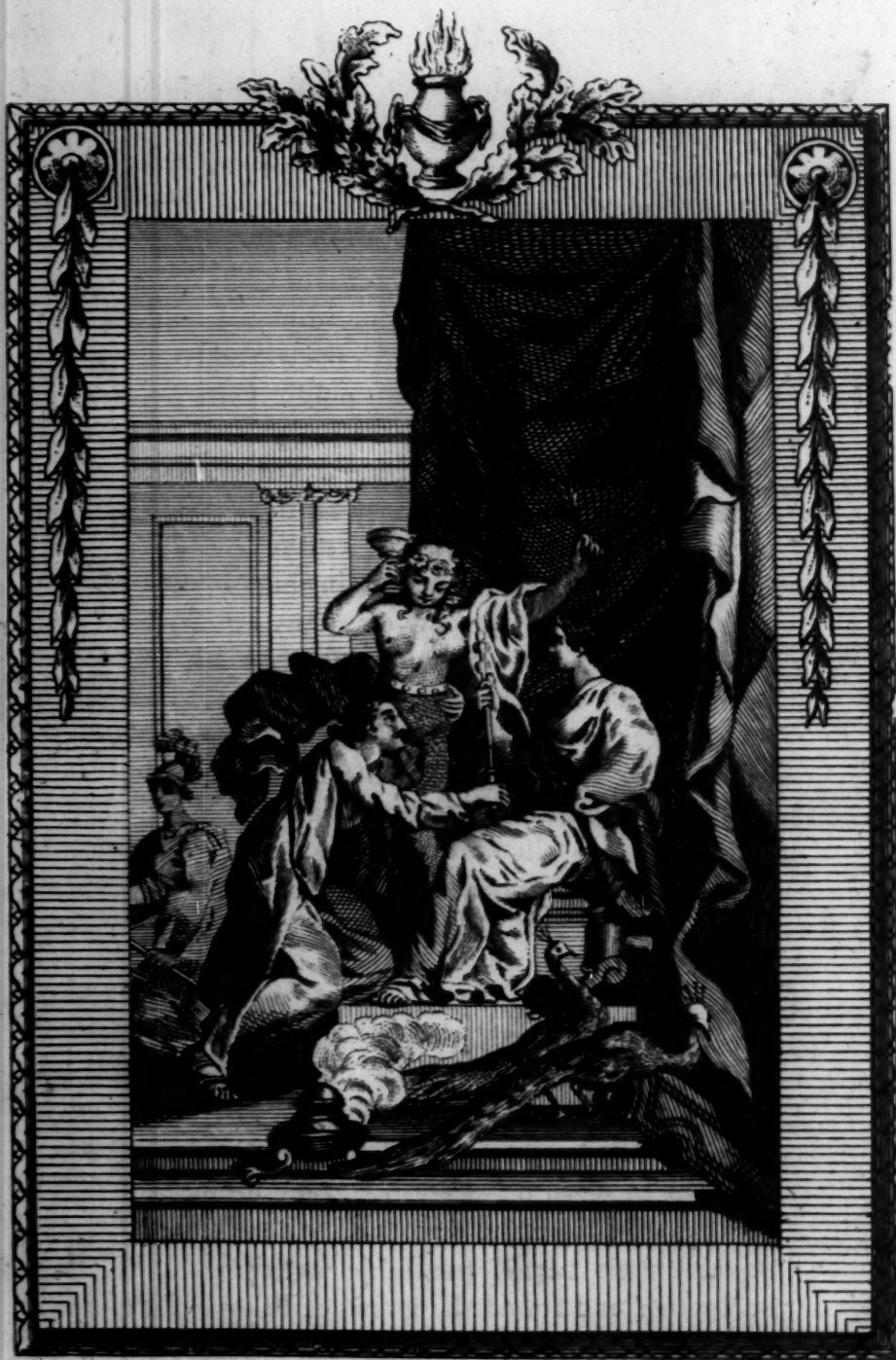
But grant, in public men sometimes are shown,
 A woman's seen in private life alone: 200
 Our bolder talents in full light display'd;
 Your virtues open fairest in the shade.
 Bred to disguise, in public 'tis you hide;
 There, none distinguish 'twixt your shame or pride,
 Weakness or delicacy; all so nice, 205
 That each may seem a virtue, or a vice.

In men we various ruling passions find;
 In women, two almost divide the kind;

Those



4 EE73
MUSEUM



The Love of Pleasure & the Love of Sway.
Char. of Women

Those, only fix'd, they first or last obey,
The love of pleasure and the love of sway.

210

That, nature gives ; and where the lesson taught
Is but to please, can pleasure seem a fault ?
Experience, this ; by man's oppression curst,
They seek the second not to lose the first.

Men, some to bus'ness, some to pleasure take ;

215

But ev'ry woman is at heart a rake :

Men, some to quiet, some to public strife ;

But ev'ry lady would be queen for life.

Yet mark the fate of a whole sex of queens !

Pow'r all their end, but beauty all the means :

220

In youth they conquer with so wild a rage,

As leaves them scarce a subject in their age :

For foreign glory, foreign joy, they roam ;

No thought of peace or happiness at home.

But wisdom's triumph is well-tim'd retreat,

225

As hard a science to the fair as great !

Beauties, like tyrants, old and friendless grown,

Yet hate repose, and dread to be alone,

Worn out in public, weary ev'ry eye,

Nor leave one sigh behind them when they die.

230

Pleasures the sex, as children birds, pursue,

Still out of reach, yet never out of view ;

Sure, if they catch, to spoil the toy at most,

To covet flying, and regret when lost :

At last, to follies youth could scarce defend,

235

It grows their age's prudence to pretend ;

As ham'd to own they gave delight before,

Reduc'd to feign it, when they give no more :

As hags hold sabbaths, less for joy than spite,

So these their merry, miserable night ;

240

Still round and round the ghosts of beauty glide,

And haunt the places where their honour dy'd.

See how the world its veterans rewards !

A youth of frolicks, an old age of cards ;

Fair to no purpose, artful to no end,

245

Young without lovers, old without a friend ;

A fop their passion, but their prize a sot,
 Alive, ridiculous, and dead, forgot !

Ah ! friend ! to dazzle let the vain design ;
 To raise the thought, and touch the heart, be thine ! 250
 That charm shall grow, while what fatigues the ring,
 Flaunts and goes down, an unregarded thing :
 So when the sun's broad beam has tir'd the fight,
 All mild ascends the moon's more sober light,
 Serene in virgin modesty she shines, 255
 And unobserv'd the glaring orb declines.

Oh ! blest with temper, whose unclouded ray
 Can make to-morrow chearful as to-day :
 She, who can love a sister's charms, or hear
 Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear ; 260
 She, who ne'er answers 'till a husband cools,
 Or, if she rules him, never shews she rules ;
 Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
 Yet has her humour most, when she obeys ;
 Let fops or fortune fly which way they will ; 265
 Disdains all loss of tickets, or codille ;
 Spleen, vapours, or small-pox, above them all,
 And mistress of herself, tho' China fall.

And yet, believe me, good as well as ill,
 Woman's at best a contradiction still. 270

Heav'n when it strives to polish all it can
 Its last best work, but forms a softer man ;
 Picks from each sex, to make the fav'rite blest,
 Your love of pleasure, our desire of rest :
 Blends, in exception to all gen'ral rules,
 Your taste of follies, with our scorn of fools :
 Reserve with frankness, art with truth ally'd,
 Courage with softness, modesty with pride ;
 Fix'd principles, with fancy ever new :
 Shakes all together, and produces—You. 280

Be this a woman's fame : with this unblest,
 Toasts live a scorn, and queens may die a jest.
 This Phœbus promis'd (I forget the year)
 When those blue eyes first open'd on the sphere ;

Ascendant

Ascendant Phœbus watch'd that hour with care, 285
 Averted half your parents' simple pray'r ;
 And gave you beauty, but deny'd the pelf*
 That buys your sex a tyrant o'er itself.
 The gen'rous god, who wit and gold refines,
 And ripens spirits as he ripens mines. 290
 Kept dross for duchesses, the world shall know it,
 To you gave sense, good-humour, and a poet.

* The poet concludes his Epistle with a fine Moral, that deserves the serious attention of the public. It is this, that all the extravagancies of these vicious characters here described, are much inflamed by a wrong education, hinted at in ver. 203 ; and that even the best are rather secured by a *good natural* than by the prudence and providence of parents ; which observation is conveyed under the sublime classical machinery of Phœbus in the ascendant, watching the natal hour of his favourite, and averting the ill effects of her parents mistaken fondness : for Phœbus, as the god of Wit, confers Genius ; and, as one of the astronomical influences, defeats the adventitious bias of education.

In conclusion, the great moral from both these Epistles together is, that the two rarest things in all nature are a *disinterested man* and a *reasonable woman*.
 WAREWTON.

MORAL ESSAYS.

EPISTLE III.

T O

ALLEN, Lord BATHURST.

A R G U M E N T.

Of the USE of RICHES.

THAT it is known to few, most falling into one of the extremes, *avarice* or *profusion*, ver. 1, &c. The point discussed, whether the invention of money has been more commodious or pernicious to mankind, 21 to 77. That riches, either to the *avaricious* or the *prodigal*, cannot afford happiness, scarcely necessities, 89 to 160. That avarice is an absolute frenzy, without an end or purpose, 113, &c. 152. Conjectures about the motives of avaricious men, 121 to 153. That the conduct of men, with respect to riches, can only be accounted for by the ORDER OF PROVIDENCE, which works the general good out of extremes, and brings all to its great end by perpetual revolutions, 161 to 178. How a *miser* acts upon principles which appear to him reasonable, 179. How a *prodigal* does the same, 199. The due medium, and true use of riches, 219. The *man of Ross*, 250. The fate of the *profuse* and the *covetous*, in two examples; both miserable in life and in death, 300, &c. The story of *Sir Balaam*, 339, to the end.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE III*.

P. **W**HO shall decide, when doctors disagree,
 And soundest casuists doubt, like you and me?
 You hold the word, from Jove to Momus giv'n,
 That Man was made the standing jest of heav'n;
 And gold but sent to keep the fools in play, 5
 For some to heap, and some to throw away.

But I, who think more highly of our kind,
 (And surely, heav'n and I are of a mind)
 Opine, that nature, as in duty bound,
 Deep hid the shining mischief under ground: 10
 But when by man's audacious labour won,
 Flam'd forth this rival too, its fire, the sun,
 Then careful heav'n supply'd two sorts of men,
 To squander these, and those to hide agen.

Like doctors thus, when much dispute has past, 15
 We find our tenets just the same at last.
 Both fairly owing, riches, in effect,
 No grace of heav'n or token of th' elect;
 Giv'n to the fool, the mad, the vain, the evil,
 To Ward, to Waters, Chartres, and the devil §. 20

VOL. II.

T t

B. What

* This Epistle was written after a violent out-cry against our author, on a supposition that he had ridiculed a worthy nobleman merely for his wrong taste. He justified himself upon that article in a letter to the earl of Burlington

§ John Ward, of Hackney, esq; member of Parliament, being prosecuted by the duchess of Buckingham, and convicted of forgery, was first expelled the House, and then stood in the pillory on the 17th of March 1717. He was suspected of joining in a conveyance with Sir John Blunt, to secrete fifty thousand pounds of that director's estate, forfeited to the South-Sea company by act of Parliament. The company recovered the fifty thousand pounds against Ward; but he set up prior conveyances of his real estate to his brother and son, and concealed all his personal, which was computed to be one hundred and fifty thousand pounds. These conveyances being also set aside by a bill in Chancery, Ward was imprisoned, and hazarded the forfeiture

B. What nature wants commodious gold bestows,
'Tis thus we eat the bread another sows.

P. But how unequal it bestows, observe,
'Tis thus she riot, while, who sow it, starve :

What nature wants (a phrase I much distrust) 25

Extends to luxury, extends to lust :

Useful, I grant, it serves what life requires,

But dreadful too, the dark assassin hires :

B. Trade it may help, society extend :

P. But lures the pyrate, and corrupts the friend. 30

B. It raises armies in a nation's aid :

P. But bribes a senate, and the land's betray'd.

In vain may heroes fight, and patriots rave ;

If secret gold sap on from knave to knave.

Once, we confess, beneath the patriot's cloak, 35

From the crack'd bag the dropping guinea spoke,

And jingling down the back-stairs, told the crew,

“ Old Cato is as great a rogue as you.”

Blest paper-credit ! last and best supply !

That lends corruption lighter wings to fly ! 40

Gold

feiture of his life, by not giving in his effects 'till the last day, which was that of his examination.

Fr. Chartres, a man infamous for all manner of vices. When he was an ensign in the army, he was drummed out of the regiment for a cheat ; he was next banished Brussels, and drummed out of Ghent on the same account. After a hundred tricks at the gaming-tables, he took to lending of money at exorbitant interest and on great penalties, accumulating premium, interest, and capital into a new capital, and seizing to a minute when the payments became due ; in a word, by a constant attention to the vices, wants, and follies of mankind, he acquired an immense fortune. His house was a perpetual bawdy-house. He was twice condemned for rapes, and pardoned ; but the last time not without imprisonment in Newgate, and large confiscations. He died in Scotland in 1731, aged 62. The populace at his funeral raised a great riot, almost tore the body out of the coffin, and cast dead dogs, &c. into the grave along with it. The following epitaph contains his character very justly drawn by Dr. Arbuthnot.

HERE continueth to rot
The Body of FRANCIS CHARTRES,
Who, with an INFLEXIBLE CONSTANCY,
and INIMITIBLE UNIFORMITY of Life,
PERSISTED,

In

Gold imp'd by thee, can compass hardest things,
 Can pocket states, can fetch or carry kings*;
 A single leaf shall waft an army o'er,
 Or ship off senates to some distant shore;
 A leaf, like Sibyl's, scatter to and fro
 Our fates and fortunes, as the wind shall blow:
 Pregnant with thousands flits the scrap unseen,
 And silent sells a king, or buys a queen.

In spite of AGE and INFIRMITIES,
 In the PRACTICE of EVERY HUMAN VICE;
 Excepting PRODIGALITY and HYPOCRISY:
 His insatiable AVARICE exempted him from the first,
 His matchless IMPUDENCE from the second.
 Nor was he more singular
 In the undeviating Pravity of his Manners,
 Than successful

In Accumulating WEALTH;
 For, without TRADE or PROFESSION,
 Without TRUST of PUBLIC MONEY,
 And without BRIBE-WORTHY Service,
 He acquired, or more properly created,
 A MINISTERIAL ESTATE.
 He was the only Person of his Time,
 Who could CHEAT without the Mask of HONESTY,
 Retain his Primeval MEANNESS
 When possessed of TEN THOUSAND a Year,
 And having daily deserved the GIBBET for what he did,
 Was at last condemned to it for what he could not do.

Oh indignant Reader!
 Think not his Life useless to Mankind!
 PROVIDENCE connived at his execrable Designs,
 To give to After-ages
 A conspicuous PROOF and EXAMPLE,
 Of how small Estimation is EXORBITANT WEALTH
 in the Sight of GOD,
 By his bestowing it on the most UNWORTHY of ALL MORTALS.

Mr. Waters, the third of these worthies, was a man no way resembling the former in his military, but extremely so in his civil capacity; his great fortune having been raised by the like diligent attendants on the necessities of others.

* In our author's time, many princes had been sent about the world, and great changes of kings projected in Europe. The partition-treaty had disposed of Spain; France had set up a king for England, who was sent to Scotland, and back again; King Stanislaus was sent to Poland, and back again; the duke of Anjou was sent to Spain, and Don Carlos to Italy.

Oh! that such bulky bribes as all might see,
 Still, as of old, incumber'd villany! 50
 Could France or Rome divert our brave designs,
 With all their brandies, or with all their wines?
 What could they more than knights and 'squires con-
 found,

Or water all the quorum ten miles round?
 A statesman's slumbers how this speech would spoil! 55
 " Sir, Spain has sent a thousand jars of oil;
 " Huge bales of British cloth blockade the door;
 " A hundred oxen at your leeve roar."

Poor Avarice one torment more would find;
 Nor could Profusion squander all in kind. 60
 Astride his cheese Sir Morgan might we meet;
 And Worldly crying coals * from street to street,
 Whom with a wig so wild, and mien so maz'd,
 Pity mistakes for some poor tradesman craz'd.
 Had Colepepper's § whole wealth been hops and hogs, 65
 Could he himself have sent it to the dogs?
 His Grace will game: to White's a bull be led,
 With spurning heels and with a butting head.
 To Whites be carry'd, as to ancient games,
 Fair coursers, vases, and alluring dames. 70
 Shall then Uxorio, if the stakes he sweep,
 Bear home six whores, and make his lady weep?
 Or soft Adonis, so perfum'd and fine,
 Drive to St. James's a whole herd of swine?
 O filthy check on all industrious skill, 75
 To spoil the nation's last great trade, quadrille!
 Since then, my Lord, on such a world we fall,
 What say you? B. Say? Why take it, gold and all.

* Some misers of great wealth, proprietors of the coal-mines, had entered at this time into an association to keep up coals to an extravagant price: whereby the poor were reduced almost to starve, 'till one of them taking the advantage of underselling the rest, defeated the design.

§ Sir William Colepepper, bart. a person of an ancient family, and ample fortune, without one other quality of a gentleman, who, after ruining himself at the gaming-table, pass'd the rest of his days in sitting there to see the ruin of others.

P. What riches give us, let us then enquire?
 Meat, fire, and cloaths. B. What more? P. Meat,
 cloaths, and fire. 80

Is this too little? Would you more than live?

Alas! 'tis more than Turner * finds they give.

Alas! 'tis more than (all his visions past)

Unhappy Wharton, waking, found at last!

What can they give? To dying Hopkins †, heirs; 85

To Chartres, vigour; Japhet, nose and ears §?

Can they, in gems bid pallid Hippias glow,

In Fulvia's buckle ease the throbs below;

Or heal, old Narses, thy obscener ail,

With all th' embroid'ry plaister'd at thy tail? 90

They might (were Harpax not too wise to spend)

Give Harpax self the blessing of a friend;

Or find some doctor that would save the life

Of wretched Shylock, spite of Shylock's wife:

But thousands die, without or this or that, 95

Die, and endow a college, or a cat.

To some, indeed, heav'n grants the happier fate,

T' enrich a bastard, or a son they hate.

* One, who, being possess'd of three hundred thousand pounds, laid down his coach, because interest was reduced from five to four per cent. and then put seventy thousand into the charitable corporation for better interest; which sum having lost, he took it so much to heart, that he kept his chamber ever after.

† A citizen, whose rapacity obtained him the name of Vulture Hopkins. He lived worthless, but died worth three hundred thousand pounds, which he would give to no person living, but left it so as not to be inherited 'till after the second generation. His counsel representing to him how many years it must be before this could take effect, and that his money could only lie at interest all that time, he expressed great joy thereat, and said, "They would then be as long in spending, as he had been in getting it." But the Chancery afterwards set aside the will, and gave it to the heir at law.

§ Japhet Crook, alias Sir Peter Stranger, was punished with the loss of those parts, for having forged a conveyance of an estate to himself, upon which he took up several thousand pounds. He was at the same time sued in Chancery for having fraudulently obtained a will, by which he possessed another considerable estate, in wrong of the brother of the deceased. By these means he was worth a great sum, which (in reward for the small loss of his ears) he enjoyed in prison 'till his death, and quietly left to his executor.

Perhaps you think the poor might have their part.
 Bond damns the poor *, and hates them from his heart :
 The grave Sir Gilbert holds it for a rule 101
 That ev'ry man in want is knave or fool :
 " God cannot love (says Blunt, with tearless eyes)
 " The wretch he starves"—and piously denies :
 But the good bishop, with a meeker air, 105
 Admits, and leaves them, Providence's care.

Yet to be just to these poor men of pelf,
 Each does but hate his neighbour as himself :
 Damn'd to the mines, an equal fate betides
 The slave that digs it, and the slave that hides. 110

B. Who suffer thus, mere charity should own,
 Must act on motives pow'rful, tho' unknown.

P. Some war, some plague, or famine they foresee,
 Some revelation hid from you and me.
 Why Shylock wants a meal, the cause is found, 115
 He thinks a loaf will rise to fifty pound.
 What made directors cheat in South-Sea year ?
 To live on ven'son when it sold so dear.
 Ask you why Phryne the whole auction buys ?
 Phryne foresees a general excise. 120

Why she and Sappho raise that monstrous sum ?
 Alas ! they fear a man will cost a plumb.

Wife Peter † sees the world's respect for gold,
 And therefore hopes this nation may be sold :

Glorious

* This Epistle was written in the year 1730, when a corporation was established to lend money to the poor upon pledges, by the name of the Charitable Corporation; but the whole was turned only to an iniquitous method of enriching particular people, to the ruin of such numbers, that it became a parliamentary concern to endeavour the relief of those unhappy sufferers, and three of the managers, who were members of the House, were expelled. By the report of the committee, appointed to enquire into that iniquitous affair, it appears, that when it was objected to the intended removal of the office, that the poor, for whose use it was erected, would be hurt by it, Bond, one of the directors, replied, *damn the poor*. That " God hates the poor," and, " That every man in want is knave or fool," &c. were the genuine apophthegms of some of the persons here mentioned.

† Peter Walter, a person not only eminent in the wisdom of his profession, as a dexterous attorney, but allowed to be a good, if not a safe, conveyancer ;

Glorious ambition ! Peter, swell thy store, 125
And be what Rome's great Didius * was before.

The crown of Poland, venal twice an age, †
To just three millions stinted modest Gage.
But nobler scenes Maria's dreams unfold,
Hereditary realms, and worlds of gold. 130

Congenial souls ; whose life one Av'rice joins,
And one fate buries in th' Asturian mines.

Much-injur'd Blunt § ! why bears he Britain's hate ?
A wizard told him in these words our fate :

“ At length corruption, like a gen'ral flood, 135

“ (So long by watchful ministers withstood)

“ Shall deluge all ; and av'rice creeping on,

“ Spread like a low-born mist, and blot the sun ;

“ Statesman and patriot ply alike the stocks,

“ Peerefs and butler share alike the box, 140

“ And judges job, and bishops bite the town,

“ And mighty dukes pack cards for half a crown.

“ See Britain sunk in lucre's fordid charms,

“ And France reveng'd of ANNE's and EDWARD's
arms !”

'Twas no court-badge, great scriv'ner, fin'd thy brain,
Nor lordly luxury, nor city gain : 146

ancer ; extremely respected by the nobility of this land, though free from all manner of luxury and ostentation : his wealth was never seen, and his bounty was never heard of, except to his own son, for whom he procured an employment of considerable profit, of which he gave him as much as was necessary. Therefore the taxing this gentleman with any ambition, is certainly a great wrong to him.

* A Roman lawyer, so rich as to purchase the empire when it was set to sale upon the death of Pertinax.

† The two persons here mentioned were of quality, each of whom in the Mississippi despised to realize above three hundred thousand pounds ; the gentleman with a view to the purchase of the crown of Poland, the lady on a vision of the like royal nature. They since retired into Spain, where they are still in search of gold in the mines of the Asturias.

§ Sir John Blunt, originally a scrivener, was one of the first projectors of the South-Sea company, and afterwards one of the directors and managers of the famous scheme in 1720. He was also one of those who suffered most severely by the bill of pains and penalties on the said directors. H. died in the year 1732.

No,

No, 'twas thy righteous end, asham'd to see
 Senates degen'rate, patriots disagree,
 And nobly wishing party-rage to cease,
 To buy both sides, and give thy country peace. 150

"All this is madness," cries a sober sage:
 But who, my friend, has reason in his rage?
 "The ruling passion, be it what it will,
 "The ruling passion conquers reason still."
 Less mad the wildest whimsey we can frame, 155
 Than ev'n that passion, if it has no aim;
 For tho' such motives Folly you may call,
 The folly's greater to have none at all.

Hear then the truth: 'Tis heav'n each passion sends,
 "And diff'rent men directs to diff'rent ends. 160
 "Extremes in nature equal good produce,
 "Extremes in man concur to gen'ral use."
 Ask we what makes one keep, and one bestow?
 That Pow'r who bids the ocean ebb and flow,
 Bids seed-time, harvest, equal course maintain, 165
 Thro' reconcil'd extremes of drought and rain,
 Builds life on death, on change duration founds,
 And gives th' eternal wheels to know their rounds.

Riches, like insects, when conceal'd they lie,
 Wait but for wings, and in their season fly. 170
 Who sees pale Mammon pine amidst his store,
 Sees but a backward steward for the poor;
 This year a reservoir, to keep and spare;
 The next, a fountain, spouting thro' his heir,
 In lavish streams to quench a country's thirst, 175
 And men and dogs shall drink him 'till they burst.

Old Cotta sham'd his fortune and his birth,
 Yet was not Cotta void of wit or worth:
 What tho' (the use of barb'rous spits forgot)
 His kitchen vy'd in coolness with his grot? 180
 His court with nettles, moats with cresses stor'd,
 With soups unbought, and fallads bless'd his board?
 If Cotta liv'd on pulse, it was no more
 Than Bramins, saints, and sages did before;

To cram the rich was prodigal expence, 185
 And who would take the poor from Providence?
 Like some lone Chartreux stands the good old hall,
 Silence without, and fasts within the wall;
 No rafter'd roofs with dance and tabor sound,
 No noon-tide bell invites the country round: 190
 Tenants with sighs the smoakless tow'rs survey,
 And turn th' unwilling feeds another way:
 Benighted wanderers, the forest o'er,
 Curse the fav'd candle, and unop'ning door;
 While the gaunt mastiff growling at the gate, 195
 Affrights the beggar whom he longs to eat.
 Not so his son, he mark'd this oversight,
 And then mistook reverse of wrong for right.
 (For what to shun will no great knowledge need,
 But what to follow, is a task indeed.) 200
 Yet sure, of qualities deserving praise,
 More go to ruin fortunes, than to raise.
 What slaughter'd hecatombs, what floods of wine,
 Fill the capacious 'squire, and deep divine!
 Yet no mean motives this profusion draws, 205
 His oxen perish in his country's cause;
 'Tis GEORGE and LIBERTY that crowns the cup,
 And zeal for that great house which eats him up.
 The woods recede around the naked seat,
 The Sylvans groan—no matter—for the fleet: 210
 Next goes his wool—to cloathe our valiant bands,
 Last, for his country's love, he sells his lands.
 To town he comes, completes the nation's hope,
 And heads the bold train-bands, and burns a Pope.
 And shall not Britain now reward his toils, 215
 Britain, that pays her patriots with her spoils?
 In vain at Court the bankrupt pleads his cause,
 His thankless country leaves him to her laws.

The sense to value riches, with the art
 T' enjoy them, and the virtue to impart, 220

Not meanly, nor ambitiously pursu'd,
 Not sunk by sloth, not rais'd by servitude;
 To balance fortune by a just expence,
 Join with œconomy, magnificence;
 With splendor, charity; with plenty, health; 225
 Oh teach us, BATHURST! yet unspoil'd by wealth!
 That secret rare, between th' extremes to move
 Of mad good-nature, and of mean self-love.

B. To worth or want well-weigh'd, be bounty giv'n,
 And ease, or emulate, the care of heav'n; 230
 (Whose measure full o'erflows on human race)
 Mend fortune's fault, and justify her grace.
 Wealth in the gross is death, but life diffus'd;
 As poison heals, in just proportion us'd:
 In heaps, like ambergris, a stink it lies, 235
 But well dispers'd, is incense to the skies.

P. Who starves by nobles, or with nobles eats?
 The wretch that trusts them, and the rogue that cheats.
 Is there a lord, who knows a chearful noon
 Without a fidler, flatt'rer, or buffoon? 240
 Whose table, wit, or modest merit share,
 Un-elbow'd by a gamester, pimp, or play'r?
 Who copies Your's, or Oxford's better part*,
 To ease th' oppress'd, and raise the sinking heart?
 Where'er he shines, oh fortune, gild the scene, 245
 And angels guard him in the golden mean!
 There, English bounty yet a while may stand,
 And honour linger ere it leaves the land.

But all our praises, why should lords engross?
 Rise, honest muse! and sing the Man of Rofs †: 250

* Edward Harley, earl of Oxford, the son of Robert, created earl of Oxford, and earl Mortimer by queen Anne. This nobleman died regretted by all men of letters, great numbers of whom had experienced his benefits.

† The person here celebrated, who with a small estate actually performed all these good works, and whose true name was almost lost (partly by the title of the Man of Rofs given him by way of eminence, and partly by being buried without so much as an inscription) was called Mr. John Kyrle. He died in the year 1724, aged 90, and lies interred in the chancel of the church of Rofs in Herefordshire.

Pleas'd Vaga echoes thro' her winding bounds,
 And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.
 Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?
 From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
 Not to the skies in useless columns tost, 253

Or in proud falls magnificently lost,
 But clear and artless, pouring thro' the plain
 Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.
 Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?
 Whose seats the weary traveller repose? 260

Who taught that heav'n-directed spire to rise?
 "The MAN of Ross," each lisping babe replies:
 Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread!
 The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread:
 He feeds yon almshouse, neat, but void of state, 263
 Where age and want sit smiling at the gate;
 Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans blest,
 The young who labour, and the old who rest.

Is any sick? the Man of Ross relieves,
 Prescribes, attends, the medicine makes, and gives. 270
 Is there a variance? enter but his door,
 Balk'd are the courts, and contest is no more.
 Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,
 And vile attorneys, now an useless race.

B. Thrice happy man! enabled to pursue 275
 What all so wish, but want the pow'r to do!
 Oh say, what sums that gen'rous hand supply?
 What mines to swell that boundless charity?

P. Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear,
 This man possess—five hundred pounds a year. 280
 Blush, grandeur, blush! proud courts, withdraw your
 blaze!

Ye little stars! hide your diminish'd rays.

B. And what? no monument, inscription, stone!
 His race, his form, his name almost unknown?

P. Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,
 Will never mark the marble with his name: 286

Go, search it there, where to be born and die,
 Of rich and poor makes all the history.
 Enough, that virtue fill'd the space between;
 Prov'd, by the ends of being, to have been. 290
 When Hopkins dies, a thousand lights attend
 The wretch, who living sav'd a candle's end;
 Shouldring God's altar a vile image stands;
 Belies his features, nay extends his hands;
 That live-long wig which Gorgon's self might own, 295
 Eternal buckle takes in Parian stone.
 Behold what blessings wealth to life can lend!
 And see, what comfort it affords our end.
 In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half-hung,
 The floors of plaister, and the walls of dung, 300
 On once a flock-bed, but repair'd with straw,
 With tape-ty'd curtains, never meant to draw,
 The George and Garter dangling from that bed
 Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
 Great Villers lies *—alas! how chang'd from him, 305
 That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim!
 Gallant and gay, in Cliveden's † proud alcove,
 The bow'r of wanton Shrewsbury § and love;
 Or just as gay, at council, in a ring
 Of mimick'd Statesmen, and their merry King. 310
 No wit to flatter, left of all his store!
 No fool to laugh at, which he valu'd more.
 There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
 And fame; this lord of useless thousands ends.
 His Grace's fate sage Cutler could foresee, 315
 And well (he thought) advis'd him, "Live like me."

* This lord, yet more famous for his vices than his misfortunes, having been possessed of about 50,000*l.* a year, and passed through many of the highest posts in the kingdom, died in the year 1687, in a remote inn in Yorkshire, reduced to the utmost misery.

† A delightful palace on the banks of the Thames, built by the duke of Buckingham.

§ The countess of Shrewsbury, a woman abandoned to gallantries. The earl, her husband, was killed by the duke of Buckingham in a duel; and it has been said, that during the combat she held the duke's horses in the habit of a page.

As

As well his Grace reply'd, "Like you, Sir John?

"That I can do, when all I have is gone."

Resolve me, Reason, which of these is worse,

Want with a full, or with an empty purse?

320

Thy life more wretched, Cutler, was confess'd,

Arise, and tell me, was thy death more blest'd?

Cutler saw tenants break, and houses fall,

For very want; he could not build a wall.

His only daughter in a stranger's pow'r,

325

For very want; he could not pay a dow'r.

A few grey hairs his rev'rend temples crown'd,

'Twas very want that sold them for two pound.

What ev'n deny'd a cordial at his end,

Banish'd the doctor, and expell'd the friend?

330

What but a want, which you perhaps think mad,

Yet numbers feel, the want of what he had!

Cutler and Brutus, dying both exclaim,

"Virtue! and Wealth! what are ye but a name!"

Say, for such worth are other worlds prepar'd?

335

Or are they both, in this their own reward?

A knotty point! to which we now proceed.

But you are tir'd—I'll tell a tale—B. Agreed.

P. Where London's column*, pointing at the skies

Like a tall bully, lifts the head, and lies;

340

There dwelt a citizen of sober fame,

A plain good man, and Balaam was his name;

Religious, punctual, frugal, and so forth;

His word would pass for more than he was worth.

One solid dish his week-day meal affords,

345

An added pudding solemniz'd the Lord's:

Constant at Church, and Change; his gains were sure,

His givings rare, save farthings to the poor.

The dev'l was piqu'd such saintship to behold,

And long'd to tempt him, like good Job of old:

350

But Satan now is wiser than of yore,

And tempts by making rich, not making poor.

* The monument, built in memory of the fire of London, with an inscription importing that city to have been burnt by the Papists.

Rous'd by the prince of air, the whirlwinds sweep
The surge, and plunge his father in the deep ;
Then full against his Cornish lands they roar,
And two rich shipwrecks bless the lucky shore.

Sir Balaam now, he lives like other folks,
He takes his chirping pint, and cracks his jokes :
“ Live like yourself,” was soon my lady’s word ;
And lo ! two puddings smoak’d upon the board. 360

Asleep and naked as an Indian lay,
An honest factor stole a gem away :
He pledg'd it to the knight ; the knight had wit,
So kept the di'mond, and the rogue was bit.
Some scruple rose, but thus he eas'd his thought, 369
“ I'll now give sixpence where I gave a groat ;
“ Where once I went to church, I'll now go twice—
“ And am so clear too of all other vice.”

The tempter saw his time ; the work he ply'd ;
Stocks and subscriptions pour on ev'ry side,
'Till all the dæmon makes his full descent
In one abundant show'r of cent per cent,
Sinks deep within him, and possesses whole,
Then dubs director, and secures his soul.

Behold Sir Balaam now a man of spirit,
Ascribes his gettings to his parts and merit ;
What late he call'd a blessing, now was wit,
And God's good providence, a lucky hit.
Things change their titles, as our manners turn :
His compting-house employ'd the Sunday-morn :
Seldom at church ('twas such a busy life)
But duly sent his family and wife.
There (so the dev'l ordain'd) one Christmas-tide
My good old lady catch'd a cold, and dy'd.

A nymph of quality admires our knight ;
He marries, bows at court, and grows polite :
Leaves the dull city, and joins (to please the fair)
The well-bred cuckolds in St. James's air :
First, for his son a gay commission buys,
Who drinks, whores, fights, and in a duel dies : 39b
His

His daughter flaunts a viscount's tawdry wife ;
She bears a coronet and p—x for life.
In Britain's senate he a feat obtains,
And one more pensioner St. Stephen gains,
My lady falls to play ; so bad her chance, 395
He must repair it ; takes a bribe from France ;
The House impeach him ; Coningsby harangues ;
The Court forsake him, and Sir Balaam hangs ;
Wife, son, and daughter, Satan ! are thy own,
His wealth, yet dearer, forfeit to the crown : 400
The devil and the king divide the prize,
And sad Sir Balaam curses God and dies,

MORAL ESSAYS.

EPISTLE IV.

T O

RICHARD BOYLE, Earl of BURLINGTON.

ARGUMENT.

Of the USE of RICHES.

THE vanity of expence in people of wealth and quality. The abuse of the word *taste*, ver. 13. That the first principle and foundation in this, as in every thing else, is *good sense*, 40. The chief proof of it is to *follow nature*, even in works of mere luxury and elegance. Instanced in *architecture* and *gardening*, where all must be adapted to the *genius* and *use* of the *place*, and the beauties not forced into it, but resulting from it, 50. How men are disappointed in their most expensive undertakings, for want of this true foundation, without which nothing can please *long*, if *at all*; and the best *examples* and *rules* will but be perverted into something *burthenome* or ridiculous, 65, &c. to 92. A description of the *false taste* of *magnificence*;

ARGUMENT.

magnificence; the first grand error of which is to imagine that *greatness* consists in the *size* and *dimension*, instead of the *proportion* and *harmony* of the *whole*, 97, and the second, either in joining together *parts incoherent*, or too *minutely resembling*, or in the *repetition* of the *same* too frequently, 105, &c. A word or two of false taste in *books*, in *music*, in *painting*, even in *preaching* and *prayer*, and lastly in *entertainments*, 133, &c. Yet PROVIDENCE is justified in giving wealth to be squandered in this manner, since it is dispersed to the poor and laborious part of mankind, 169. (recurring to what is laid down in the first Book, Ep. ii. and in the Epistle preceding this, 159, &c.) What are the *proper objects* of magnificence, and a proper field for the expence of *great men*, 177, &c. and finally the great and public works which become a *prince*, 191, to the end.

E P I S T L E IV.*

TIS strange, the miser should his cares employ
 To gain those riches he can ne'er enjoy :
 Is it less strange, the prodigal should waste
 His wealth, to purchase what he ne'er can taste ?
 Not for himself he sees, or hears, or eats ; 5
 Artists must chuse his pictures, music, meats :
 He buys for Topham †, drawings and designs,
 For Pembroke statues, dirty gods, and coins ;
 Rare monkish manuscripts for Hearne alone,
 And books for Mead, and butterflies for Sloane. § 10
 Think we all these are for himself ? no more
 Than his fine wife, alas ! or finer whore.
 For what has Virro painted, built and planted ?
 Only to shew, how many tastes he wanted.
 What brought Sir Visto's ill-got wealth to waste ? 15
 Some dæmon whisper'd, " Visto ! have a taste."
 Heav'n visits with a taste the wealthy fool,
 And needs no rod but Ripley ‡ with a rule.
 See ! sportive fate, to punish aukward pride,
 Bids Bubo build, and sends him such a guide : 20

* The extremes of *avarice* and *profusion* being treated of in the foregoing Epistle ; this takes up one particular branch of the latter, the *vanity of expense* in people of wealth and quality ; and is therefore a corollary to the preceding. just as the Epistle on the Characters of Women is to that of the Knowledge and Characters of Men. It is equally remarkable for exactness of method with the rest. But the nature of the subject, which is less philosophical, makes it capable of being analyzed in a much narrower compass.

† A gentleman famous for a judicious collection of drawings.

§ Two eminent physicians ; the one had an excellent library, the other the finest collection in Europe of natural curiosities ; both men of great learning and humanity.

‡ This man was a carpenter, employed by a first minister, who raised him to an architect, without any genius in the art : and after some wretched proofs of his insufficiency in public buildings, made him comptroller of the Board of works.

A standing



*What brought S. Nisto's ill got wealth to waste,
Some Damon whisperd Nisto: have a Taste.*



A standing sermon, at each year's expence,
That never coxcombs reach magnificence !

You show us, Rome was glorious, not profuse, *
And pompous buildings once were things of use.
Yet shall (my lord) your just, your noble rules 25
Fill half the land with imitating fools ;
Who random drawings from your sheets shall take,
And of one beauty many blunders make ;
Load some vain church with old theatric state,
Turn arcs of triumph to a garden-gate ; 30
Reverse your ornaments, and hang them all
On some patch'd dog-hole ek'd with ends of wall :
Then clap four slices of pilaster on't,
That, lac'd with bits of rustic, makes a front.
Shall call the wind thro' long arcades to roar, 35
Proud to catch cold at a Venetian door ;
Conscious they act a true Palladian part,
And if they starve, they starve by rules of art.

Oft have you hinted to your brother peer,
A certain truth, which many buy too dear : 40
Something there is more needful than expence,
And something previous ev'n to taste—'tis sense :
Good sense, which only is the gift of heav'n,
And tho' no science, fairly worth the seven :
A light, which in yourself you must perceive ; 45
Jones † and Le Nôtre have it not to give.

To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
To rear the column, or the arch to bend,
To swell the terras, or to sink the grot ;
In all, let nature never be forgot. 50
But treat the goddess like a modest fair,
Nor over-dress, nor leave her wholly bare ;
Let not each beauty ev'ry where be spy'd,
Where half the skill is decently to hide.

* The earl of Burlington was then publishing the designs of Inigo Jones, and the Antiquities of Rome by Palladio.

† Inigo Jones, the celebrated architect, and M. Le Nôtre, the designer of the best gardens in France.

He gains all points, who pleasingly confounds, 55
Surprizes, varies, and conceals the bounds.

Consult the genius of the place in all ;
That tells the waters or to rise or fall ;
Or helps th' ambitious hill the heav'ns to scale,
Or scoops in circling theatres the vale ; 60
Calls in the country, catches op'ning glades,
Joins willing woods, and varies shades from shades ;
Now breaks, or now directs, th' intending lines ;
Paints as you plant, and, as you work, designs.

Still follow sense, of ev'ry art the soul, 65
Parts answering parts shall slide into a whole,
Spontaneous beauties all around advance,
Start e'en from difficulty, strike from chance ;
Nature shall join you ; Time shall make it grow
A work to wonder at—perhaps a *Stow*. 70

Without it, proud Versailles ! thy glory falls ;
And Nero's terraces desert their walls :
The vast parterres a thousand hands shall make,
Lo ! *COBHAM* comes, and floats them with a lake :
Or cut wide views through mountains to the plain, * 75
You'll wish your hill or shelter'd seat again,
Ev'n in an ornament its place remark,
Nor in an hermitage set Dr. Clarke.

Behold Villario's ten years toil complete :
His quincunx darkens, his espaliers meet ; 80
The wood supports the plain, the parts unite,
And strength of shade contends with strength of light ;
A waving glow the gloomy beds display,
Blushing in bright diversities of day,
With silver-quiv'ring rills mæander'd o'er— 85
Enjoy them, you ! Villario, can no more ;
Tir'd of the scene parterres and fountains yield,
He finds at last he better likes a field.

* This was done in Hertfordshire by a wealthy citizen, at the expence of above 5000*l*. by which means (merely to overlook a dead plain) he let in the north wind upon his house and parterre, which were before adorned and defended by beautiful woods.

Thro' his young woods how pleas'd Sabinus stray'd,
 Or fate delighted in the thick'ning shade, 90
 With annual joy the red'ning shoots to greet,
 Or see the stretching branches long to meet!
 His son's fine taste an op'ning vista loves,
 Foe to the dryads of his father's groves;
 One boundless green, or flourish'd carpet views, 95
 With all the mournful family of yews;
 The thriving plants, ignoble broomsticks made,
 Now sweep those alleys they were born to shade.

At Timon's villa let us pass a day,
 Where all cry out, "What sums are thrown away?" 100
 So proud, so grand; of that stupendous air,
 Soft and Agreeable come never there.
 Greatness, with Timon, dwells in such a draught
 As brings all Brobdignag before your thought.
 To compass this, his building is a town, 105
 His pond an ocean, his parterre a down:
 Who but must laugh, the master when he sees,
 A puny insect, shiv'ring at a breeze!
 Lo, what huge heaps of littleness around!
 The whole, a labour'd quarry above ground. 110
 Two Cupids squirt before: a lake behind
 Improves the keenness of the northern wind.
 His gardens next your admiration call,
 On ev'ry side you look, behold the wall!
 No pleasing intricacies intervene, 115
 No artful wildness to perplex the scene;
 Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,
 And half the platform just reflects the other.
 The suff'ring eye inverted nature sees,
 Trees cut to statues, statues thick as trees; 120
 With here a fountain, never to be play'd;
 And there a summer-house, that knows no shade;
 Here Amphitrite sails thro' myrtle bow'rs;
 There gladiators fight, or die in flow'rs;
 Unwater'd see the drooping sea-horse mourn, 125
 And swallows roost in Nilus' dusty urn.

My

My lord advances with majestic mien,
 Smit with the mighty pleasure to be seen :
 But soft—by regular approach—not yet—
 First thro' the length of yon hot terrace sweat ; 130
 And when up ten steep slopes you've drag'd your thighs,
 Just at his study-door he'll bless your eyes.

His study ! with what authors is it stor'd ?
 In books, not authors, curious is my lord ;
 To all their dated backs he turns you round ; 135
 These Aldus printed, those Du Sueil has bound.
 Lo some are vellum, and the rest as good
 For all his lordship knows, but they are wood.
 For Locke or Milton 'tis in vain to look,
 These shelves admit not any modern book. 140

And now the chapel's silver bell you hear,
 That summons you to all the pride of pray'r :
 Like quirks of music, broken and uneven,
 Make the soul dance upon a jig to heav'n.
 On painted ceilings you devoutly stare, 145
 Where sprawl the saints of Verrio and Laguerre *,
 Or gilded clouds in fair expansion lie,
 And bring all Paradise before your eye.
 To rest, the cushion and soft Dean invite,
 Who never mentions Hell to ears polite. 150

But hark ! the chiming clocks to dinner call ;
 A hundred footsteps scrape the marble hall :
 The rich buffet well-colour'd serpents grace,
 And gaping tritons spew to wash your face.
 Is this a dinner ? this a genial room ? 155
 No, 'tis a temple, and a hecatomb,
 A solemn sacrifice, perform'd in state,
 You drink by measure, and to minutes eat.
 So quick retires each flying course, you'd swear
 Sancho's dread doctor and his wand were there. 160
 Between each act the trembling salvers ring,
 From soup to sweet-wine, and God bless the king.

* Verrio (Antonio) painted many ceilings, &c. at Windsor, Hampton-Court, &c. and Laguerre at Blenheim-castle, and other places.

In plenty starving, tantaliz'd in state,
 And complaisantly help'd to all I hate;
 Treated, carels'd, and tir'd, I take my leave;
 Sick of his civil pride from morn to eve;
 I curse such lavish cost, and little skill,
 And swear no day was ever past so ill.

Yet hence the poor are cloath'd, the hungry fed;
 Health to himself, and to his infants bread;
 The lab'rer bears: what his hard heart denies,
 His charitable vanity supplies.

Another age shall see the golden ear
 Imbrow the slope, and nod on the parterre,
 Deep harvest bury all his pride has plann'd,
 And laughing Ceres reassume the land.

Who then shall grace, or who improve the soil?
 Who plants like BATHURST, or who builds like BOYLE.
 'Tis use alone that sanctifies expence,
 And splendor borrows all her rays from sense.

His father's acres who enjoys in peace,
 Or makes his neighbours glad, if he encrease;
 Whose chearful tenants bless their yearly toil,
 Yet to their lord owe more than to the soil;
 Whose ample lawns are not asham'd to feed
 The milky heifer and deserving steed;
 Whose rising forests, not for pride or show,
 But future building, future navies, grow:
 Let his plantations stretch from down to down,
 First shade a country, and then raise a town.

You too proceed! make falling arts your care,
 Erect new wonders, and the old repair;
 Jones and Palladio to themselves restore,
 And be whate'er Vitruvius was before:
 'Till kings call forth th' ideas of your mind,
 (Proud to accomplish what such hands design'd)
 Bid harbours open, public ways extend,*
 Bid temples, worthier of the God, ascend;

Bid

* The poet after having touched upon the proper objects of magnificence and expence, in the private works of great men, comes to tho'e great and public

Bid the broad arch the dang'rous flood contain,
 The mole projected break the roaring main ; 200
 Back to his bounds their subject sea command,
 And roll obedient rivers thro' the land :
 These honours, peace to happy Britain brings,
 These are imperial works, and worthy kings.

public works which become a prince. This poem was published in the year 1732, when some of the new-built churches, by the act of Queen Anne, were ready to fall, being founded in boggy land (which is satirically alluded to in our author's imitation of Horace, Lib. ii. Sat. 2.

Shall half the new-built churches round thee fall)

others very vilely executed, through fraudulent cabals between undertakers, officers, &c. Dagenham-breach had done very great mischiefs; many of the highways throughout England were hardly passable; and most of those which were repaired by turnpikes were made jobs for private lucre, and infamously executed, even to the entrance of London itself: the proposal of building a bridge at Westminster had been petitioned against and rejected; but in two years after the publication of this poem, an act for building a bridge passed through both Houses. After many debates in the committee, the execution was left to the carpenter above-mentioned, who would have made it a wooden one; to which our author alludes in these lines,

Who builds a bridge that never drove a pile?
 Should Ripley venture, all the world would smile.

M O R A L

MORAL ESSAYS.

E P I S T L E V*.

TO MR. ADDISON.

Occasioned by his DIALOGUES ON MEDALS.

SEE the wild waste of all devouring years !
How Rome her own sad sepulchre appears,
With nodding arches, broken temples spread !
The very tombs now vanish'd like their dead !
Imperial wonders rais'd on nations spoil'd,
Where mix'd with slaves the groaning martyr toil'd :
Huge theatres, that now unpeopled woods,
Now drain'd a distant country of her floods :
Fanes, which admiring gods with pride survey,
Statues of men, scarce less alive than they !
Some felt the silent stroke of mould'ring age,
Some hostile fury, some religious rage.
Barbarian blindness, christian zeal conspire,
And Papal piety, and Gothic fire.

* This was originally written in the year 1715, when Mr. Addison intended to publish his book of Medals; it was some time before he was secretary of state; but not published 'till Mr. Tickell's Edition of his works; at which time the verses on Mr. Craggs, which conclude the poem, were added, viz. in 1720.

As the third Epistle treated of the extremes of *avarice* and *profusion*; and the fourth took up one particular branch of the latter, namely, the *vanity of expence* in people of wealth and quality, and was therefore a corollary to the third; so this treats of one circumstance of that vanity, as it appears in the common collectors of old coins: and is, therefore, a corollary to the fourth.

Vol. I.

Y y

Perhaps,

Perhaps, by its own ruins sav'd from flame, 15
 Some bury'd marble half preserves a name;
 That name the learn'd with fierce disputes pursue,
 And give to Titus old Vespasian's due.

Ambition sigh'd: she found it vain to trust
 The faithless column and the crumbling bust: 20
 Huge moles, whose shadow stretch'd from shore to shore,
 Their ruins perish'd, and their place no more!
 Convinc'd, she now contracts her vast design,
 And all her triumphs shrink into a coin.

A narrow orb each crouded conquest keeps, 25
 Beneath her palm here sad Judea weeps.
 Now scantier limits the proud arch confine,
 And scarce are seen the prostrate Nile or Rhine;
 A small Euphrates thro' the piece is roll'd,
 And little eagles wave their wings in gold. 30

The Medal, faithful to its charge of fame,
 Thro' climes and ages bears each form and name:
 In one short view subjected to our eye
 Gods, emp'rors, heroes, sages, beauties lie.
 With sharpen'd sight pale antiquaries pore, 35
 Th' inscription value, but the rust adore.
 This the blue varnish, that the green endears,
 The sacred rust of twice ten hundred years!
 To gain Pescennius one employs his schemes,
 One grasps a Cecrops in extatic dreams. 40
 Poor Vadius, long with learned spleen devour'd,
 Can taste no pleasure since his shield was scour'd:
 And Curio, restless by the fair-one's side,
 Sighs for an Otho, and neglects his bride.

Their's is the vanity, the learning thine: 45
 Touch'd by thy hand, again Rome's glories shine;
 Her gods, and godlike heroes rise to view,
 And all her faded garlands bloom a-new.
 Nor blush, these studies thy regard engage;
 These pleas'd the fathers of poetic rage: 50
 The verse and sculpture bore an equal part,
 And art reflected images to art.

55

60

65

70

END OF VOL. I.

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